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THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

THE American character is now generally acknowledged to be the most cosmopolitan of modern times; and a native of this country, all things being equal, is likely to form a less prescriptive idea of other nations than the inhabitants of countries whose neighborhood and history unite to bequeath and perpetuate certain fixed notions. Before the frequent intercourse now existing between Europe and the United States, we derived our impressions of the French people, as well as of Italian skies, from English literature. The probability was that our earliest association with the Gallic race partook largely of the ridiculous. All the extravagant anecdotes of morbid self-love, miserly epicurism, strained courtesy, and frivolous absurdity current used to boast a Frenchman as their hero. It was so in novels, plays, and after-dinner stories. Our first personal acquaintance often confirmed this prejudice; for the chance was that the one specimen of the Grand Nation familiar to our childhood proved a poor *émigré* who gained a precarious livelihood as a dancing-master, cook, teacher, or barber, who was profuse of smiles, shrugs, bows, and compliments, prided himself on *la belle France*, played the fiddle, and took snuff. A more digni-

fied view succeeded, when we read "Télémaque," so long an initiatory text-book in the study of the language, blended as its crystal style was in our imaginations with the pure and noble character of Fénelon. Perhaps the next link in the chain of our estimate was supplied by the bust of Voltaire, whose withered, sneering physiognomy embodies the wit and indifference, the soulless vagabondage that forms the worst side of the national mind. As patriotic sentiment awakened, the disinterested enthusiasm of Lafayette, woven, as it is, into the record of the struggle which gave birth to our republic, yielded another and more attractive element to the fancy portrait. Then, as our reading expanded, came the tragic chronicle of the first French Revolution and the brilliant and dazzling melodrama of Napoleon, the traditions so pathetic and sublime of gifted women, the *tableaux* so exciting to a youthful temper of military glory. And thus, by degrees, we found ourselves bewildered by the most vivid contrasts and apparently irreconcilable traits, until the original idea of a Frenchman expanded to the widest range of associations, from the ingenious devices of a mysterious *cuisine* to the brilliant manœuvres

of the battle-field; infinite female tact, rare philosophic hardihood, inimitable *bon-mots*, exquisite millinery, consummate generalship, holy fortitude, refined profligacy, and intoxicating sentiment,—Ude, Napoleon, Madame Récamier, Pascal, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Rousseau. Casual associations and desultory reading thus predispose us to recognize something half comical and half enchanting in French life; and it depends on accident, when we first visit Paris, which view is confirmed. The society of one of those benign *savans* who attract the sympathy and win the admiration of young students may yield a delightful and noble association to our future reminiscences; or an unmodified experience of cynical hearts joined to scenical manners may leave us nothing to regret, upon our departure, save the material advantages there enjoyed. But whoever knows life in Paris, unrelieved by some consistent and individual purpose, will find it a succession of excitements, temporary, yet varied,—full of the agreeable, yet barren of consecutive interest and satisfactory results,—admirable as a recreative hygiene, deplorable as a permanent resource; their inevitable consequence being a faith in the external, a dependence on the immediate, and a habit of vagrant pleasure-seeking, which must at last cloy and harden the manly soul. For this very reason, however, the scenes, characters, and society there exhibited are prolific of suggestion to the philosophic mind.

In every phase of life, manners, and action, we see a characteristic excellence in detail and process, and an equally remarkable deficiency in grand practical idea and consistent moral sentiment. The French chemists have the art to extract quinine from Peruvian bark and conserve the juices of meats; but one of their most patriotic writers calls attention to the wholly diverse motives addressed by Napoleon and Nelson to their respective followers. "Soldiers," exclaimed the former, "from the summit of those Pyramids forty ages are looking down upon

you." "England," said the latter, "expects every man to do his duty." In Paris, the science of dissection is perfect; in London, that of nutrition;—Dumas has reduced plagiarism to a fine art; Cobbett made common-sense a social lever;—a British merchant or statesman attaches his name to a document in characters of such individuality that the signature is known at a glance; a French official invents a flourish so intricate that the forger's ingenuity is baffled in the attempt to imitate it;—government, on one side of the Channel, employs a taster to detect adulteration in wine whose sensitive palate is a fortune; on the other, the hereditary fame of a brewery is the guaranty of the excellence of ale.

This minute observance of detail has made the French leaders in fashion; it directs invention to the minutiae of dress, and confirms the sway of the conventional, so as to give *la mode* the force of social law to an extent unknown elsewhere. The tyranny and caprice of fashion were as characteristic in Montaigne's day as at present. "I find fault with their especial indiscretion," he says, "in suffering themselves to be so imposed upon and blinded by the authority of the present custom as every month to alter their opinion." "In this country," writes Yorick, "nothing must be spared for the back; and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes."

The superiority of the French in the minor philosophy of life was curiously exemplified during our Revolutionary War. The octogenarians of Rhode Island used to expatiate on the remarkable difference between the troops of France and those of England when quartered among them. The former speedily made a series of little arrangements, and fell naturally into a pleasant routine, making the best of everything, adapting themselves to the ways and prejudices of the inhabitants, and, in a word, becoming assimilated at once to a new mode of life and form of society; their wit, cheer-

fulness, and gallantry are yet proverbial in that region. The English, on the other hand, even when in full possession of the country, made but an awkward use of their privileges, were ill-at-ease, failed to recognize anything genial in the habits and manners even of the Tory families. While the French officers introduced the mysteries of their *cuisine*, and brightened many a rustic household with song, anecdote, dance, and conversation, the English complained of the simple viands, regretted London fogs and beer, and made themselves and their hosts, whether forced or voluntary, uncomfortable. They exhibited no tact or facility in improving the resources at hand, and relied only on brute force to win advantage. We beheld the same contrast recently in the Crimea; while exposure and impatience thinned the ranks of the brave islanders, their Gallic allies constructed roads, dug where they could not build a shelter, and ingeniously prepared various dishes from a meagre larder, fighting off, meantime, chagrin and *ennui* with as much alacrity as they did Cossacks.

Finesse characterizes servants not less than courtiers, the cab-driver as well as the notary, the composition of a dish as well as the drift of a comedy. This quality seems a result of the conflict of intelligences in a state of great material civilization; nowhere is it more observable than in Paris life. What bullyism is to the English, shrewdness to the Yankee, and intrigue to the Italian, is *finesse*, which is a union of insight and address, to the French. This normal attribute is another proof how the economy of Gallic life is reduced to an art. It is the expression in manners of Rochefoucauld's maxims, of Richelieu's policy, of Talleyrand's cunning. It is favored by the tendency to minuteness of excellence and love of system before noted. To understand what superior range is afforded to such a principle in France, it is only requisite to consult the memoirs of a celebrated woman, or even an old Guide or Picture of Paris, such as in former days the provincial gentlemen used to study over their break-

fast, in order to learn the *savoir vivre* of the metropolis. Itineraries of other cities merely describe streets, public institutions, the fairs, the courts, and the places of fashionable amusement; one of these curiosities of literature now before us, published less than a century ago, describes, as available resources to the stranger, *Gouvernantes, Émeutes, Rêves Politiques, L'Art de Dîner, Bureaux d'Esprit*,—corresponding to our modern blue-stocking coteries, *femmes de quarante ans*, with their "*deux ressources, la dévotion et le bel esprit*"; *Contre Poisons*,—indispensable in those days of jealousy and assassination; *Pots de Fleurs* form an item of the most limited establishment; emblems, such as *Rubans* and *Bonnets Rouges*, are described as essential to the intelligent conduct of the visitor; and a chapter is devoted to Gallantry, of which a modern author in the same department pensively remarks, "*Cette ancienne galanterie qui vivait d'esprit et d'infidélités est complètement dénaturée.*"

It is curious how municipal, economical, and social life are thus simultaneously daguerreotyped and indicate their mutual and intricate association in the French capital. Its history involves that of churches, congresses, academies, prisons, cemeteries, and police, each of which represents domestic and royal vicissitudes. What other city furnishes such a work as the Duchess D'Abrantes' "*Histoire des Salons de Paris*"? The *salons* of Madame Necker, Polignac, De Beaumont, De Mazarin, Roland, De Genlis, of Condorcet, of Malmaison, of Talleyrand, and of the Hôtel Rambouillet, etc., embrace the career of statesmen and soldiers, the literary celebrities, the schools of philosophy, the revolutions, the court, the wars, diplomacy, and, in a word, the veritable annals of France. Society, according to this lively writer, in the proper acceptation of the term, was born in France in the reign of the Cardinal de Richelieu; and thenceforth, in its history, we trace that of the nation.

Throughout the most salient eras of

this history, therefore, is visible female influence. Cousin has just revived the career of Madame de Longueville, which is identified with the cabals, financial expedients, and war of the Fronde; tournaments, which formed so striking a feature in the diversions of Louis XIV.'s court, owed their revival to the whim of one of his mistresses; Montespan fostered a brood of satirists, and Maintenon one of devotees, while that extraordinary religious controversy which initiated the sect of the Quietists had its origin in the example and agency of Madame Guyon. Even now, although, as a late writer has quaintly observed, "no lady brings her distaff to the council-chamber," the influence of the sex on political opinion, in its operation as a social principle, is recognized. A friend of mine, returning from a dinner-party, described the free and witty sarcasm with which a fair Legitimist assailed the Imperial rule; a week afterwards, meeting her at the same table, she related, that, a few days after her imprudent conversation, she received a courteous invitation from the chief of police. When they were seated alone in his bureau,—"Madame," said he, "you have position, conversational talent, and wield the pen effectively; are you disposed to exert this influence, henceforth, in behalf of, instead of against the government?" Before her indignant negative was fairly uttered, he opened a drawer that seemed full of Napoleons, and glanced at them and her significantly. Thus Montesquieu's observation continues true:—"The individual who would attempt to judge of the government by the men at the head of affairs, and not by the women who sway those men, would fall into the same error as he who judges of a machine by its outward action, and not by its secret springs"; and the old base system of espionage is revived under the new despotism.

It has become proverbial in France, that the life of woman has three eras,—in youth a coquette, in middle-life a wit, and in age a *dévôte*,—which is but another

mode of expressing that economy of personal gifts, that shrewd use of the most available social power, which distinguishes the Gallic from the Saxon woman, the worldly from the domestic instincts. There only can we imagine a royal favorite admitting her indebtedness to a royal wife. "To her," wrote Madame de Maintenon of the Queen of Louis, "I owe the King's affection. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a *confidante* always the same, always calm, always rational, equally able to instruct and to soothe, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman." It is peculiar to the sex there to escape outward soil, whatever may be their moral exposure; for one instinctively recognizes a Frenchwoman by her clean boots, even in the muddiest thoroughfare, her spotless muslin cap, kerchief, and collar. She retains also her individuality after marriage better than the fair of other nations, not only in character, but in name, the maiden appellation being joined to her husband's, so that, although a Madame, she keeps the world informed that she was *née* of a family whose title, however modest, she will not drop. The maxims, so prevalent in France, which declare matrimony the tomb of love, are the legitimate result of a superficial theory of life and the mutual independence of the sexes thence arising; accordingly we are assured, "C'est surtout entre mari et femme que l'amour a le moins de chance de succès. Ils vieillissent ensemble comme deux portraits de famille, sans aucune intimité, aucun profit pour l'esprit, et arrivés au dernier relais de leur existence, le souvenir n'avait rien à faire entre eux."

It is a curious illustration at once of the mobility and the isolation of the French mind, that, while it assimilates elements within its sphere which in other nations are kept comparatively apart, it rejects the process in regard to foreign material. Thus, in no other capital are politics and literature so interwoven with society; the love-affairs of a minister directly influ-

ence his policy; the tone of the *salon* often inspires and moulds the author; the social history of an epoch necessarily includes the genius of its statesmanship and of its letters, because they are identified with the intrigues, the *bon-mots*, and the conversation of the period; more is to be learned at a lady's morning reception or evening *soirée* than in the writer's library or the official's cabinet. On the other hand, how few threads from abroad can be found in this mingled web of civic, literary, and social life! The vicinity of England and the influx of Englishmen have scarcely brought the ideas or the sentiment of that country into nearer recognition at Paris than was the case a century ago. Notwithstanding an occasional outbreak of Anglomania, the best French authors spell English proper names no better, the best French critics appreciate Shakspeare as little, and the majority of Parisians have no less partial and fixed a notion of the characteristics of their insular neighbors, than before the days of journalism and steam. The attempts to represent English manners and character are as gross caricatures now as in the time of Montaigne. However apt at fusion within, the national egotism is as repugnant to assimilation from without as ever. The stock seems incapable of vital grafting, as has been remarkably evidenced in all the colonial experiments of France.

The excellence of the French character, intellectually speaking, consists in routine and detail. How well their authors describe and their artists depict peculiarities! how exact the evolutions of a French regiment, and the statements of a French naturalist! how apt is a Parisian woman in raising gracefully her skirts, throwing on a shawl, or carrying a basket! In loyalty to a method they are unrivalled, in the triumph of individualities weak; their artisans can make a glove fit perfectly, but have yet to learn how to cut out a coat; their authors, like their soldiers, can be marshalled in groups; means are superior to ends; manners, the exponent of Nature in oth-

er lands, there color, modify, and characterize the development of intellect; the subordinate principle in government, in science, and in life, becomes paramount; drawing, the elemental language of Art, is mastered, while the standard of expression remains inadequate; the laws of disease are profoundly studied, while this knowledge bears no proportionate relation to the practical art of healing; the ancient rules of dramatic literature are pedantically followed, while the "pity and terror" they were made to illustrate are unawakened; the programme of republican government is lucidly announced, its watchwords adopted, its philosophy expounded, while its spirit and realization continue in abeyance: and thus everywhere we find a singular disproportion between formula and fact, profession and practice, specific knowledge and its application. The citizen of the world finds no armory like that which the institutions, the taste, and the genius of the French nation afford him, whether he aspire to be a courtier or a chemist, a soldier or a *savant*, a dancer or a doctor; and yet, for complete equipment, he must temper each weapon he there acquires, or it will break in his hand.

In every epoch a word rules or illustrates the dominant spirit: *citoyen* in the Revolution, *moustache* during the Consulate, *victoire* under the Empire, to-day *la Bourse*. "To a Frenchman," says Mrs. Jameson, "the words that express things seem the things themselves, and he pronounces the words *amour*, *grâce*, *sensibilité*, etc., with a relish in his mouth as if he tasted them, as if he possessed them." They talk of "*le sentiment du métier*"; in travelling, Paris is the eternal theme. A sagacious observer has remarked in their language the "short, aphoristic phrase, the frequent absence of the copulative, avoidance of dependent phrases, and disdain of modifying adverbs. *Naïveté*, *abandon*, *ennui*, etc., are specific terms of the language, and designate national traits. When Beaumarchais ridiculed a provin-

cial expression, the Dauphiness, we are told, "composed a head-dress expressly to give it a local habitation and a name."

The mania for equality, in the first Revolution, De Tocqueville shows was not so much the result of political aspiration as the fierce protest against those exclusive rights once enjoyed by the nobility, (shown by Arthur Young to have been the primary impulse to revolution,) to hunt, keep pigeons, grind corn, press grapes, etc. For a long period, the man of letters was never combined with the statesman, as in England. In France, speculation in government ran wild, because the thinkers, suddenly raised to influence in affairs, had enjoyed no ordeal of public duty. Hence certain imaginary fruits of liberty were sought, and its absolute worth misunderstood. And now that experience, dearly bought, has modified visionary and moulded practical theories, how much of the normal interest of the French character has evaporated! Even the love of beauty and the love of glory, proverbially its distinctions, are eclipsed by the sullen orb of Imperialism; the Bourse is more attractive than the battle-field, material luxury than artistic distinction.

One of their own philosophers has summed up, with justice, the anomalous elements of the versatile national character:—

"Did there ever appear on the earth another nation so fertile in contrasts, so extreme in its acts,—more under the dominion of feeling, less ruled by principle; always better or worse than was anticipated,—now below the level of humanity, now far above; a people so unchangeable in its leading features that it may be recognized by portraits drawn two or three thousand years ago, and yet so fickle in its daily opinions and tastes that it becomes at last a mystery to itself, and is as much astonished as strangers at the sight of what it has done; naturally fond of home and routine, yet, when once driven forth and forced to adopt new customs, ready to carry principles to any

lengths and to dare anything; indocile by disposition, but better pleased with the arbitrary and even violent rule of a sovereign than with a free and regular government under its chief citizens; now fixed in hostility to subjection of any kind, now so passionately wedded to servitude that nations made to serve cannot vie with it; led by a thread so long as no word of resistance is spoken, wholly ungovernable when the standard of revolt is raised,—thus always deceiving its masters, who fear it too much or too little; never so free that it cannot be subjugated, never so kept down that it cannot break the yoke; qualified for every pursuit, but excelling in nothing but war; more prone to worship chance, force, success, *éclat*, noise, than real glory; endowed with more heroism than virtue, more genius than common sense; better adapted for the conception of grand designs than the accomplishment of great enterprises; the most brilliant and the most dangerous nation of Europe, and the one that is surest to inspire admiration, hatred, terror, or pity, but never indifference?"*

What other social sphere could afford room for the vocation so aptly described in the following sketch of his "ways and means," given in a recent picture of life in Paris by a sycophant of millionnaires, at a period when *interests*, not *rights*, are the watchwords of the nation?—"Mon rôle de familier dans une véritable population d'enrichis me donnait du crédit dans les boudoirs, et mon crédit dans les boudoirs ajoutait à ma faveur près ces pauvres diables de millionnaires, presque tous vieux et blasés, courant toujours en chancelant après un plaisir nouveau. Les marchands de vin me font la cour comme les jolies femmes, pour que je daigne leur indiquer des connaissances assez riches pour payer les bonnes choses le prix qu'elles valent. Mon métier est de tout savoir,—l'anecdote de la cour, le scandale de la ville, le secret des coulisses." And this species of adventurer, we are told, has always the same com-

* De Tocqueville.

mencement to his memoirs,—“*Il vint à Paris en sabots.*”

The numerous avocations of women in the French capital explain, in a measure, their superior tact, efficiency, and force of character. This is especially true of females of the middle class, who have been justly described as remarkable for good sense and appropriate costumes. The participation of women in so many departments of art and industry affects, also, the social tone and the manners. Sterne, long ago, remarked it of the fair shopkeepers. “The genius of a people,” he says, “where nothing but the monarchy is *Salique*, having ceded this department totally to the women, by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes, from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant.”

How distinctly may be read the political vicissitudes of France in her literature,—classic, highly finished, keen, and formal, when a monarch was idolized and authors wrote only for courts and scholars: Bossuet, with his rhetorical graces; La Bruyère, with his gallery of characters, not one of which was moulded among the people; De la Rochefoucauld’s maxims, drawn from the arcana of fashionable life; Racine, whose heroes die with an immaculate couplet and speak the faint echoes of Grecian or Roman sentiment! When politics became common property, and the walls of a prescriptive and conventional system fell, how wild ran speculation and sentiment in the copious and superficial Voltaire and the vague humanities of Rousseau! When an era of military despotism supervened upon the reign of license, how destitute of lettered genius seemed the nation, except when the pensive enthusiasm of Chateaubriand breathed music from American wilds or a London garret, and Madame de Staël gave utterance to her eloquent philosophy in exile at Geneva! “*Napoléon eût voulu*

faire manœuvrer l’esprit humain comme il faisait manœuvrer ses vieux bataillons.”

Yet more emphatic is the reaction of political conditions upon literary development after the Restoration. The tragic horrors and protracted fever of the Revolution, and the passion for military glory exaggerated by the victories of Napoleon, legitimately initiated the intense school, which during the present century has signalized French literature. The *prestige* of the scholar revived, and literary eclipsed warlike fame; but with the revival of letters came the revolutionary spirit before exhibited on the battle-field and in cabinets. For the artificial and elegant was substituted the melodramatic and effective; lyrics from the overwrought heart broke in dreamy sweetness from Lamartine and in simple energy from Béranger; fiction the most elaborate, incongruous, and exciting, here quaintly artistic, there morbidly scientific, revealed the chaos and the earthquakes that laid bare and upheaved life and society in the preceding epochs; the journal became an intellectual gymnasium and Olympic game, where the first minds of the nation sought exercise and glory; the *feuilleton* almost necessitated the novelist to concentrate upon each chapter the amount of interest once diffused through a volume; criticism, from tedious analysis, became a brilliant ordeal; egotism inspired a world of new confessions, political questions a new school of popular writing, the love of effect and the passion for excitement a multitude of dramatic, narrative, and biographical books, wherein the serenity of thought, the tranquil beauty of truth, and the healthful tone of nature were sacrificed, not without dazzling genius, to immediate fame, pecuniary reward, and the delight *d’éprouver une sensation*.

Even in the history of the fine arts, we find the political element guiding the pencil and ruling the fortunes of genius. David was the government painter, and regarded Gros and Girodet as *suspects*. He effected a revolution in Art by going back to severe anatomical principles in

design. There were conspiracies against him in the studios, and war was declared between color and design; the palette and the pencil were in conflict; David, the Napoleon of the former,—Prud'hon, Géricault, Delacroix, and others, leaders in the latter faction. Each party was surrounded by its respective corps of amateurs; and military terms were in vogue in the *atelier* and academy. "*S'il est permis*," says Delacroix, speaking of his Sardanapalus, "*de comparer les petites choses aux grandes, ce fut mon Waterloo. Je devenais l'abomination de la peinture; il fallait me refuser l'eau et le sel.*" "If you wish to share the favors of the government," said an official to another artist, "you must change your manner." From the tyranny of external influences have arisen the incongruities of the French schools of painting, and especially what has been well called "that meretricious breed which continue to depict the Magdalen with the united attractions of Palestine and the Palais Royal." The large pictures which Gros painted during the Empire were consigned to long obscurity at the Restoration. The lives, too, of many of these cultivators of the arts of peace had a tragic close. Haydon's fate made a deep impression in England, because it was an exceptional case; while, of the modern painters of France, whose career was far more harmonious and successful than his, Gros drowned himself, Robert cut his throat, Prud'hon died in misery, and Greuze was buried in Potter's Field. The side of life we naturally associate with tranquillity thus offers, in this dramatic realm, scenes of excitement and pity. It is the same in literature. Witness the fierce struggle between the Romantic and Classic schools,—the early victories of the *enfant sublime*, Victor Hugo. And we must acknowledge that "*les lettres et les arts ont aussi leurs émeutes et leurs révolutions*," and accept the inference of one of the Parisian literati,—that "*l'esprit a toujours quelque chose de satanique*." Every revolution is identified with some musical air: when Louis XVIII. first appeared at the theatre, af-

ter his long exile, he was greeted with the "Vive Henri IV.," and the new constitution of 1830 was ushered in by the "Marseillaise." The Vaudeville theatre, we are told, during the Revolution and under the Empire, was essentially political. An imaginary resemblance between *la chaste Suzanne* and Marie Antoinette caused the prohibition of that drama; and the interest which Cambacères took in an actress of this establishment led him to give it his official protection.

In the family of nations France is the child of illusions, and excites the sympathy of the magnanimous because her destinies have been marred through the errors of the imagination rather than of the heart. Government, religion, and society—the three great elements of civil life—have nowhere been so modified by the dominion of fancy over fact. Take the history of French republicanism, of Quietism, of court and literary circles; what perspicuity in the expression, and vagueness in the realization of ideas! In each a mania to fascinate, in none a thorough basis of truth; abundance of talent, but no faith; gayety, gallantry, wit, devotion, dreams, and epigrams in perfection, without the solid foundation of principles and the efficient development in practice, either of polity, a social system, or religious belief,—the theory and the sentiment of each being at the same time luxuriant, attractive, and prolific.

The popular writers are eloquent in abstractions, but each seems inspired by a thorough egotism. Descartes, their philosopher, drew all his inferences from consciousness; Madame de Sévigné, the epistolary queen, had for her central motive of all speculation and gossip the love of her daughter; Madame Guyon eliminated her tenets from the ecstasy of self-love; Rochefoucauld derived a set of philosophical maxims from the lessons of mere worldly disappointment; Calvin sought to reform society through the stern bigotry of a private creed; La Bruyère elaborated generic characters from the acute, but narrow observation of artificial society; Boileau established a

classical standard of criticism suggested by personal taste, which ignored the progress of the human mind.

The redeeming grace of the nation is to be found in its wholesome sense of the enjoyable and the available in ordinary life, in its freedom from the discontent which elsewhere is born of avarice and unmitigated materialism. The love of pleasing, the influence of women, and a frivolous temper everywhere and on all occasions signalize them. "Why, people laugh at everything here!" naively exclaimed the young Duchess of Burgundy, on her arrival at the French court.

The amount of commodities taken by French people on a journey, and the cool self-satisfaction with which they are appropriated as occasion demands, give a stranger the most vivid idea of sensual egotism. The *pâté*, the long roll of bread, the sour wine, the lap-dog, the snuff, and the night-cap, which transform the car or carriage into a refectory and boudoir, with the chatter, snoring, and shifting of legs, make an interior scene for the novice, especially on a night-jault, compared to which the humblest of Dutch pictures are refined and elegant.

The intrinsic diversity and the national relations between the French and English are curiously illustrated by their respective history and literature. Compare, for instance, the plays of Shakespeare, which dramatize the long wars of the early kings, with the account given in the journals of the reception of Victoria at Paris and of Louis Napoleon in London; imagine the royal salutation and the official recognition of the once anathematized Napoleon dynasty; General Bonaparte becomes in his tomb Napoleon I. No wonder "Punch" affirmed that the statue of Pitt shook its bronze head and the bones of Castlereagh stirred in protest.

"The English," says a celebrated writer, "like ancient medals, kept more apart, preserve the first sharpness which the fair hand of Nature has given them; they are not so pleasant to feel, but, in return, the legend is so visible, that, at the first look,

you can see whose image and superscription they bear." This is a delicate way of setting forth the superior honesty and bluntness and the inferior smoothness and assimilating instinct of the Anglo-Saxon,—a vital difference, which no alliance or intercourse with his Gallic neighbors can essentially change.

A century ago there were few better tests of popular sentiment in England than the plays in vogue. As indications of the state of the public mind, they were what the ballads are to earlier times, and the daily press is to our own,—generalized casual, but emphatic proofs of the opinions, prejudices, and fancies of the hour. Now a large English colony is domesticated in France; it is but a few hours' trip from London to Paris; newspapers and the telegraph in both capitals make almost simultaneous announcements of news; the soldiers of the two nations fight side by side; the French shopman declares on his sign that English is spoken within; the "Times," porter, and tea are obtainable commodities in Paris; and *fraternité* is the watchword at Dover and Calais. Yet the normal idea which obtains in the conservative brain of a genuine *Anglais*, though doubtless expanded and modified by intercourse and treaties, may be found still in that once popular drama, Foote's "Englishman in Paris." "A Frenchman," says one of the characters, "is a fop. Their taste is trifling, and their politeness pride. What the deuse brings you to Paris, then? Where's the use? It gives Englishmen a true relish for their own domestic happiness, a proper veneration for their national liberties, and an honor for the extended generous commerce of their country. The men there are all puppies, the women painted dolls." Monsieur Ragout and Monsieur Rosbif bandy words; the former is said to "look as if he had not had a piece of beef or pudding in his paunch for twenty years, and had lived wholly on frogs,"—and the latter pines to leap a five-barred gate, and is afraid of being entrapped by "a rich she-Papist." His fair countrywoman is invited by a French marquis to marry

him, with this programme,—“A perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please,—go where you will,—do what you like,—form fashions,—hate your husband, and let him see it,—indulge your gallant,—run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it.”

As a pendant, take the description of one of the last French novels:—“À Paris tout s'oublie, tout se pardonne. Par convenance, par décence, quelquefois par crainte, on s'absente, ou fait un entr'acte: puis le rideau se relève pour le spectacle de nouvelles fautes et de nouvelles folies; toute la question est de savoir s'y prendre.”

Comedy is native to French genius and appreciation; it follows the changes of social life with marvellous celerity; it is the best school of the French language; and is refined and subdivided, as an art, both in degree and kind, in France more than in any other country. The prolific authors in this department, and the variety and richness of invention they display, as well as the permanent attraction of the Comic Muse, are striking peculiarities of the French theatre. No capital affords the material and the audience requisite for such triumphs like Paris; and there is always a play of this kind in vogue there, wherein novelty of combination, significance of dialogue, and artistic felicities quite unrivalled elsewhere, are exhibited.

It is quite the reverse with the serious drama. In England this is a form of literature which goes nearest to the normal facts and conditions of human nature; it teaches the highest and deepest lessons, wins the most profound sympathy, and is remarkable and interesting through its subtle and comprehensive truth to Nature: whereas in France the masters of tragic art are but skilful reproducers of the classical drama. French tragedy is essentially artificial, grafted on the conventionalities of a distant age. It gives scope either to mere elocutionary art or melodramatic invention,—not to the universal and existing passions. There

is but a slender opportunity to identify our sympathies—those of modern civilization—with what is going on. Figures in Roman togas or Grecian mantles rehearse the sentiments of fatalism, the creed of ancient mythology, or Gallic rhetoric in a classic dress; and these disguises so envelope the love, ambition, despair, hate, or patriotism, that we are always conscious of the theatrical, and it requires the extraordinary gifts of a Rachel to enlist other than artistic interest.

The French have manuals for breathing and composing the features to secure artistic effects; they offer academic prizes for every conceivable achievement; their very lamp-posts are designed with taste; a huckster in the street will exhibit dramatic tact and wonderful mechanical dexterity. “Quand il paraît un homme de génie en France,” says Madame de Staël, “dans quelque carrière que ce soit, il atteint presque toujours à un degré de perfection sans exemple; car il réunit l'audace qui fait sortir de la route commune au tact du bon goût.” And yet in vast political interests they are victims,—in the more earnest developments of the soul, children. A new artificial lake in the Bois de Boulogne, a grand military reception, news of a victory in some distant corner of the globe, the distribution of eagles to brave survivors,—in a word, an appeal to the love of amusement, of display, and of glory,—quiets the murmur about to rise against interference with human rights or usurpation of the national will. Political interests of the gravest character are treated with flippancy: one writer calls the formation of a new government Talleyrand's table of whist; and another casually observes that “*tous les gouvernements nouveaux ont leur lune de miel.*”

That great principle of the division of labor, which the English carry into mechanical and commercial affairs, the French also apply to the economy of life and to Art; but, as these latter interests are more spontaneous and unlimited, the result is often a perfection in detail, and a like deficiency in general

effect. Thus, there are schools of painting in France more distinct and apart than exist elsewhere; usually the followers of such are distinguished for excellence in the mechanical aptitudes of their vocation; the figure is admirably drawn, the costume rightly disposed, and sometimes the degree of finish quite marvellous; but, usually, this superiority is attained at the expense of the sentiment of the picture. French historic Art, like French life, is apt to be extravagant and melodramatic, or over-refined in unimportant particulars; it often lacks moral harmony,—the grand, simple, true reflection of Nature in its nicety. Delaroche, who, of all French painters, rose most above the adventitious, and gave himself to the soul of Art, to pure expression, was, for this very reason, thought by his brother artists to be cold and unattractive. There is one sphere, however, where this exclusiveness of style and partition of labor are productive of the most felicitous results: namely, the minor drama. In England and America the same theatre exhibits opera, melodrama, tragedy, comedy, rope-dancing, and legerdemain; but in Paris, each branch and element of histrionic art has its separate temple, its special corps of actors and authors, nay, its particular class of subjects; hence their unrivalled perfection. Ingenuity, science, and Art are concentrated by thus assigning free and individual scope to the dramatic niceties and phases of life, of history, of genius, and of society. At the Opera Comique you find one kind of musical creation; at the Italiens the lyrical drama of Southern Europe alone; at the Variétés a unique order of comic dialogue; and at the Porte St. Martin yet another species of play. One theatre gives back the identical tone of existing society and current events; another deals with the classical ideas of the past. Satire and song, the horrible and the brilliant, the graceful and the highly artistic, pictorial, elocutionary, pantomimic, tragic, vocal, statuesque, the past and present, all the elements of Art and of life, find representation in the plot, the language,

the sentiment, the costume, the music, and the scenery of the many Parisian theatres.

Yet how much of this superiority is fugitive! how little in the whole dramatic development takes permanent hold upon popular sympathy! Much of its significance is purely local, and of its interest altogether temporary. Scholars and the higher classes can talk eloquently of Corneille and Racine; the beaux and *spirituelle* women of the day can repeat and enjoy the last hit of Scribe, or the new *bon-mot* of the theatre: but contrast these results with the national love and appreciation of Shakspeare,—with the permanent reflection of Spanish life in Lope de Vega,—the patriotic aspirations which the young Italian broods over in the tragedies of Alfieri. The grace of movement, the triumph of tact and ingenuity, the devotion to conventionalism, either pedantry or the genius of the hour, also rules the drama in Paris. With all its brilliancy, entertainment, grace, wit, and popularity,—there exists not a permanently vital and universally recognized type of this greatest department of literature, familiar and endeared alike to peasant and peer, a representative of humanity for all time,—like the bard around whose name and words cluster the Anglo-Saxon hearts and intelligence from generation to generation.

But nowhere do life and the drama so trench upon each other; nowhere is every incident of experience so dramatic. Miss H. M. Williams told the poet Rogers that she had seen “men and women, waiting for admission at the door of the theatre, suddenly leave their station, on the passing of a set of wretches going to be guillotined, and then, having ascertained that none of their relations or friends were among them, very unconcernedly return to the door of the theatre.” A child is born at the Opera Comique during the performance, and it is instantly made an event of sympathy and effect by the audience; a subscription is raised, the child named for the dramatic heroine of the moment, and the

fortunate mother sent home in a carriage, amid the plaudits of the crowd. You are listening to a play; and a copy of the "Entr'acte" is thrust into your hand, containing a minute account of the death of a statesman two squares off whose name fills pages of history, or a battle in the East, where some officer whom you met two months before on the Boulevard has won immortal fame by prodigies of valor. So do the actualities and the pastimes, the real and the imaginary drama, miraculously interfuse at Paris; the comedy of life is patent there, and often the spectator exclaims, "*Arlequin avait bien arrangé les choses, mais Colombine dérange tout!*"

The Parisian females are "unexceptionably shod,"—but the agricultural instruments now in use in the rural districts of France are of a form and mechanism which, to a Yankee farmer, would seem antediluvian; the cooks, gardeners, and other working-people, have annually the most graceful festivals,—but the traveller sees in the fields women so bronzed and wrinkled by toil and exposure that their sex is hardly to be recognized. When the Gothamite passes along Pearl or Broad Street, he beholds the daily spectacle of unemployed carmen reading newspapers;—there may be said to be no such thing as popular literature in France; mental recreation, such as the German and Scotch peasantry enjoy, is unknown there. The Art and letters of the kingdom flourished in her court and were cultivated as an aristocratic element for so long a period, that neither has become domesticated among the lower classes; we find in them the sentiment of military glory, of religion in its superstitious phase, of music perhaps, of rustic festivity,—but not the enjoyments which spring from or are associated with thought and poetic sympathies such as national writers like Burns inspired. An exception comparatively recent may be found in the popular appreciation of Béranger and Souvestre.

There is not a natural object too beautiful or an occasion too solemn to arrest

the French tendency to the theatrical. Even one of their most ardent eulogists remarks,—“All that can be said against the French sublime is this,—that the grandeur is more in the word than in the thing; the French expression professes more than it performs”; and old Montaigne declares that “lying is not a vice among the French, *but a way of speaking*.” Both observations admit too much; and indicate an habitual departure from Nature and simplicity as a national trait. Who but Frenchmen ever delighted in reducing to artificial shapes the graceful forms of vegetable life, or can so far lay aside the sentiment of grief as to engage in rhetorical panegyrics over the fresh graves of departed friends? Compare the high dead wall with its range of flower-pots, the porches undecked by woodbines or jessamine, the formal paths, the proximate kitchen, stables, and ungarnished *salon* of a French villa, with the hedges, meadows, woodlands, and trellised eglantine of an English country-house; and a glance assures us that to the former nation the country is a *dernier ressort*, and not an endeared seclusion. Yet they romance, in their way, on rural subjects: “*À la campagne*,” says one of their poets, “*où chaque feuille qui tombe est une élogie toute faite*.” Through an avenue of scraggy poplars we approach a dilapidated *château*, whose owner is playing dominoes at the *café* of the nearest provincial town, or exhausting the sparse revenues of the estate at the theatres, roulette-tables, or balls of Paris. People leave these for a rural vicinage only to economize, to hide chagrin, or to die. So recognized is this indifference to Nature and inaptitude for rural life in France, that, when we desire to express the opposite of natural tastes, we habitually use the word “Frenchified.” The idea which a Parisian has of a tree is that of a convenient appendage to a lamp. The traveller never sees artificial light reflected from green leaves, without thinking of his evening promenades in the French capital, or a dance in the groves of Montmorency. The old ver-

bal tyranny of the French Academy, the painted wreaths sold at cemetery-gates, the colored plates of fashions, powdered hair, and rouged cheeks, typify and illustrate this irreverent ambition to pervert Nature and create artificial effects; they are but so many forms of the theatrical instinct, and proofs of the ascendancy of meretricious taste. It is this want of loyalty to Nature, and insensibility to her unadulterated charms, which constitute the real barrier between the Gallic mind and that of England and Italy, and which explain the fervent protest of such men as Alfieri and Coleridge. Simplicity and earnestness are the normal traits of efficient character, whether developed in action or Art, in sentiment or reflection; and manufactured verse, vegetation, and complexions indicate a faith in appearances and a divorce from reality, which, in political interests, tend to compromise, to theory, and to acquiescence in a military *régime* and an embellished absolutism.

It is this incompleteness, this comparative untruth, that gives rise to the dissatisfaction we feel in the last analysis of French character. It is delusive. The promise of beauty held out by external taste is unfulfilled; the fascination of manner bears a vastly undue proportion to the substantial kindness and trust which that immediate charm suggests. "Just Heaven!" exclaims Yorick, "for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?" The bearing of an Englishman seldom awakens expectation of courtesy or entertainment; yet, if vouchsafed, how to be relied on is the friendship! how generous the hospitality! The urbane salutation with which a Frenchman greets the female passenger, as she enters a public conveyance, is not followed by the offer of his seat or a slice of his reeking *pâté*,—while the roughest backwoodsman in America, who never touched his hat or inclined his body to a stranger, will guard a woman from insult, and incommode himself

to promote her comfort, with respectful alacrity. It is so in literature. How often we eagerly follow the clear exposition of a subject in the pages of a French author, to reach an impotent conclusion! or suffer our sympathies to be enlisted by the admirable description of an interior or a character in one of their novels, to find the plot which embodies them an absurd melodrama! Evanescence is the law of Parisian felicities,—selfishness the background of French politeness,—sociability flourishes in an inverse ratio to attachment; we become skeptical almost in proportion as we are attracted. If we ask the way, we are graciously directed; but if we demand the least sacrifice, we must accept volubility for service. Thus the perpetual flowering in manners, in philosophy, in politics, and in economy, is rarely accompanied by fruit in either. To enjoy Paris, we must cease to be in earnest;—to pass the time, and not to wrest from it a blessing or a triumph, is the main object. The badges, the gardens, the smiles, the agreeable phrase, the keen repartee, the tempting dish, the ingenious *vaudeville*, the pretty foot, the elegant chair and becoming curtain, the extravagant gesture, the pointed epigram or alluring formula, must be taken as so many agreeabilities,—not for things performed, but imaginatively promised. The folly of war has been demonstrated to the entire sense of mankind; at best, it is now deemed a painful necessity; yet the most serious phase of life in France is military. Depth and refinement of feeling are lonely growths, and can no more spring up in a gregarious and festal life than trees in quicksands; citizenship is based on consistent acts, not on verbosity; and brilliant accompaniments never reconcile strong hearts to the loss of independence, which some English author has acutely declared the first essential of a gentleman. The civilization of France is an artistic and scientific materialism; the spiritual element is wanting. Paris is the theatre of nations; we must regard it as a continuous spectacle, a boundless museum, a place of diversion, of study,—

not of faith, the deepest want and most sacred birthright of humanity.

The want of directness, the absence of candor, the non-recognition of truth in its broad and deep sense, is, indeed, a characteristic phase of life, of expression, and of manners in France. A lover of his nation confesses that even in "*galantes aventures l'esprit prenait la place du cœur, la fantaisie celle du sentiment.*" Voltaire's creed was, that "*le mensonge n'est un vice que quand il fait du mal; c'est une grande vertu quand il fait du bien.*" "*L'exagération,*" says De Maistre, "*est le mensonge des honnêtes gens.*"

In every aspect the histrionic prevails,—by facility of association and colloquial aptitude in the common intercourse of life,—by the inventive element in dress, furniture, and material arrangements, plastic to the caprice of taste and ingenuity,—by the habitudes of out-of-door life, giving greater variety and adaptation to manners,—and by a national temperament, susceptible and demonstrative. The current vocabulary suggests a perpetual recourse to the casual, a shifting of the life-scene, a recognition of the temporary and accidental. Such oft-recurring words as *flâneur, liaison, badinage*, etc., have no exact synonymes in other tongues. All that is done, thought, and felt takes a dramatic expression. Lamartine elaborates a "History of the Restoration" from two reports,—the one monarchical, the other republican,—and, by making the facts picturesque and sentimental, wins countless readers. Comte elaborates a masterly analysis of the sciences, proclaims a fascinating theory of eras or stages in human development; but the positive philosophy, of which all this is but the introduction, to be applied to the individual and society, eludes, at last, direct and complete application. A popular *savant* dies, and students drag the bier and scatter flowers over the grave; a philosopher lectures, and immediately his disciples form a school, and advocate his system with the ardor of partisans; a disappointed soldier commits suicide by throwing himself from Napoleon's col-

umn, while a *grisette* and her lover make their exit through a last embrace and the fumes of charcoal; a wit seeks revenge with a clever repartee instead of his fists or cane. A lady is the centre of attraction at a reception, and, upon inquiry, we are gravely informed that the charm lies in the fact, that, though now fat and more than forty, as well as married to an old noble, in her youth she was the mistress of a celebrated poet. Notoriety, even when scandalous, is as good a social distinction as birth, fame, or beauty. Rousseau wrote a love-story, and sentiment became the rage. An artisan has a day to spare, and takes his family to a garden or a dance. Human existence, thus embellished, impulsive, and caricatured, becomes a continuous melodrama, with an occasional catastrophe induced by political revolutions. Louis XIV., the most characteristic king France ever had, is a genuine representative of this theatrical instinct and development.

Herein may we find a key to the riddle of governmental vicissitudes in France. People so easily satisfied with illusions, so fertile in superficial expedients, are like children and savages in their sense of what is novel and amusing, and their love of excitement,—and make no such demands upon reality as full-grown men and educated citizens instinctively crave. Their powers, in this regard, have not been disciplined,—their wants but vaguely realized. Accustomed to look out of themselves for a law of action, to consult authority upon every occasion, to defer to official sources for guidance in every detail of municipal and personal affairs,—the lesson of self-dependence, the courage and the knowledge needful for efficiency are wanting. "*Savez-vous,*" asks an epicure, "*ce qui a chassé la gaieté? C'est la politique.*" They rally at the voice of command, submit to interference, and take for granted a prescribed formula, partly because it is troublesome to think, and partly on account of inexperience in assuming responsibility. De Tocqueville has remarked, that, in every

instance of attempted colonization, they have adapted themselves to, instead of elevating savage tribes. They have never gone through the process of state-education by the inevitable claim of personal duty, like the Anglo-Saxons. Hence their need of a master, and the feeling of stability realized among them only under legitimacy and despotism. Shallow reasoners argue from the mere acknowledgment of this state of things that it is an ultimate public blessing when the man appears with wit and will enough to regulate and keep from chaos a society thus destitute of political training. But those who look deeper know that this political inefficiency is but the external manifestation or the latent cause of more serious defects: by impeding healthful development in one way, it occasions a morbid development in another. If citizenship in its most free and active privilege were enjoyed, there would be less devotion to amusement, a more virile national character, and the sanctities of life would have observance. Public spirit and a political career are incentives to manly ambition,

—to an employment of mind and feeling that wins men from trifling pursuits and vain diversion; they are the national basis of private usefulness; to thwart them is to condemn humanity to perpetual childhood,—to render members of a state machines.

The social evils and kinds of crime in France are referable in no small degree to the absence of great motives,—the limited spheres and hopeless routine involved in arbitrary government, unsustained by any elevated sentiment. Such a rule makes literature servile, enterprise mercenary, and manners profligate; all history proves this. It is not, therefore, rational to infer, from the apparent want of ability in the nation to take care of its own affairs, that a military despotism is justifiable; when the truth is equally demonstrated, that such a sway, by indefinitely postponing the chance to acquire the requisite training, keeps down and throws back the national impulse and destiny. The man who thus abuses power is none the less a traitor and a parricide.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

“MR. GEER!”

Mr. Geer was unquestionably asleep.

This certainly did not indicate a sufficiently warm appreciation of Mrs. Geer's social charms; but the enormity of the offence will be greatly modified by a brief review of the attending circumstances. If you will but consider that the crackling of burning wood in a huge Franklin stove is strongly soporific in its tendencies,—that the cushion of a capacious arm-chair, constructed and adjusted as if with a single eye to a delicious dose, nay, to a long succession of doses, is a powerful temptation to a sleepy soul,—that the regular, and, it must be con-

fessed, somewhat monotonous *click, click, click* of Mrs. Geer's knitting-needles only served to measure, without disturbing the silence,—and, lastly, that they had been husband and wife for thirty years,—you will not cease to wonder that Mr. Geer

“was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious.”

To most men, an interruption at such a time would have been particularly annoying; but when Mrs. Geer spoke in that way, Mr. Geer, asleep or awake, always made a point of hearing; so he roused himself, and turned his round,

honest face and placid blue eyes on the partner of his bosom, who went on,—

"Mr. Geer, our Ivy will be seventeen, come fall."

"Possible?" replied Mr. Geer. "Who'd 'a' think it?"

Mr. Geer, as you may infer, was eminently a free-thinker, or rather, a free-actor, in respect of irregular verbs. In fact, he tyrannized over all parts of speech: wrested nouns and verbs from their original shape, till you could hardly recognize their distorted faces; and committed that next worst sin to murdering one's mother, namely,—murdering one's mother-tongue, with an *abandon* that was absolutely fascinating. Having delivered his opinion thus sententiously, he at once subsided, closed his placid eyes, and retired into his inner world of—thought, perhaps.

"Mr. Geer!"

This time he fairly jumped from his seat, and cast about him scared, blinking eyes.

"Mr. Geer, how can you sleep away your precious time so?"

"Sleep? I—I—am sure, I was never wider awake in my life."

"Well, then, tell me what I said."

"Said? Eh,—eh,—something about Ivy, wasn't it?"

And Mr. Geer nervously twitched up the skirts of his coat, and replaced his awry cushion, and began to think that perhaps, after all, he had been asleep. But Mrs. Geer was too much interested in the subject of her own cogitations to pursue her victory farther; so she answered,—

"Yes, and what is a-going to become of her?"

"Lud, lud! What's the matter?" asked Mr. Geer, wildly.

"Matter? Why, she'll be seventeen, come fall, and doesn't know a thing."

"O Lud! that all? That a'n't nothin'."

And Mr. Geer settled comfortably down into his arm-chair once more. He felt decidedly relieved. Visions of small-pox, cholera, and throat-distemper, the worst evils that he could think of and

dread for his darling, had been conjured up by his wife's words; and when he found the real state of the case, a great burden, which had suddenly fallen on his heart, was as suddenly lifted.

"But I tell you it is something," continued Mrs. Geer, energetically. "Ivy is 'most a woman, and has never been ten miles from home in her life, and to no school but our little district"——

"And she's as pairk a gal," interrupted Mr. Geer, "as any you'll find in all the ten miles round, be the other who she will."

"She's well enough in her way," replied Mrs. Geer, in all the humility of motherly pride; "and so much the more reason why she shouldn't be let go so. There's Mr. Dingham sending his great logy girls to Miss Porter's seminary. (I wonder if he expects they'll ever turn out anything.) And here's our Ivy, bright as a button, and you full well able to maintain her like a lady, and have done nothing but turn her out to grass all her life, till she's fairly run wild. I declare it's a shame. She ought to be sent to school to-morrow."

"Nonsense, Sally! nonsense! I a'n't a-goin' to have no such doin's. Sha'n't go off to school. What's the use havin' her, if she can't stay at home with us? Let Mr. Dingham send his gals to Chiny, if he wants to. All the book-larnin' in the world won't make 'em equal to our Ivy with only her own head. I don't want her to go to gettin' up high-falutin' notions. She's all gold now. She don't need no improvin'. Sha'n't budge an inch. Sha'n't stir a step."

"But do consider, Mr. Geer, the child has got to leave us some time. We can't have her always."

"Why can't we?" exclaimed Mr. Geer, almost fiercely.

"Sure enough! Why can't we? There a'n't nobody besides you and me, I suppose, that thinks she's pairk. What's John Herricks and Dan Norris hangin' round for all the time?"

"And they may hang round till the cows come home! Nary hair of Ivy's

head shall they touch,—nary one on em!”

Just at this juncture of affairs, the damsel in question bounded into the room.

“Come here, Ivy,” said the old man; “your mother’s been a-slanderin’ you; says you don’t know nothin’.”

Ivy knelt before him, rested her arms on his knees, and turned upon him a pair of palpably roguish eyes.

“Father, it is an awful slander. I do know a sight.”

“Lud, child, yes! I knew you did. No more you don’t want to marry John Herricks, do you?”

“Oh, Daddy Geer! O—h—h!”

“Nor Dan Norris? nor none of ’em?”

“Never a one, father.”

“Nor don’t you ever think of gettin’ married and slavin’ yourself out for nobody. I’m plenty well able to take care of you, as long as I live. You’ll never live so happy as you do at home; and you’ll break my heart to go away, Ivy.”

“I’ll never go, papa.” (She pronounced it with the accent on the first syllable.)

“Indeed, I never will. I’ll never be married, as long as I live.”

“No more you sha’n’t, good child, good child!”

And again Farmer Geer betook himself to the depths of his arm-chair, with the complacent consciousness of having faithfully discharged his parental duties. “She should not go to school. She would not be married. She had said she would not, and of course she would not.”

“Of course I shall not,” mused Ivy, as she lay in her white bed. “What could put it into poor papa’s head? Marry John Herricks, with his everlasting smirk, and his diddling walk, and take care of all the Herricks’ sisters and mothers and aunts, and the Herricks’ cows and horses and pigs—and—hens—and—and”—

But Ivy had kept her thoughts on her marriage longer than ever before in her life; and ere she had finished the inventory of John Herricks’s personal property and real estate, the blue eyes were closed in the sweet, sound sleep of youth and health.

VOL. V.

Mrs. Geer, in her estimate of her daughter’s attainments, was partly right and partly wrong. Ivy had never been “finished” at Mrs. Porter’s seminary, and was consequently in a highly unfinished condition. “Small Latin and less Greek” jostled each other in her head. German and French, Italian and Spanish, were strange tongues to Ivy. She could not dance, nor play, nor draw, nor paint, nor work little dogs on footstools.

What, then, could she do?

Imprimis, she could climb a tree like a squirrel. *Secundo*, she could walk across the great beam in the barn like a year-old kitten. In the pursuit of hens’ eggs she knew no obstacles; from scaffold to scaffold, from haymow to haymow, she leaped defiant. She pulled out the hay from under the very noses of the astonished cows, to see if, perchance, some inexperienced pullet might there have deposited her golden treasure. With all four-footed beasts she was on the best of terms. The matronly and lazy old sheep she uncereemoniously hustled aside, to administer consolation and caresses to the timid, quaking lamb in the corner behind. Without saddle or bridle she could

“Ride a black horse

To Banbury Cross.”

(N. B.—I don’t say she actually did. I only say she could; and under sufficiently strong provocation, I have no doubt she would.) She knew where the purple violets and the white innocence first flecked the spring turf, and where the ground-sparrows hid their mottled eggs. All the little waddling, downy goslings, the feeble chickens, and faint-hearted, desponding turkeys, that broke the shell too soon, and shivered miserably because the spring sun was not high enough in the morning to warm them, she fed with pap, and cherished in cotton-wool, and nursed and watched with eager, happy eyes. O blessed Ivy Geer! True Sister of Charity! Thrice blessed stepmother of a brood whose name was Legion!

From the conjugal and filial conversation which I have faithfully reported, a casual observer, particularly if young and

inexperienced, might infer that the question of Miss Ivy's education was definitively settled, and that she was henceforth to remain under the paternal roof. I should, myself, have fallen into the same error, had not a long and intimate acquaintance with the female sex generated and cherished a profound and mournful conviction of the truth of the maxim, that appearances are deceitful. E. g., a woman has set her heart on something, and is refused. She pouts and sulks: that is clouds, and will soon blow over. She scolds, storms, and raves (I speak in a figure; I mean she does something as much like that as a tender, delicate, angelic woman can): that is thunder, and only clears the air. She betakes herself to tears, sobs, and embroidered cambric: that's a shower, and everything will be greener and fresher after it. You may go your ways,—one to his farm, another to his merchandise; the world will not wind up its affairs just yet. But, put the case, she goes on the even tenor of her way unmoved:

“Beware! beware!

Trust her not; she is fooling thee.”

Thus Mrs. Geer, who was a thorough tactician. Like Napoleon, she was never more elated than after a defeat. Before consulting her husband at all, she had contemplated the subject in all its bearings, and had deliberately decided that Ivy was to go to school. The consent of the senior partner of the firm was a secondary matter, which time and judicious management would infallibly secure. Consequently, notwithstanding the unpropitious result of their first colloquy, she the next day commenced preparations for Ivy's departure, as unhesitatingly, as calmly, as assiduously, as if the day of that departure had been fixed.

Mrs. Geer was right. She knew she was, all the time. She had a sublime faith in herself. She felt in her soul the divine afflatus, and pressed forward gloriously to her goal. Mr. Geer had as much firmness, not to say obstinacy, as falls to the lot of most men; but Mrs. Geer had more; and as Launce Outram, hard be-

set, so pathetically moaned, “A woman in the very house has such deused opportunities!” so Farmer Geer grumbled, and squirmed, and remonstrated, and—yielded.

Mrs. Geer was *not* right. She had reckoned without her host. Her affairs were gliding down the very Appian Way of prosperity in a chariot-and-four, with footmen and outriders, when, presto! they turned a sharp and unexpected corner, and over went the whole establishment into a mirier mire than ever bespattered Dr. Slop.

To speak without a parable. When her expected Hegira was announced to Miss Mary Ives Geer, that young lady, to the ill-concealed vexation of her mother, and the not-attempted-to-be-concealed exultation of her father, expressed decided disapprobation of the whole scheme. As she was the chief *dramatis persona*, the very Hamlet of the play, this unlooked-for decision somewhat interfered with Mrs. Geer's plans. All the eloquence of that estimable woman was brought to bear on this one point; but this one point was invincible. Expostulation and entreaty were alike vain. Neither ambition nor pleasure could hold out any allurements to Ivy. Maternal authority was at length hinted at, only hinted at, and the spoiled child declared that she had not had her own will and way for sixteen years to give up quietly in her seventeenth. One last resort, one forlorn hope,—one expedient, which had never failed to overcome her childish stubbornness: “Would she grieve her parents so much as to oppose this their darling wish?” And Ivy burst into tears, and begged to know if she should show her love to her father and mother by going away from them. This drove the nail into her old father's heart, and then the little vixen clenched it by throwing herself into his arms, and sobbing, “Oh, papa! would you turn your Ivy out of doors and break her heart?”

Flimsiest of fallacies! Shallowest of sophists! But she was the only and beloved child of his old age; so the fallacy

passed unchallenged; the strong arms closed around the naughty girl; and the soothing voice murmured, "There, there, Ivy! don't cry, child! Lud! lud! you sha'n't be bothered; no more you sha'n't, lovey!" and the *status quo* was restored.

"It is not in the sea nor in the strife

We feel benumbed and wish to be no
more,

But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life,"

said one who had breasted the stormiest sea and plunged into the fiercest strife. Ivy, who had never read Byron, and therefore could not be suspected of any Byronic affectations, felt it, when, having gained her point, she sat down alone in her own room. When her single self had been pitted against superior numbers, age, experience, and parental authority, all her heroism was roused, and she was adequate to the emergency; but her end gained, the excitement gone, the sense of disobedience alone remaining, and she was thoroughly uncomfortable, nay, miserable.

"Mamma is right; I know I am a little goose," sobbed she. (The words were mental, intangible, unspoken; the sobs physical, palpable, decided.) "I never did know anything, and I never shall,—and I don't care if I don't. I don't see any good in knowing so much. We don't have a great while to stay in the world any way, and I don't see why we can't be let alone and have a good time while we are here, and when we get to heaven we can take a fresh start. Oh, dear! I never shall go to heaven, if I am so bad and vex mamma. But then papa didn't care. But then he would have liked me to go to school. But there, I won't! I won't! *I will not!* I'll study at home. Oh, dear! I wish papa was a great man, and knew everything, and could teach me. Well, he is just as happy, and just as rich, and everybody likes him just as well, as if he knew the whole world full; and why can't I do so, too? Rebecca Dingham, indeed! Mercy! I hope I never shall be like her; I

would rather not know my A B C! What *shall* I do? There's Mr. Brownslow might teach me; he knows enough. But, dear me! he is as busy as he can be, all day long; and Squire Merrill goes out of town every day; and there's Dr. Mix, to be sure, but he smells so strong of paregoric, and I don't believe he knows much, either; and there's nobody else in town that knows any more than anybody else; and there's nothing for it but I must go to school, if I am ever to know anything." (A renewal of sobs, uninterrupted for several minutes.) "There's Mr. Clerron!" (A sudden cessation.) "I suppose he knows more than the whole town tumbled into one; and writes books, and—mercy! there's no end to his knowledge; and he's rich, and does everything he likes, all day long. Oh, if I only *did* know him! I would ask him straight off to teach me. I should be scared to death. I've a great mind to ask him, as it is. I can tell him who I am. He never will know any other way, for he isn't acquainted with anybody. They say he is as proud as Lucifer. If he were ten times prouder, I would rather ask him than go to school. He might just as well do something as not. I am sure, if God had made me him, and him me, I should be glad to help him. I'll go straight to him the first thing to-morrow morning."

Once seeing a possible way out of her difficulties, her sorrow vanished. Not quite so gayly as usual, it is true, did she sing about the house that night; for she was summoning all her powers to prepare an introductory speech to Felix Clerron, Esq., a gentleman and a scholar. Her elocutionary attempts were not quite satisfactory to herself, but she was not to be daunted; and when morning came, she took heart of grace, slung her broad-brimmed hat over her arm, and began her march "over the hills and far away," in search of her—fate.

"And did her mother really let her roam away, alone, on such an errand, to a perfect stranger?"

Humanly speaking, nothing was more unlikely than that Mrs. Geer, a prudent,

modest, and sensible woman, should give her consent to such an—to use the mildest term—unusual undertaking. Nor did she. The fact is, her consent was not asked. She knew nothing whatever of the plan.

“Worse and worse! Did the wilful girl go off without leave? without even informing her parents?”

I am sorry to say she did. In writing a story of real life, one cannot take that liberty with facts which is quite proper, not to say indispensable, in history, science, and belles-lettres generally. Duty compels me to adhere closely to the truth; and for whatever of obloquy may be heaped upon me, or upon my Ivy, I shall find consolation in the words of the illustrious Harrison; or perhaps it was the illustrious Taylor; I am not quite sure, however, that it was not the illustrious Washington:—“Do right, and let the consequences take care of themselves.” I am therefore obliged to say, that Ivy’s departure in pursuit of knowledge was entirely unknown to her respected and beloved parents. But you must remember that she was an only child, and a spoiled child,—spoiled as only stern New England Puritan parents, somewhat advanced in years, can spoil their children. I do not defend Ivy. On the contrary, notwithstanding my regard for her, I hand her over to the reprobation of an enlightened community; and I hereby entreat all young persons into whose hands this memoir may fall to take warning by the fate of poor Ivy, and never enter upon any important undertaking, until they have, to say the least, consulted those who are their natural guides, their warmest friends, and their most experienced counsellors.

While I have been writing this, Ivy Geer, light of heart, fleet of foot, and firm of will, has passed over hill-side, through wood-path, and across meadow-land, and drawn near the domains of Felix Clerron, Esq. Light of heart perhaps I scarcely ought to say. Certainly, that enterprising organ had never before beat so furious a tattoo in Ivy’s breast,

as when she stood, hat in hand, on the steps of the somewhat stately dwelling. To do her justice, she had intended to do the penance of wearing her hat when she should have reached her destination; but in her excitement she quite forgot it. So, as I said, she stood on the door-step, as a royal maiden stood three hundred years before, (not in the same place,) with the “wind blowing her fair hair about her beautiful cheeks.”

There had come to Ivy from the great, gay world a vague rumor, that, instead of knocking at a door, like a Christian, with your own good knuckles, for such case made and provided, modern fashion had introduced “the ringing and the dinging of the bells.” This vague rumor found a local habitation, when Mr. Clerron came down upon the village and established himself, his men and women and horses and cattle; but as Ivy stood on his door-step, looking upward, downward, sidewise, with earnest, peering gaze, no bell, and no sign of bell, was visible; nothing unusual, save a little door-knob at the right-hand side of the door,—a thing which could not be accounted for. After long and serious deliberation, she came to the conclusion that the bell must be inside, and that the knob was a screw attached to it. So she tried to twist it, first one way, then the other; but twist it would not. In despair she betook herself to her fingers and knocked. Nobody came. Twist again. No use. Knock again. Ditto. Then she went down to the gravelled path, selected one of the largest pebbles, took up her station before the door, and began to pound away. In a moment, a gentleman in dressing-gown and smoking-cap, with a cigar between his fingers, came round the corner. Seeing her, he threw away his cigar, lifted his velvet cap, bowed, and, with a polite “allow me,” stepped to the door, pulled the bell, and again passed out of sight. Ivy was not so confused at being detected in her assault and battery on the door of a respectable, peaceable, private gentleman, as not to make the silent reflection, “Pulled the knob, in-

stead of twisting it. How easy it is to do a thing, if you only know how!"

The summons was soon answered by a black gnome, and Ivy was ushered into a large room, which, to her dazzled, sun-weary eyes, seemed delightfully fresh and green-looking. Two minutes more of waiting,—then a step in the hall, a gently opening door, and Ivy felt rather than saw herself in the presence of the formidable Mr. Clerron. A single glance showed her that he was the person who had rung the bell for her, though the gay dressing-gown had been changed for a soberer suit. Mr. Clerron bowed. Ivy, hardly knowing what she did, faltered forth, "I am Ivy Geer." A half-curious, half-sarcastic smile glimmered behind the heavy beard, and gleamed beneath the heavy eyebrows, as he answered, "I am happy to make your acquaintance"; but another glance at the trembling form, the frightened, pale face, and quivering lips, changed the smile into one that was very good-natured, and even kind; and he added, playfully,—

"I am Felix Clerron, very much at your service."

"You write books and are a very learned man," pursued Ivy, hurriedly, never lifting her eyes from the floor, and never ceasing to twirl her hat-strings.

There was no possibility of supposing her guilty of committing a little diplomatic flattery in conveying this succinct bit of information. She made the assertion with the air of one who has a disagreeable piece of business on hand, and is determined to go through with it as soon as possible. He bowed and smiled again; quite unnecessarily,—since, as I have before remarked, Ivy's eyes were steadfastly fixed on the carpet. A slight pause for breath and she pitched ahead again.

"I am very ignorant, and I am growing old. I am almost seventeen. I don't know anything to speak of. Mamma wishes me to go to school. Papa did not, but now he does. I won't go. I would rather be stupid all my life long than leave home. But mamma is vexed, and I want to please her, and I thought,—

Mr. Brownslow is so busy,—and you,—if you have nothing to do,—and know so much,—I thought"——

She stopped short, utterly unable to proceed. Wonderfully different did this affair seem from the one she had planned the preceding evening. My dear Sir, Madam,—have not we, too, sometimes found it an easier thing to fight the battle of life in our own chimney-corner, by the ruddy and genial firelight, than in broad day on the world's great battle-field?

Mr. Clerron, seeing Ivy's confusion, kindly came to her aid. "And you thought my superfluous time and wisdom might be transferred to you, thus making a more equal division of property?"

"If you would be so good,—I,—yes, Sir."

"May I inquire how you propose to effect such an exchange?"

He really did not intend to be anything but kind, but the whole matter presented itself to him in a very ludicrous light; and in endeavoring to preserve proper gravity, he became severe. Ivy, all-unused to the world, still had a secret feeling that he was laughing at her. Tears, that would not be repressed, glistened in her downcast eyes, gathered on the long lashes, dropped silently to the floor. He saw that she was entirely a child, ignorant, artless, and sincere. His better feelings were roused, and he exclaimed, with real earnestness,—

"My dear young lady, I should rejoice to serve you in any way, I beg you to believe."

His words only hastened the catastrophe which seems to be always impending over the weaker sex. Ivy sobbed outright,—a perfect tempest. Felix Clerron looked on with a bachelor's dismay. "What in thunder? Confound the girl!" were his first reflections; but her utter abandonment to sorrow melted his heart again,—not a very susceptible heart either; but men, especially bachelors, are so—*green!* (the word is found in Cowper.)

He sat down by her side, stroked the hair from her burning forehead, as if she

had been six instead of sixteen, and again and again assured her of his willingness to assist her.

"I must go home," whispered Ivy, as soon as she could command, or rather coax her voice.

His hospitality was shocked.

"Indeed you must not, till we have at least had a consultation. Tell me how much you know. What have you studied?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir. I am very stupid."

"Ah! we must begin with the Alphabet, then. Blocks or a primer?"

Ivy smiled through her tears.

"Not quite so bad as that, Sir."

"You do know your letters? Perhaps you can even count, and spell your name; maybe write it. Pray, enlighten me."

Ivy grew calm as he became playful.

"I can cipher pretty well. I have been through Greenleaf's Large."

"House or meadow? And the exact dimensions, if you please."

"Sir?"

"I understood you to say you had traversed Greenleaf's large. You did not designate what."

He was laughing at her now, indeed, but it was open and genial, and she joined.

"My Arithmetic, of course. I supposed everybody knew that. Everybody calls it so."

"Time is short. Yes. We are an abbreviating nation. Do you like Arithmetic?"

"Pretty well, some parts of it. Fractions and Partial Payments. But I can't bear Duodecimals, Position, and such things."

"Positions are occasionally embarrassing. And Grammar?"

"I think it's horrid. It's all 'indicative mood, common noun, third person, singular number, and agrees with John.'"

"*Bravissima!* A comprehensive sketch! *A multum in parvo!* A bird's-eye view, as one may say,—and not entertaining, certainly. What other branches have you pursued? Drawing, for instance?"

"Oh, no, Sir!"

"Nor Music?"

"No, Sir."

"Good, my dear! excellent! An overruling Providence has saved you and your friends from many a pitfall. Shall we proceed to History? Be so good as to inform me who discovered America."

"I believe Columbus has the credit of it," replied Ivy, demurely.

"Non-committal, I see. Case goes strongly in his favor, but you reserve your judgment till further evidence."

"I think he was a wise and good and enterprising man."

"But are rather skeptical about that San Salvador story. A wise course. Never decide till both sides have been fairly presented. 'He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him,' said the wise man. Occasionally his after-judgment is equally discreditable. That is a thousand times worse. Exit Clio. Enter—well!—Geographia. My young friend, what celebrated city has the honor of concentrating the laws, learning, and literature of Massachusetts, to wit, namely, is its capital?"

"Boston, Sir."

"My dear, your Geography has evidently been attended to. You have learned the basis fact. You have discovered the pivot on which the world turns. You have dug down to the ante-diluvian, ante-pyrenean granite,—the primitive, unfused stratum of society. The force of learning can no farther go. Armed with that fact, you may march fearlessly forth to do battle with the world, the flesh, and — the — ahem — the King of Beasts! Do you think you should like me for a teacher?"

"I can't tell, Sir. I did not like you as anything awhile ago."

"But you like me better now? You think I improve on acquaintance? You detect signs of a moral reformation?"

"No, Sir, I don't like you now. I only don't dislike you so much as I did."

"Spoken like a major-general, or, better still, like a brave little Yankee girl,

as you are. I am an enthusiastic admirer of truth. I foresee we shall get on famously. I was rather premature in sounding the state of your affections, it must be confessed,—but we shall be rare friends by-and-by. On the whole, you are not particularly fond of books?”

“I like some books well enough, but not studying-books,” said Ivy, with a sigh, “and I don’t see any good in them. If it wasn’t for mamma, I never would open one,—never! I would just as soon be a dunce as not; I don’t see anything very horrid in it.”

“An opinion which obtains with a wonderfully large proportion of our population, and is applied in practice with surprising success. There is a distinction, however, my dear young lady, which you must immediately learn to make. The dunce subjective is a very inoffensive animal, contented, happy, and harmless; and, as you justly remark, inspires no horror, but rather an amiable and genial self-complacency. The dunce objective, on the contrary, is of an entirely different species. He is a bore of the first magnitude,—a poisoned arrow, that not only pierces, but inflames,—a dull knife, that not only cuts, but tears,—a cowardly little cur, that snaps occasionally, but snarls unceasingly; whom, which, and that, it becomes the duty of all good citizens to sweep from the face of the earth.”

“What is the difference between them? How shall one know which is which?”

“The dunce subjective is the dunce from his own point of view,—the dunce with his eyes turned inward,—confining his duncehood to the bosom of his family. The dunce objective is the dunce butting against his neighbor’s study-door,—intruding, obtruding, protruding his insipid folly and still more insipid wisdom at all times and seasons. He is a creature utterly devoid of shame. He is like Milton’s angels, in one respect at least: you may thrust him through and through with the two-edged sword of your satire, and at the end he shall be as intact and integral as at the beginning. Am I sufficiently obvious?”

“It is very obvious that I am both, according to your definition.”

“It is very obvious that you are neither, I beg to submit, but a sensible young girl,—with no great quantity of the manufactured article, perhaps, but plenty of raw material, capable of being wrought into fabric of the finest quality.”

“Do you really think I can learn?” asked Ivy, with a bright blush of pleasure.

“Demonstrably certain.”

“As much as if I went to school?”

“My dear miss, as the forest oak, ‘cabined, cribbed, confined’ with multitudes of its fellows, grows stunted, scrubby, and dwarfed, but, brought into the open fields alone, stretches out its arms to the blue heavens and its roots to the kindly earth, so that the birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof, and men sit under its shadow with great delight,—so, in a word, shall you, under my fostering care, flourish like a green bay-tree; that is, if I am to have the honor.”

“Yes, Sir, I mean—I meant—I was thinking as if you were teaching me—I mean were going to teach me.”

“Which I also mean, if time and the favoring gods allow, and your parents continue to wish it.”

“Oh, they won’t care!”

“Won’t care?”

“No, Sir, they will be glad, I think. Papa, at least, will be glad to have me stay at home.”

“Did not they direct you to come to me to-day?”

Ivy blushed deeply, and replied, in a low voice, “No, Sir; I knew mamma would not let me come, if I asked her.”

“And to prevent any sudden temptation to disobedience, and a consequent forfeiture of your peace of mind, you took time by the forelock and came on your own responsibility?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Very ingenious, upon my word! An accomplished casuist! A born Jesuit! But, my dear Miss Geer, I must confess I have not this happy feminine knack of keeping out of the way of temptation. I

should prefer to consult your friends, even at the risk of losing the pleasure of your society."

"Oh, yes, Sir! I don't care, now it is all settled."

And so, over hill-side, along wood-path, and through meadow-land, with light heart and smiling eyes, tripped Ivy back again. To Mrs. Geer shelling peas in the shady porch, and to Mr. Geer fanning himself with his straw hat on the steps beside her, Ivy recounted the story of her adventures. Mrs. Geer was thunderstruck at Ivy's temerity; Mr. Geer was lost in admiration of her pluck. Mrs. Geer termed it a wild-goose chase; Mr. Geer declared Ivy to be as smart as a steel trap. Mrs. Geer vetoed the whole plan; Mr. Geer didn't know. But when at sunset Mr. Clerron rode over, and admired Mr. Geer's orchard, and praised the points of his Durhams, and begged a root of Mrs. Geer's scarlet verbena, and assured them he should be very glad to refresh his own early studies, and also to form an acquaintance with the family,—he knew very few in the village,—and if Mrs. Geer would drive over when Ivy came to recite,—or perhaps they would rather he should come to their house. Oh, no! Mrs. Geer could not think of that. Just as they pleased. Mrs. Simm, the house-keeper, would be very glad of Mrs. Geer's company while Miss Ivy was reciting, in case Mrs. Geer should not wish to listen; and the house and grounds would be shown by Mrs. Simm with great pleasure. By the way, Mrs. Simm was a thrifty and sensible woman, and he was sure they would be mutually pleased.—When, in short, all this and much more had been said, it was decided that Ivy should be regularly installed pupil of Mr. Felix Clerron.

"*Eureka!*" cries the professional novel-reader, that far-sighted and keen-scented hound that snuffs a *dénouement* afar off; and anon there rises before his eyes the vision of poor little Stella drinking in love and learning, especially love, from the divine eyes of the anything but divine Swift,—of Shirley, the lioness, the pan-

theress, the leopardess, the beautiful, fierce creature, sitting, tamed, quiet, meek, by the side of Louis Moore, her tutor and master,—and of all the legends of all the ages wherein Beauty has sat at the feet of Wisdom, and Love has crept in unawares, and spoiled the lesson while as yet half-unlearnt;—so he cries, "She is going the way of all heroines. The man and the girl,—they will fall in love, marry, and live happily all the rest of their days."

Of course they will. Is there any reason why they should not? If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

I repeat it, of course they will. You surely cannot suppose I should, in cold blood, sit down to write a story in which nobody was to fall in love or be in love! Sir, scoff as you may, love is the one vital principle in all romance. Not only does your cheek flush and your eye sparkle, till "heart, brain, and soul are all on fire," over the burning words of some Brontëan Pythoness, but when you open the last thrilling work of Maggie Marigold, and are immediately submerged "in a weak, washy, everlasting flood" of insipidity, twaddle, bosh, and heart-rending sorrow, you do not shut the book with a jerk. Why not? Because in the dismal distance you dimly descry two figures swimming, floating, struggling towards each other, and a languid *souçon* of curiosity detains you till you have ascertained, that, after infinite distress, Adolphus and Miranda have made

"One of the very best matches,
Both well mated for life:
She's got a fool for her husband,
He's got a fool for his wife."

Sir, scoff as you may, love is the one sunbeam of poetry that gilds with a softened splendor the hard, bare outline of many a prosaic life. "Work, work, work, from weary chime to chime"; tramp behind the plough, hammer on the lapstone, beat the anvil, drive the plane, "from morn till dewy eve"; but when the

dewy eve comes, ah! Hesperus gleams soft and golden over the far-off pine-trees, but

"The star that lightens your bosom most,
And gives to your weary feet their speed,
Abides in a cottage beyond the mead."

It is useless to assert that the subject is worn threadbare. Threadbare it may be to you, enervated and *blasé* man of pleasure, worn and hardened man of the world; but it is not for you I write. The fountain which leaps up fresh and living in every new life can never be exhausted till the springs of all life are dry. Tell me, O lover, gazing into those tender eyes uplifted to yours, twining the silken rings around your bronzed finger, pressing reverently the warm lips consecrated to you,—does it abate one jot or tittle of your happiness to know that eyes just as tender, curls just as silken, lips just as red, have stirred the hearts of men for a thousand years?

Love, then, is a *sine qua non* in stories; and if love, why not marriage? What pleasure can a humane and benevolent man find in separating two individuals whose chief, perhaps whose sole happiness, consists in being together? For certain inscrutable reasons, Divine Benevolence permits evil to exist in the world. All who have a taste for misery can find it there in exhaustless quantities. Johns are every day falling in love with Katys, but marrying Isabells, and Isabells the same, *mutatis mutandis*. We submit to it because there is no alternative; and we believe that good shall finally be wrought and wrested from evil. Don't, for heaven's sake, let us in mere wantonness introduce into our novel-world the work of our own hand, an abridged edition, a daguerreotype copy of the world without, of which we know so little and so much. I always do and always shall read the last page of a novel first; and if I perceive there any indications that matters are not coming out "shipshape," my reading invariably terminates with the last page.

For the rest, please to remember that I am not writing about a princess of the

blood, nor of the days of the bold barons, but only the life of a quiet little girl in a quiet little town in the eastern part of Massachusetts; and so far as my experience and observation go, men and women in the eastern part of Massachusetts are not given to thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes, wonderful concatenations of circumstances, and blood and thunder generally,—but pursue the even tenor of their way, and of their love, with a sober and delightful equanimity. If you want a plot, go to the "Children of the Abbey," "Consuelo," and myriads of that kin, and help yourself. As for me, I must confess I hate plots. I see no pleasure in stumbling blindfolded through a story, unable to see a yard ahead, fancying every turn to be the last, and the road to go straight on to a glorious goal,—and, lo! we are in a more hopeless labyrinth than ever. I have a sense of restraint. I want to breathe freely, and can't. I want to have leisure to observe the style, the development of character, the author's tone of thought, and not be galloped through on the back of a breathless desire to know "how they are coming out."

But, my dear plot-loving friend, be easy. I will not leave you in the lurch. I am not going to marry my man and woman out of hand. An obstacle, of which I suppose you have never heard,—an obstacle entirely new, fresh, and unhackneyed, will arise; so, I pray you, let patience have her perfect work.

Wonderful was the new world opened to Ivy Geer. It was as if a corse, cold, inert, lifeless, had suddenly sprung up, warm, invigorated, informed with a spirit which led her own spell-bound. Grammar,—Grammar, which had been a synonyme for all that was dry, irksome, useless,—a beating of the wind, the crackling of thorns under a pot,—Grammar even assumed for her a charm, a wonder, a glory. She saw how the great and wise had shrined in fitting words their purity, and wisdom, and sorrow, and suffering, and penitence; and how, as this generation passed away, and another came forth which knew not God, the

golden casket became dim, and the memory of its priceless gem faded away ; but how, at the touch of a mighty wand, the obedient lid flew back, and the long-hidden thought "sprang full-statured in an hour." She saw how love and beauty and freedom lay floating vaguely and aimlessly in a million minds till the poet came and crystallized them into clear-cut, prismatic words, tinged for each with the color of his own fancy, and wrought into a perfect mosaic, not for an age, but for all time. Led by a strong hand, she trod with reverent awe down the dim aisles of the Past, and saw how the soul of man, bound in its prison-house, had ever struggled to voice itself in words. Roaming in the dense forest with the stern and bloody Druid,—bounding over the waves with the fierce pirates who supplanted them, and in whose blue eyes and beneath whose fair locks gleamed indeed the ferocity of the savage, but lurked also, though unseen and unknown, the tender chivalry of the English gentleman,—gazing admiringly on the barbaric splendor of the cloth-of-gold, whereon trod regally, to the sound of harp and viol, the beauty and bravery of the old Norman nobility, she delighted to see how the mother-tongue, our dear mother-tongue, had laid all the nations under contribution to enrich her treasury,—gathering from one its strength, from another its stateliness, from a third its harmony, till the harsh, crude, rugged dialect of a barbarous horde became worthy to embody, as it does, the love, the wisdom, and the faith of half a world.

So Grammar taught Ivy to reverence language.

History, in the light of a guiding mind, ceased to be a bare record of slaughter and crime. Before her eyes filed, in a statelier pageant than they knew, the long procession of "simple great ones gone for ever and ever by," and the countless lesser ones whose names are quenched in the darkness of a night that shall know no dawn. She saw the "great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change"; but amid all the change,

the confusion, the chaos, she saw the finger of God ever pointing, and heard the sublime monotone of the Divine voice ever saying to the children of men, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And Ivy thought she saw, and rejoiced in the thought, that, even when this warning was unheeded,—when on the brow of the mournful Earth "Ichabod, Ichabod," was forever engraven,—when the First Man with his own hand put from him the cup of innocence, and went forth from the happy garden, sin-stained and fallen, the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint,—even then she saw within him the divine spark, the leaven of life, which had power to vitalize and vivify what Crime had smitten with death. Though sea and land teemed with strange perils, though night and day pursued him with mysterious terrors, though the now unfriendly elements combined to check his career, still, with unswerving purpose, undaunted courage, she saw him march constantly forward. Spirits of evil could not drive from his heart the prescience of greatness; and his soul dwelt calmly under the foreshadow of a mighty future.

And as Ivy looked, she saw how the children of men became a great nation, and possessed the land far and wide. They delved into the bosom of the pleased earth, and brought forth the piled-up treasures of uncounted cycles. They unfolded the book of the skies, and sought to read the records thereon. They plunged into the unknown and terrible ocean, and decked their own brows with the gems they plucked from hers. And when conquered Nature had laid her boards at their feet, their restless longings would not be satisfied. Brave young spirits, with the dew of their youth fresh upon them, set out in quest of a land beyond their ken. Over the mountains, across the seas, through the forests, there came to the ear of the dreaming girl the measured tramp of marching men, the softer footfalls of loving women, the pattering of the feet of little children. Many a day and many a night she saw them wander on towards the setting sun, till the Unseen

Hand led them to a fair and fruitful country that opened its bounteous arms in welcome. Broad rivers, green fields, laughing valleys wooed them to plant their household gods,—and the foundations of Europe were laid. Here were sown the seeds of those heroic virtues which have since leaped into luxuriant life,—seeds of that irresistible power which fastened its grasp on Nature and forced her to unfold the secret of her creation,—seeds of that far-reaching wisdom which in the light of the unveiled past has read the story of the unseen future.

And still under Ivy's eye they grouped themselves. Some gathered on the pleasant hills of the sunny South, and the beauty of earth and sea and sky passed into their souls forever. They caught the evanescent gleam, the passing shadow, and on unseemly canvases limned it for all time in forms of unuttered and unutterable loveliness. They shaped into glowing life the phantoms of grace that were always flitting before their enchanted eyes, and poured into inanimate marble their rapt and passionate souls. They struck the lyre to wild and stirring songs whose tremulous echoes still linger along the corridors of Time. Some sought the ice-bound North, and grappled with dangers by field and flood. They hunted the wild dragon to his mountain-fastnesses, and fought him at bay, and never quailed. Death, in its most fearful forms, they met with grim delight, and chanted the glories of the Valhalla waiting for heroes who should forever quaff the "foaming, pure, and shining mead" from skulls of foes in battle slain. Some crossed the sea, and on

"that pale, that white-faced shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's swelling tide,"

they reared a sinewy and stalwart race, whose "morning drum-beat encircles the world."

And History taught Ivy to reverence man.

But there was one respect in which Ivy was both pupil and teacher. Never a word of Botany had fallen upon her ears; but through all the unconscious bliss

of infancy, childhood, and girlhood, for sixteen happy years, she had lived among the flowers, and she knew their dear faces and their wild-wood names. She loved them with an almost human love. They were to her companions and friends. She knew their likings and dislikings, their joys and sorrows,—who among them chose the darkest nooks of the old woods, and who bloomed only to the brightest sunlight,—who sent their roots deep down among the mosses by the brook, and who smiled only on the southern hill-side. Around each she wove a web of beautiful individuality, and more than one had received from her a new christening. It is true, that, when she came to study from a book, she made wry faces over the long, barbarous, Latin names which completely disguised her favorites, and in her heart deemed a great many of the definitions quite superfluous; but she had strong faith in her teacher, and when the technical was laid aside for the real, then, indeed, "her foot was on her native heath, and her name was MacGregor." A wild and merry chase she led her grave instructor. Morning, noon, or night, she was always ready. Under the blue sky, breathing the pure air, treading the green turf familiar from her infancy, she could not be otherwise than happy; but when was superadded to this the companionship of a mind vigorous, cultivated, and refined, she enjoyed it with a keen and intense delight. Nowhere else did her soul so entirely unfold to the genial light of this new sun which had suddenly mounted above her horizon. Nowhere else did the freshness and fulness and splendor of life dilate her whole being with a fine ecstasy.

And what was the end of all this? Just what you would have supposed. She had led a life of simple, unbounded love and trust,—a buoyant, elastic gladness,—a dream of sunshine. No gray cloud had ever lowered in her sky, no thunderbolt smitten her joys, no winter rain chilled her warmth. Only the white fleeciness of morning mist had flitted sometimes over her summer-sky, deepen-

ing the blue. Little cooling drops had fluttered down through the leafiness, only to span her with a rainbow in the glory of the setting sun. But the time had come. From the deep fountains of her heart the stone was to be rolled away. The secret chord was to be smitten by a master-hand, — a chord which, once stirred, may never cease to quiver.

At first Ivy worshipped very far off. Her friend was to her the embodiment of all knowledge and goodness and greatness. She marvelled to see him so at home in what was to her so strange. Every word that fell from his lips was an oracle. She secretly contrasted him with all the men she had ever met, to the utter discomfiture of the latter. Washington, the Apostle Paul, and Peter Parley were the only men of the past or present whom she considered at all worthy to be compared with him; and in fact, if these three men and Felix Clerron had all stood before her, and offered each a different opinion on any given subject, I have scarcely a doubt as to whose would have commended itself to her as combining the soundest practical wisdom and the highest Christian benevolence.

So the summer passed on, and her shyness wore off,—and their intimacy became less and less that of teacher and pupil, and more and more that of friend and friend. With the sudden awakening of her intellectual nature, there woke also another power, of whose existence she had never dreamed. It was natural, that, in ranging the fields of thought so lately opened to her, she should often revert to him whose hand had unbarred the gates; she was therefore not startled that the image of Felix Clerron was with her when she sat down and when she rose up, when she went out and when she came in. She ceased, indeed, to think *of* him. She thought *him*. She lived him. Her soul fed on his life. And so—and so—by a pleasant and flowery path, there came into Ivy's heart the old, old pain.

Now the thing was on this wise : —

One morning, when she went to recite, she did not find Mr. Clerron in the libra-

ry, where he usually awaited her. After spending a few moments in looking over her lessons, she rose and was about to pass to the door to ring, when Mrs. Simm looked in, and, seeing Ivy, informed her that Mr. Clerron was in the garden, and desired her to come out. Ivy immediately followed Mrs. Simm into the garden. On the south side of the house was a piazza two stories high. Along the pillars which supported it a trellis-work had been constructed, reaching several feet above the roof of the piazza. About this climbed a vigorous grape-vine, which not only completely screened nearly the whole front of the piazza, but, reaching the top of the trellis, shot across, by the aid of a few pieces of fine wire, and overran a part of the roof of the house. Thus the roof of the piazza was the floor of a beautiful apartment, whose walls and ceiling were broad, rustling, green leaves, among which drooped now innumerable heavy clusters of rich purple grapes.

From behind this leafy wall a well-known voice cried, "Hail to thee, my twining vine!" Ivy turned and looked up, with the uncertain, inquiring smile we often wear when conscious that, though unseeing, we are not unseen; and presently two hands parted the leaves far enough for a very sunshiny smile to gleam down on the upturned face.

"Oh, I wish I could come up there!" cried Ivy, clasping her hands with childish eagerness.

"The wish is father to the deed."

"May I?"

"Be sure you may."

"But how shall I get in?"

"Are you afraid to come up the ladder?"

"No, I don't mean that; but how shall I get in where you are, after I am up?"

"Oh, never fear! I'll draw you in safely enough."

"Lorful heart! Miss Ivy, what are you going to do?" cried Mrs. Simm, in terror.

Ivy was already on the third round of the ladder, but she stopped and answered, hesitatingly,—

"He said I might."

"He said you might, yes," continued Mrs. Simm,—talking to Ivy, but *at* Mr. Clerron, with whom she hardly dared to remonstrate in a more direct way. "And if he said you might throw yourself down Vineyard Cliff, it don't follow that you are bound to do it. He goes into all sorts of hap-hazard scrapes himself; but you can't follow him."

"But it looks so nice up there," pleaded Ivy, "and I have been twice as high at home. I don't mind it at all."

"If your father chooses to let you run the risk of your life, it's none of my lookout, but I a'n't going to have you breaking your neck right under my nose. If you want to get up there, I'll show you the way in the house, and you can step right out of the window. Just wait till I've told Ellen about the dinner."

As Mrs. Simm disappeared, Mr. Clerron said softly to Ivy, "Come!"—and in a moment Ivy bounded up the ladder and through an opening in the vine, and stood by his side.

"I'm ready now, Miss Ivy," said Mrs. Simm, reappearing. "Miss Ivy! Where is the child?"

A merry laugh greeted her.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing!" cried the good-natured old housekeeper, "you'll never die in your bed."

"Not for a good while, I hope," answered Mr. Clerron.

Then he made Ivy sit down by him, and took from the great basket the finest cluster of grapes.

"Is that reward enough for coming?"

"Coming into so beautiful a place as this is like what you read yesterday about poetry to Coleridge, 'its own exceeding great reward.'"

"And you don't want the grapes?"

"I don't know that I have any intrinsic objection to them as a free gift. It was only the principle that I opposed."

"Very well, we will go shares, then. You may have half for the free gift, and I will have half for the principle. Little tendrils, you look as fresh as the morning."

"Don't I always?"

"I should say there was a *little* more dew than usual. Stand up and let me survey you, if perchance I may discover the cause."

Ivy rose, made a profound curtsy, and then turned slowly around, after the manner of the revolving fashion-figures in a milliner's window.

"I don't know," continued Mr. Clerron, when Ivy, after a couple of revolutions, resumed her seat. "You seem to be the same. I think it must be the frock."

"I don't wear a frock. I don't think it would improve my style of beauty, if I did. Papa wears one sometimes."

"And what kind of a frock, pray, does 'papa' wear?"

"Oh, a horrid blue thing. Comes about down to his knees. Made of some kind of woollen stuff. Horrid!"

"And what name do you give to that white thing with blue sprigs in it?"

"This?"

"Yes."

"This is a dress."

"No. This, and your collar, and hat, and shoes, and sash are your dress. This is a frock."

Ivy shook her head doubtfully.

"You know a great deal, I know."

"So you informed me once before."

"Oh, don't mention that!" said Ivy, blushing, and quickly added, "Do you know I have discovered the reason why you like me this morning?"

"And every morning."

"Sir?"

"Go on. What is the reason?"

"It is because I clear-starched and ironed it myself with my ownny-dony hands; and that, you know, is the reason it looks nicer than usual."

"Ah, me! I wish I wore dresses."

"You can, if you choose, I suppose. There is no one to hinder you."

"Simpleton! that is not what you were intended to say. You should have asked the cause of so singular a wish, and then I had a pretty little speech all ready for you,—a veritable compliment."

"It is well I did not ask, then. Mamma does not approve of compliments, and perhaps it would have made me vain."

"Incorrigible! Why did you not ask me what the speech was, and thus give me an opportunity to relieve myself. Why, a body might die of a plethora of flattery, if he had nobody but you to discharge it against."

"He must take care, then, that the supply does not exceed the demand."

"Political economy, upon my word! What shall we have next?"

"Domestic, I suppose you would like. Men generally, indeed, prefer it to the other, I am told."

"Ah, Ivy, Ivy! little you know about men, my child!"

He leaned back in his seat and was silent for some minutes. Ivy did not care to interrupt his thinking. Presently he said,—

"Ivy, how old are you?"

"I shall be seventeen the last day of this month."

A short pause.

"And then eighteen."

"And then nineteen."

"And then twenty. In three years you will be twenty."

"Horrid old, isn't it?"

He turned his head, and looked down upon her with what Ivy thought a curious kind of smile, but only said,—

"You must not say 'horrid' so much."

By-and-by Ivy grew rather tired of sitting silent and watching the rustle of the leaves, which hid every other prospect; she turned her face a little so that she could look at him. He sat with folded arms, looking straight ahead; and she thought his face wore a troubled expression. She felt as if she would like very much to smooth out the wrinkles in his forehead and run her fingers through his hair, as she sometimes did for her father. She had a great mind to ask him if she should; then she reflected that it might make him nervous. Then she wondered if he had forgotten her lessons, and how long they were to sit there. Determined,

at length, to have a change of some kind, she said, softly,—

"Mr. Clerron!"

He roused himself suddenly, and stood up.

"I thought, perhaps, you had a headache."

"No, Ivy. But this is not climbing the hill of science, is it?"

"Not so much as it is climbing the piazza."

"Suppose we take a vacation to-day, and investigate the state of the atmosphere?"

"Yes, Sir, I am ready."

Ivy did not fully understand the nature of his proposition; but if he had proposed to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," she would have said and acted, "Yes, Sir, I am ready," just the same.

He took up the basket of grapes which he had gathered, and led the way through the window, down-stairs. Ivy waited for him at the hall-door, while he carried the grapes to Mrs. Simm; then he joined her again and proposed to walk through the woods a little while, before Ivy went home.

"You must know, my docile pupil, that I am going to the city to-morrow, on business, to be gone a week or two. So, as you must perforce take a vacation then, why, we may as well begin to vacate to-day, and enjoy it."

"I am sorry you are going away."

"You are? That is almost enough to pay me for going. Why are you sorry?"

"Because I shall not see you for a week; and I have become so used to you, that somehow I don't seem to know what to do with a day without you; and then the cars may run off the track and kill you or hurt you, or you may get the small-pox, or a great many things may happen."

"And suppose some of these terrible things should happen,—the last, for instance,—what would you do?"

"I? I should advise you to send for the doctor at once."

Mr. Clerron laughed.

"So you would not come and nurse

me, and take care of me, and get me well again?"

"No, because I should then be in danger of taking it myself and giving it to papa and mamma; besides, they would not let me, I am quite sure."

"So you love your papa and mamma better than"——

He stopped abruptly. Ivy finished for him.

"Better than words can tell. Papa particularly. Mamma, somehow, seems strong of herself, and don't depend upon me; but papa,—oh, you don't know how he is to me! I think, if I should die, he would die of grief. I have, I cannot help having, a kind of pity for him, he loves me so."

"Do you always pity people, when they love you very much?"

"Oh, no! of course not. Besides, nobody loves me enough to be pitied, except papa.—Isn't it pleasant here? How very green it is! It looks just like summer. Oh, Mr. Clerron, did you see the clouds this morning?"

"There were none when I arose."

"Why, yes, Sir, there was a great heap of them at sunrise."

"I am not prepared to contradict you."

"Perhaps you were not up at sunrise."

"I have an impression to that effect."

He smiled so comically, that Ivy could not help saying, though she was half afraid he might not be pleased,—

"I wonder whether you are an early riser."

"Yes, my dear, I consider myself tolerably early. I believe I have been up every morning but one, this week, by nine o'clock."

Ivy was horror-struck. Her country ideas of "early to bed and early to rise" received a great shock, as her looks plainly showed. He laughed gayly at her amazed face.

"You don't seem to appreciate me, Miss Geer."

"Nine o'clock!" repeated Ivy, slowly,—"'every morning but one!' and it is Tuesday to-day."

"Yes, but you know yesterday was a

dark, cloudy day, and excellent for sleeping."

"But, Mr. Clerron, then you are not more than fairly up when I come. And when do you write?"

"Always in the evening."

"But the evenings are so short,—or have been."

"Mine are not particularly so. From six to three is about long enough for one sitting."

"I should think so. And you must be so tired!"

"Not so tired as you think. You, now, rising at five or six, and running round all day, become so tired that you have to go to bed by nine; of course you have no time for reflection and meditation. I, on the contrary, take life easily,—write in the night, when everything is still and quiet,—take my sleep when all the noise of the world's waking-up is going on,—and after creation is fairly settled for the day, I rise leisurely, breakfast leisurely, take a smoke leisurely, and leisurely wait the coming of my little pupil."

"Mr. Clerron!"

"Well!"

"May I tell you another thing I don't like in you? a bad habit?"

"As many as you please, provided you won't require me to reform."

"What is the use of telling it, then?"

"But it may be a relief to you. You will have the satisfaction arising from doing your duty. We shall ventilate our opinions, and perhaps come to a better understanding. Go on."

"Well, Sir, I wish you did not smoke so much."

"I don't smoke very much, little Ivy."

"I wish you would not at all. Mamma thinks it is very injurious, and wrong, even. And papa says cigars are bad things."

"Some of them are outrageous. But, my dear, granting your father and mother and yourself to be right, don't you see I am doing more to extirpate the evil than you, with all your principle? I exterminate, destroy, and ruin them at the rate of three a day; while you, I venture

to say, never lifted a finger or lighted a spark against them."

"Now, Sir, that is only a way of slipping round the question. And I really wish you did not. Before I knew you, I thought it was almost as bad to smoke as it was to steal. I know, however, now, that it cannot be; still" —

"Feminine logic."

"I have not studied Logic yet; still, as I was going to say, Sir, I don't like to think of you as being in a kind of subjection to anything."

"Ivy, seriously, I am not in subjection to a cigar. I often don't smoke for months together. To prove it, I promise you I won't smoke for the next two months."

"Oh, I am so glad! Oh, I am so much obliged to you! And you are not in the least vexed that I spoke to you about it?"

"Not in the least."

"I was afraid you would be. And one thing more, Sir, I have been afraid of, the last few days. You know when I first knew you, or before I knew you, I supposed you did nothing but walk round and enjoy yourself all day. But now I know you do work very hard; and I have feared that you could not well spare two hours every day for me,—particularly in the morning, which are almost always considered the best. But if you like to write in the evening, you would just as soon I would come in the morning?"

"Certainly."

"But if two hours are too much, I hope you won't, at any time, hesitate to tell me. I have no claim on a moment, —only" —

"My dear Ivy Geer, pupil and friend, be so good as to understand, henceforth, that you cannot possibly come into my house at any time when you are not wanted; nor stay any longer than I want

you; nor say anything that will not please me;—well, I am not quite sure about that;—but, at least, remember that I am always glad to see you, and teach you, and have you with me; and that I can never hope to do you as much good as you do me every day of your blessed life."

"Oh, Mr. Clerron!" exclaimed Ivy, with a great gush of gratitude and happiness; "do I, can I, do *you* any good?"

"You do and can, my tendril! You supply an element that was wanting in my life. You make every day beautiful to me. The flutter of your robes among these trees brings sunshine into my heart. Every morning I walk in my garden as soon as I am, as you say, fairly up, till I see you turn into the lane; and every day I watch you till you disappear. You are fresh and truthful and natural, and you give me new life. And now, my dear little trembling benefactor, because we are nearly through the woods, I can go no farther with you; and because I am going away to-morrow, not to see you again for a week, and because I hope you will be a little lonesome while I am gone, why, I think I must let you—kiss me!"

Ivy had been looking intently into his face, with an expression, at first, of the most beaming, tearful delight, then gradually changing into waiting wonder; but when his sentence finally closed, she stood still, scarcely able to comprehend. He placed his hands on her temples, and, smiling involuntarily at her blushes and embarrassment, half in sport and half in tenderness, bent her head a little back, kissed brow, cheeks, and lips, whispered softly, "Go now! God bless you for ever and ever, my darling!" and, turning, walked hastily down the winding path. As for Ivy, she went home in a dream, blind and stunned with a great joy.

[To be continued.]

"IMPLORA PACE."

No more Joy-roses ! their perfume
To this dull pain brings short surcease :
But tell me, if ye know, where bloom
The golden lily-bells of Peace.

Leap, winnowing all the air of light,
Ye wild wraiths of the waterfall !
But for that fabled fountain's sight,
That giveth sleep, I'd give you all.

Bound, gay barks, o'er the bounding main !
Shake all your white wings to the breeze !
My joy was erst the hurricane,
The plunging of the purple seas ;

My hope to find the mystic marge
Of all strange lands, the strange world o'er :
But bear me now to yon still barge,
Calm cradled by a tideless shore !

Wild birds, that cleave the crystal deeps
With May-time matins loud and long,
Oh, not for you my sick heart weeps !
Its pulses time not to your song !

But know ye where she hides her nest,
Beneath what balmy dropping eaves,
The Dove that bears on her white breast
The sacred green of olive-leaves ?

Not when the Spring doth rosy rise
From white foam of the Northern snows ;
Not when 'neath passion-throbbing skies
The fire-pulsed June in beauty glows :

But when amid the templed hills,
Deep drained from every purple vine,
Soft for her dying lips distils
The Summer's sacramental wine ;

While all her woodland priests put on
Their vestures dipped in sacrifice,
And, as 'twere golden bells far swung,
A rhythmic silence holds the skies ;

What time the Day-spring softly wells
From Night's dark caverns, till it sets
In long, melodious, tidal swells,
Toward the wide flood-gates of the West ; —

Oh, open then my dungeon door!
 Let Nature lead me, blind of eyes,
 If haply I may *feel* once more
 The pillars of the steadfast skies;

If haply there may fall for me
 Some strange assurance in my fears,—
 As he who heard on Galilee,
 That stormy night in wondrous years,

The "It is I," and o'er the foam
 Of what seemed phantom-haunted seas,
 Saw glory of the kingdom come,
 The footsteps of the Prince of Peace!

THE PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

PSALMS, xix. 4.

AMONG the impossibilities enumerated to convince Job of his ignorance and weakness, the Almighty asks,—

"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?"

At the present day, every people in Christendom can respond in the affirmative.

The lines of electric telegraph are increasing so rapidly, that the length in actual use cannot be estimated at any moment with accuracy. At the commencement of 1848, it was stated that the length in operation in this country was about 3000 miles. At the end of 1850, the lines in operation, or in progress, in the United States, amounted to 22,000. In 1853, the total number of miles of wire in America amounted to 26,375.

It is but fifteen years since the first line of electric telegraph was constructed in this country; and at the present time there are not less than 50,000 miles in successful operation on this continent, having over 1400 stations, and employing upwards of 10,000 operators and clerks.

The number of messages passing over

all the lines in this country annually is estimated at upwards of 5,000,000, producing a revenue of \$2,000,000; in addition to which, the press pays \$200,000 for public despatches.

In Europe there are lines rivalling those in America. The electric wire extends under the English Channel, the German Ocean, the Black and Red Seas, and the Mediterranean; it passes from crag to crag on the Alps, and runs through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Russia.

India, Australia, Cuba, Mexico, and several of the South American States have also their lines; and the wires uniting the Pacific and Atlantic States will shortly meet at the passes of the Rocky Mountains.

The electric telegraph, which has made such rapid strides, is yet in its infancy. The effect of its future extension, and of new applications, cannot be estimated, when, as a means of intercourse at least, its network shall spread through every village, bringing all parts of our republic into the closest and most intimate relations of friendship and interest. In con-

nection with the railroad and steamboat, it has already achieved one important national result. It has made possible, on this continent, a wide-spread, yet closely linked, empire of States, such as our fathers never imagined. The highest office of the electric telegraph, in the future, is thus to be the promotion of unity, peace, and good-will among men.

In Europe, Great Britain and Ireland have the greatest number of miles of electric telegraph,—namely, 40,000. France has 26,000; Belgium, 1600; Germany, 35,000; Switzerland, 2000; Spain and Portugal, 1200; Italy, 6600; Turkey and Greece, 500; Russia, 12,000; Denmark and Sweden, 2000.

In Italy, Sardinia has the largest share of lines, having about 1200 miles; and in Germany, after Austria and Prussia, the largest share belongs to Bavaria, which has 1050. Saxony has 400 miles; Würtemberg, 195.

The distance between stations on lines of Continental telegraph is from ten to twelve miles on the average, and the number of them is about 3800.

In France the use of the electric telegraph has rapidly increased within the last few years. In 1851, the number of despatches transmitted was 9014, which produced 76,723 francs. In 1858, there were 463,973 despatches transmitted, producing 3,516,634 francs. During the last four years, that is to say, since all the chief towns in France have been in electric communication with Paris, and consequently with each other, there have been sent by private individuals 1,492,420 despatches, which have produced 12,528,591 francs. Out of the 97,728 despatches exchanged during the last three months of 1858, 23,728 were with Paris, and 15,409 with the thirty most important towns of France. These 15,409 despatches are divided, as to their object or nature, as follows:—Private and family affairs, 3102; journals, 523; commerce and manufactures, 6132; Bourse affairs, 5253; sundry affairs, 399.

In Australia, the electric telegraph is in constant use, affording a remunerating

revenue, and the amount of business has forced on the government the necessity of additional wires.

Cuba has six hundred miles of wire in operation. Messages can be transmitted only in Spanish, and the closest surveillance is maintained by the government officials over all despatches offered for transmission. From the fact that no less than a dozen errors occurred in a despatch transmitted by a Boston gentleman from Cardenas to Havana, we judge that the telegraphic apparatus, invented by our liberty-loving American, Professor House, rebels at such petty tyranny.

Several hundred miles of electric telegraph have been constructed in Mexico; but the unfortunate condition of the country for the last few years has precluded the possibility of maintaining it in working order, and it has, like everything else in the land of Montezuma, gone to decay.

The English and Dutch governments have come to an understanding upon a system of cables which will unite India and Australia, and eventually be extended to China. The arrangements between the governments are:—That the Indian and Imperial governments shall connect India with Singapore; that the Dutch government shall connect Singapore with the southeast point of Java; that the Australian governments shall connect their continent with Java. The cable for the Singapore-Java section was to have been laid during the last month; the Indian-Singapore section is to be laid this spring; and the connection with Australia will, it is believed, be completed in the course of next year.

The Red Sea and India Telegraph Company have announced the arrangements under which they are prepared to transmit messages for the public between Alexandria and Aden. Messages for Australia and China will be forwarded by post from Aden. It is considered probable that a direct communication with Alexandria will be established through Constantinople in the course of

a few weeks, and then the news from India will reach London in ten or eleven days.

A late European steamer brings a report that two Russian engineers have proceeded to Peking, China, to make preparations for a telegraphic connection between that place and the Russian territory.

There is reason to believe that arrangements will soon be made at St. Petersburg, through private companies and government subsidies, for completing the line of telegraph from Novgorod to the mouth of the Amoor, and thence across the straits to Russian America. In the mean time, a company has already been formed and incorporated in Canada, under the name of the Transmundane Telegraphic Company, which will afford important aid in continuing the proposed line through British America. The plan is, to carry the wires from the mouth of the Amoor across Behring's Strait, to and through Russian and British America. From Victoria a branch will be extended to San Francisco, and another to Canada. The line from San Francisco to Missouri is under way, and Mr. Collins, who is engaged in the Russian and Canadian enterprise, thinks that by the time it is in operation he shall have extended his line to San Francisco.

This is unquestionably the most feasible route for telegraphic communication between America and Europe; and, though the longest by several thousand miles, it would afford the most rapid means of communication, owing to the great superiority of aerial over subaqueous lines.

No limit has yet been found to aerial telegraphing; for, by inserting transferers into the more extended circuits, renewed energy can be attained, and lines of several thousands of miles in length can be worked, if properly insulated, as surely as those of a hundred. The lines between New York and New Orleans are frequently connected together by means of transferers, and direct communication is had over a distance of more than two

thousand miles. No perceptible retardation of the current takes place; on the contrary, the lines so connected work as successfully as when divided into shorter circuits.

This is not the case with subaqueous lines. The employment of submarine, as well as of subterranean conductors, occasions a small retardation in the velocity of the transmitted electricity. This retardation is not due to the length of the path which the electric current has to traverse, since it does not take place with a conductor equally long, insulated in the air. It arises, as Faraday has demonstrated, from a static reaction, which is determined by the introduction of a current into a conductor well insulated, but surrounded outside its insulating coating by a conducting body, such as sea-water or moist ground, or even simply by the metallic envelope of iron wires placed in communication with the ground. When this conductor is presented to one of the poles of a battery, the other pole of which communicates with the ground, it becomes charged with static electricity, like the coating of a Leyden jar,—electricity which is capable of giving rise to a discharge current, even after the voltaic current has ceased to be transmitted.

Professor Wheatstone experimented upon the cable intended to unite La Spezia, upon the coast of Piedmont, with the Island of Corsica. It was one hundred and ten miles in length, and contained six copper wires one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, individually insulated, and each covered with a coating of gutta-percha one-twelfth of an inch in thickness. The cable was coiled in a dry pit in the yard, with its two ends accessible. The ends of the different wires could be united, so as to make of all these wires merely one wire six hundred and sixty miles in length, through which the electric current could circulate in the same direction. This current was itself furnished by an insulated battery formed of one hundred and forty-four Wheatstone's pairs, equal to fifty of Grove's.

In the first series of experiments, it was proved, that, if one of the ends of the long wire, whose other end remained insulated, were made to communicate with one of the poles of the battery, the wire became charged with the electricity of that pole, which, so long as it existed, gave rise to a current which was made evident by a galvanometer: but, in order to obtain this result, the second pole of the battery must communicate with the ground, or with another long wire similar to the first.

In a second series of experiments, Professor Wheatstone interposed three galvanometers in the middle and at the ends of the circuit, determining in this manner the progress of the current by the order which they followed in their deviation. If the two poles of the battery were connected by the long conductor of six hundred and sixty miles, the precaution having been taken to divide it into two portions of equal length, it was observed, on connecting the two free extremities of these two portions in order to close the circuit, that the galvanometer placed in the middle was the first to be deflected, whilst the galvanometers placed in the vicinity of the poles were not deflected until later.

By a third series of experiments, Wheatstone, with the galvanometer, has shown that a continuous current may be maintained in the circuit of the long wire of an electric cable, of which one of the ends is insulated, whilst the other communicates with one of the poles of a battery whose other pole is connected with the ground. This current is due to the uniform and continual dispersion of the statical electricity with which the wire is charged along its whole length, as would happen to any other conducting body placed in an insulating medium.

It was owing to the retardation from this cause that communication through the Atlantic Cable was so exceedingly slow and difficult, and not, as many suppose, because the cable was defective. It is true that there was a fault in the cable, discovered by Varley, before it left

Queenstown; but it was not of so serious a character as to offer any substantial obstacle to the passage of the electric current.

As everything pertaining to the actual operation of the Atlantic Cable has been studiously withheld from the public, until it has come to be seriously doubted whether any despatches were ever transmitted through it, we presume it will not be out of place here to give the actual *modus operandi* of this great wonder and mystery.

The only instrument which could be used successfully in signalling through the Atlantic Cable was one of peculiar construction, by Professor Thompson, called the marine galvanometer. In this instrument momentum and inertia are almost wholly avoided by the use of a needle weighing only one and a half grains, combined with a mirror reflecting a ray of light, which indicates deflections with great accuracy. By these means a gradually increasing or decreasing current is at each instant indicated at its due strength. Thus, when this galvanometer is placed as the receiving instrument at the end of a long submarine cable, the movement of the spot of light, consequent on the completion of a circuit through the battery, cable, and earth, can be so observed as to furnish a curve representing very accurately the arrival of an electric current. Lines representing successive signals at various speeds can also be obtained, and, by means of a metronome, dots, dashes, successive *A*-s, etc., can be sent with nearly perfect regularity by an ordinary Morse key, and the corresponding changes in the current at the receiving end of the cable accurately observed. The strength of the battery employed was found to have no influence on the results; curves given by batteries of different strengths could be made to coincide by simply drawing them to scales proportionate to the strengths of the two currents. It was also found that the same curve represented the gradual increase of intensity due to the arrival of a current and the gradual decrease due to the ceasing of that current.

The possible speed of signalling was found to be very nearly proportional to the squares of the lengths spoken through. Thus, a speed which gave fifteen dots per minute in a length of 2191 nautical miles reproduced all the effects given by a speed of thirty dots in a length of 1500. At these speeds, with ordinary Morse signals, speaking would be barely possible. In the Red Sea, a speed of from seven to eight words per minute was attained in a length of 750 nautical miles. Mechanical senders, and attention to the proportion of the various contacts, would materially increase the speed at which signals of any kind could be transmitted. The best trained hand cannot equal the accuracy of mechanism, and the slightest irregularity causes the current to rise or fall quite beyond the limits required for distinct signals. No important difference was observed between signals sent by alternate reverse currents and those sent by the more usual method. The amount of oscillation, and the consequent distinctness of signalling, were nearly the same in the two cases. An advantage in the first signals sent is, however, obtained by the use of Messrs. Sieman's and Halske's submarine key, by which the cable is put to earth immediately on signalling being interrupted, and the wire thus kept at a potential half-way between the potentials of the poles of two counter-acting batteries employed, and the first signals become legible, which, with the ordinary key, would be employed in charging the wire.

A system of arbitrary characters, similar to those used upon the Morse telegraph, was employed, and the letter to be indicated was determined by the number of oscillations of the needle, as well as by the length of time during which the needle remained in one place. The operator, who watched the reflection of the deflected needle in the mirror, had a key, communicating with a local instrument in the office, in his hand, which he pressed down or raised, as the needle was deflected; and another operator occupied himself in deciphering

the characters thus produced upon the paper. As the operator at Trinity Bay had no means of arresting the operations at Valentia, and *vice versa*, and as the fastest rate of speed over the cable could not exceed three words per minute, it will not surprise the reader that the operators were nearly two days in transmitting the Queen's despatch.

However, notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way, there were transmitted from Ireland to Newfoundland, through the Atlantic Cable, between the 10th of August and the 1st of September, 97 messages, containing 1102 words; and from Newfoundland to Ireland, 269 messages and 2840 words, making a total of 366 messages, containing 3942 words. Among these were the message from the Queen to the President of the United States, and his reply; the one announcing the safety of the steamer *Europa*, her mails and passengers, after her collision with the *Arabia*; and two messages for Her Majesty's War-Office, which last effected a very large saving to the revenue of the English government.

In Liverpool, £150,000 have already been subscribed to the project of completing or relaying the Atlantic Cable.

A contract has been recently made by the English government for a cable to be laid from Falmouth to Gibraltar, 1200 miles, which is to be ready in June next. This will be succeeded by one from Gibraltar to Malta and Alexandria, thus giving England an independent line, free from Continental difficulties.

Steamers were to have left Liverpool at the end of the last month, with the remainder of the cable to connect Kurra-chee with Aden. The cable to connect Alexandria with England is now to be laid through the islands of Rhodes and Scio to Constantinople, and not by way of Candia, as previously intended; it is expected to be laid this season. Hellan-yah, one of the Kuria-Muria Islands, has been decided on as a station for the Red Sea Telegraph.

The new electric cable between Malta and the opposite coast of Sicily at Alga

Grande is safely laid. Two previous attempts had been made; but, in consequence of the late strong winds, nothing could be done. The shore end on the Malta side had been laid down and connected with the company's offices before the expedition started; the outer end, about one mile off the Marsamuscetto harbor, into which the cable has been taken, being buoyed ready to complete the communication from shore to shore the moment the cable was submerged. The operation of paying out the cable was completed without the least accident. The mid-portion of the cable is of great strength, being able to sustain a strain of ten or twelve tons without parting, and the shore ends are of nearly double that strength. The depth of water throughout is within eighty fathoms; so that, if any accident should ever occur, it may be remedied without much difficulty.

A great change in the rates to Sicily and the Italian States will result from the completion of this new line, a reduction in some cases of seventy-five per cent. being made,—a great boon to the English merchants. Messages in French, English, or Italian will be transmitted, and we must congratulate the company upon their success in inducing the Neapolitan government to make this concession, and upon the exceedingly low tariff proposed.

Mr. De Sauty is the electrician of this company. He will be remembered by the reader as the mysterious operator at Trinity Bay, from whom an occasional vague and exceedingly brief despatch was received in relation to the working of the cable. Nothing really satisfactory could ever be obtained, and, when visited by some officers connected with the United States Coast Survey, he would not permit them to enter the office or examine the apparatus. His name was published in the daily journals with several different varieties of spelling, and for this reason, and in consequence of his extreme reticence, one of them perpetrated the following:—

“Thou operator, silent, glum,
Why wilt thou act so naughty?
Do tell us *what* your name is,—come:
De Sauty, or De Sauty?”

“Don't think to humbug any more,
Shut up there in your shanty,—
But solve the problem, once for all,—
De Sauty, or De Sauty?”

Electric telegraphy in the Ottoman Empire has within a few months had a remarkable development. Several lines are already in course of construction. A direct line from Varna to Toultecha, passing by Baltschik. A line from Toultecha to Odessa, passing by Reni and joining the Russian telegraph at Ismail. The subaqueous cable from Toultecha to Reni, on the Danube, is the sixth in the Ottoman Empire. This line, which will place Constantinople in direct communication with Odessa, will not only have the advantage of increasing and accelerating the communications, but will very considerably reduce their cost.

There is also to be a line from Rodosto to Enos and Salonica; and from Salonica to Monastir, Valona, and Scutari in Albania. The line from Salonica to Monastir and Valona will be joined by a submarine cable crossing the Adriatic to Otranto, and carried on to Naples. It will have the effect of placing Southern Italy in communication with Constantinople, and also of reducing the cost of messages. A convention to this effect has been signed by a delegate of the Neapolitan government and the director-general of the telegraphic lines of the Ottoman Empire, touching this line to Naples. The ratification of the two governments will shortly be given to this convention.

A line from Scutari in Albania to Bar-Bournon, and thence to Castellastua, passing round the Montenegrin territory by a submarine cable. This line is already laid, and will begin working immediately on the completion of the Austrian lines to the point where it ends.

A line from Constantinople to Bagdad. Three sections of this are being simultaneously laid down. The first from Constan-

tinople to Ismid, Angora, Yuzgat, and Sivas: the works on this have been already carried to Sabanja, between Ismid and Angora. The second section, from Sivas to Moussoul: the works on this line are in a state of favorable preparation, and the line will be actively gone on with. The third section, from Bagdad to Moussoul: for this also the preparations have been made, and the works will begin when the season opens, the materials being all ready along the line. From Bagdad this line will extend to Bassora, to join a submarine cable to be carried thence to British India.

A projected line from Constantinople to Smyrna. For this, two routes are thought of: one, the shortest, but most difficult, would run from Constantinople to the Dardanelles, Adramyti, and Smyrna; the other, the longest, but offering fewest difficulties, would pass from Constantinople by Muhalitch, Berlick-Hissar, and Maneesa, to Smyrna.

A line from Mostar to Bosna-Serai. Mostar is already connected with the Austrian telegraphs at Metcovich.

Other lines have been in the mean time completed and extended, and will soon be opened to the public. Thus, a third and fourth wire are being laid on the line from Constantinople to Rodosto; from the latter point three wires have been carried to Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, two of which are for messages from Gallipoli to the Dardanelles, and the third is to join the submarine cable connecting Constantinople, Candia, Syra, and the Piræus. The communications between Constantinople and Candia would already have begun but for an accident to the engineer. Those with Syra and the Piræus will begin as soon as the ratification of the convention entered into between the Ottoman and Greek governments on this subject shall have taken place. The laying of the cable between Candia and Alexandria, which has not yet succeeded, will be resumed this spring.

Thus, after the completion of these lines, Constantinople will be in commu-

nication with nearly all the chief provinces and towns of the empire, with Africa, and with Europe, by five different channels,—by the Principalities, by Odesa, by Servia, by Dalmatia, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. With such a development of the system, it will be imperatively necessary to increase the telegraphic working-staff. Already the number of despatches arriving every day renders the service very difficult, and occasions much confusion and many grievous mistakes. Nothing is easier than to remedy all this by increasing the number of the *employés*.

The great distinguishing feature of the telegraphs used in Great Britain is, that they are of the class known as oscillating telegraphs,—that is, telegraphs in which the letters are denoted by the number of motions to the right or left of a needle or indicator. Those of France are of the class called dial telegraphs, in which an index, or needle, is carried around the face of a dial, around the circumference of which are placed the letters of the alphabet; any particular letter being designated by the brief stopping of the needle. A similar system has been used in Prussia; but, recently, the American, or recording instrument of Professor Morse, has been introduced into this, as well as every other European country; and even in England, the national prejudice is gradually giving way, and our American system is being introduced.

In America none but recording instruments have ever been used. Of these we have many kinds, but only five are in operation at present, namely:—The electro-magnetic timing instrument of Professor Morse; the electro-magnetic step-by-step printing of Mr. House; the electro-magnetic synchronous printing of Mr. Hughes; the electro-chemical rhythmic of Mr. Bain; and the combination-printing, combining the essential parts of the Hughes instrument with portions of the House. The Morse apparatus is, however, most generally used in this country and every other. Out of the two hun-

dred and fifty thousand miles of electric telegraph now in operation or in the course of construction in the world, at least two hundred thousand give the preference to it.

Although the Morse apparatus is a recording one, yet, for the last six years, the operators in this country have discontinued the use of the paper, and confined themselves to reading by the ear, which they do with the greatest facility. By this means a great saving is made in the expense of working the telegraph, and far greater correctness insured; as the ear is found much more reliable in comprehending the clicks of the instrument, than the eye in deciphering the arbitrary alphabet of dots and lines.

The rapidity of the several instruments in use may be given as follows:—Cooke and Wheatstone's needle telegraph of Great Britain, 900 words per hour; Froment's dial telegraph, of France, 1200; Bregnet's dial telegraph, also French, 1000; Sieman's dial telegraph, formerly used upon the Prussian lines, 900; Bain's chemical, in use between Liverpool and Manchester, and formerly to a considerable extent in the United States, 1500; the Morse telegraph, in use all over the world, 1500; the House printing, used in the United States to a limited extent, and in Cuba, 2800; Hughes's and the combination instruments, 2000. The three last systems are American inventions; thus it will be seen, that to our country is due the credit of inventing the most rapid and the most universally used telegraphic systems.

But though we surpass all other nations in the value of our electric apparatus, we are far behind many, and indeed most countries, in the construction of our

lines. This does not arise from want of knowledge or of means, but from the custom which obtains to a great extent among all classes and professions in this country, of providing something which will answer for a time, instead of securing a permanent success.

"But to my mind,—though I am native here, And to the manner born,—it is a custom More honored in the breach than the observance,"—

especially in building lines of electric telegraph, where the best are always the cheapest.

When Shakspeare made Puck promise to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," he undoubtedly supposed he would thereby accomplish a remarkable feat; but when the great Russo-American line *viâ* Behring's Strait and the Amoor is completed, and the Atlantic Cable is again in operation, we can put an electric girdle round about the earth before Puck could have time to spread his wings!

In view of what must actually take place at no distant day,—the girdling of the earth by the electric wires,—a singular question arises:—If we send a current of electricity east, it will lose twenty-four hours in going round the globe; if we send one west, it will gain twenty-four, or, in other words, will get back to the starting-place twenty-four hours before it sets out. Now, if we send a current half-way round the world, it will get there twelve hours in advance of, or twelve hours behind our time, according as we send it east or west; the question which naturally suggests itself, therefore, is, What is the time at the antipodes? is it *yesterday* or *to-morrow*?

LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

"FRIENDLESS, when you are gone? But, Jean, you surely do not mean that Effie has no claim on any human creature, beyond the universal one of common charity?" I said, as she ceased, and lay panting on her pillows, with her sunken eyes fixed eagerly upon my own.

"Ay, Sir, I do; for her grandfather has never by word or deed acknowledged her, or paid the least heed to the letter her poor mother sent him from her dying bed seven years ago. He is a lone old man, and this child is the last of his name; yet he will not see her, and cares little whether she be dead or living. It's a bitter shame, Sir, and the memory of it will rise up before him when he comes to lie where I am lying now."

"And you have kept the girl safe in the shelter of your honest home all these years? Heaven will remember that, and in the great record of good deeds will set the name of Adam Lyndsay far below that of poor Jean Burns," I said, pressing the thin hand that had succored the orphan in her need.

But Jean took no honor to herself for that charity, and answered simply to my words of commendation.

"Sir, her mother was my foster-child; and when she left that stern old man for love of Walter Home, I went, too, for love of her. Ah, dear heart! she had sore need of me in the weary wanderings which ended only when she lay down by her dead husband's side and left her bairn to me. Then I came here to cherish her among kind souls where I was born; and here she has grown up, an innocent young thing, safe from the wicked world, the comfort of my life, and the one thing I grieve at leaving when the time that is drawing very near shall come."

"Would not an appeal to Mr. Lyndsay reach him now, think you? Might not Effie go to him herself? Surely, the

sight of such a winsome creature would touch his heart, however hard."

But Jean rose up in her bed, crying, almost fiercely,—

"No, Sir! no! My child shall never go to beg a shelter in that hard man's house. I know too well the cold looks, the cruel words, that would sting her high spirit and try her heart, as they did her mother's. No, Sir,—rather than that, she shall go with Lady Gower."

"Lady Gower? What has she to do with Effie, Jean?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"She will take Effie as her maid, Sir. A hard life for my child! but what can I do?" And Jean's keen glance seemed trying to read mine.

"A waiting-maid? Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated, as a vision of that haughty lady and her three wild sons swept through my mind.

I rose, paced the room in silence for a little time, then took a sudden resolution, and, turning to the bed, exclaimed,—

"Jean, I will adopt Effie. I am old enough to be her father; and she shall never feel the want of one, if you will give her to my care."

To my surprise, Jean's eager face wore a look of disappointment as she listened, and with a sigh replied,—

"That's a kind thought, Sir, and a generous one; but it cannot be as you wish. You may be twice her age, but still too young for that. How could Effie look into that face of yours, so bonnie, Sir, for all it is so grave, and, seeing never a wrinkle on the forehead, nor a white hair among the black, how could she call you father? No, it will not do, though so kindly meant. Your friends would laugh at you, Sir, and idle tongues might speak ill of my bairn."

"Then what can I do, Jean?" I asked, regretfully.

"Make her your wife, Sir."

I turned sharply and stared at the woman, as her abrupt reply reached my ear.

Though trembling for the consequences of her boldly spoken wish, Jean did not shrink from my astonished gaze; and when I saw the wistfulness of that wan face, the smile died on my lips, checked by the tender courage which had prompted the utterance of her dying hope.

"My good Jean, you forget that Effie is a child, and I a moody, solitary man, with no gifts to win a wife or make home happy."

"Effie is sixteen, Sir,—a fair, good lassie for her years; and you—ah, Sir, *you* may call yourself unfit for wife and home, but the poorest, saddest creature in this place knows that the man whose hand is always open, whose heart is always pitiful, is not the one to live alone, but to win and to deserve a happy home and a true wife. Oh, Sir, forgive me, if I have been too bold; but my time is short, and I love my child so well, I cannot leave the desire of my heart unspoken, for it is my last."

As the words fell brokenly from her lips, and tears streamed down her pallid cheek, a great pity took possession of me, the old longing to find some solace for my solitary life returned again, and peace seemed to smile on me from little Effie's eyes.

"Jean," I said, "give me till to-morrow to consider this new thought. I fear it cannot be; but I have learned to love the child too well to see her thrust out from the shelter of your home to walk through this evil world alone. I will consider your proposal, and endeavor to devise some future for the child which shall set your heart at rest. But before you urge this further, let me tell you that I am not what you think me. I am a cold, selfish man, often gloomy, often stern,—a most unfit guardian for a tender creature like this little girl. The deeds of mine which you call kind are not true charities; it frets me to see pain, and I desire my ease above all earthly things. You are grateful for the little I have done for you, and deceive yourself regarding my true worth; but of one thing you may rest assured,—I am an honest

man, who holds his name too high to stain it with a false word or a dishonorable deed."

"I do believe you, Sir," Jean answered, eagerly. "And if I left the child to you, I could die this night in peace. Indeed, Sir, I never should have dared to speak of this, but for the belief that you loved the girl. What else could I think, when you came so often and were so kind to us?"

"I cannot blame you, Jean; it was my usual forgetfulness of others which so misled you. I was tired of the world, and came hither to find peace in solitude. Effie cheered me with her winsome ways, and I learned to look on her as the blithe spirit whose artless wiles won me to forget a bitter past and a regretful present." I paused; and then added, with a smile, "But, in our wise schemes, we have overlooked one point: Effie does not love me, and may decline the future you desire me to offer her."

A vivid hope lit those dim eyes, as Jean met my smile with one far brighter, and joyfully replied,—

"She *does* love you, Sir; for you have given her the greatest happiness she has ever known. Last night she sat looking silently into the fire there with a strange gloom on her bonnie face, and, when I asked what she was dreaming of, she turned to me with a look of pain and fear, as if dismayed at some great loss, but she only said, 'He is going, Jean! What shall I do?'"

"Poor child! she will miss her friend and teacher, when I'm gone; and I shall miss the only human creature that has seemed to care for me for years," I sighed,—adding, as I paused upon the threshold of the door, "Say nothing of this to Effie till I come to-morrow, Jean."

I went away, and far out on the lonely moor sat down to think. Like a weird magician, Memory led me back into the past, calling up the hopes and passions buried there. My childhood,—fatherless and motherless, but not unhappy; for no wish was ungratified, no idle whim denied. My boyhood,—with no shadows

over it but those my own wayward will called up. My manhood,—when the great joy of my life arose, my love for Agnes, a midsummer dream of bloom and bliss, so short-lived and so sweet! I felt again the pang that wrung my heart when she coldly gave me back the pledge I thought so sacred and so sure, and the music of her marriage-bells tolled the knell of my lost love. I seemed to hear them still wafted across the purple moor through the silence of those fifteen years.

My life looked gray and joyless as the wide waste lying hushed around me, unblest with the verdure of a single hope, a single love; and as I looked down the coming years, my way seemed very solitary, very dark.

Suddenly a lark soared upward from the heath, cleaving the silence with its jubilant song. The sleeping echoes woke, the dun moor seemed to smile, and the blithe music fell like dew upon my gloomy spirit, wakening a new desire.

"What this bird is to the moor might little Effie be to me," I thought within myself, longing to possess the cheerful spirit which had power to gladden me.

"Yes," I mused, "the old home will seem more solitary now than ever; and if I cannot win the lark's song without a golden fether, I will give it one, and while it sings for love of me it shall not know a want or fear."

Heaven help me! I forgot the poor return I made my lark for the sweet liberty it lost.

All that night I pondered the altered future Jean had laid before me, and the longer I looked the fairer it seemed to grow. Wealth I cared nothing for; the world's opinion I defied; ambition had departed, and passion I believed lay dead;—then why should I deny myself the consolation which seemed offered to me? I would accept it; and as I resolved, the dawn looked in at me, fresh and fair as little Effie's face.

I met Jean with a smile, and, as she read its significance aright, there shone a sudden peace upon her countenance, more touching than her grateful words.

Effie came singing from the burn-side, as unconscious of the change which awaited her as the flowers gathered in her plaid and crowning her bright hair.

I drew her to my side, and in the simplest words asked her if she would go with me when Jean's long guardianship was ended. Joy, sorrow, and surprise stirred the sweet composure of her face, and quickened the tranquil beating of her heart. But as I ceased, joy conquered grief and wonder; for she clapped her hands like a glad child, exclaiming,—

"Go with you, Sir? Oh, if you knew how I long to see the home you have so often pictured to me, you would never doubt my willingness to go."

"But, Effie, you do not understand. Are you willing to go with me as my wife?" I said,—with a secret sense of something like remorse, as I uttered that word, which once meant so much to me, and now seemed such an empty title to bestow on her.

The flowers dropped from the loosened plaid, as Effie looked with a startled glance into my face; the color left her cheeks, and the smile died on her lips, but a timid joy lit her eye, as she softly echoed my last words,—

"Your wife? It sounds very solemn, though so sweet. Ah, Sir, I am not wise or good enough for that!"

A child's humility breathed in her speech, but something of a woman's fervor shone in her uplifted countenance, and sounded in the sudden tremor of her voice.

"Effie, I want you as you are," I said,—"no wiser, dear,—no better. I want your innocent affection to appease the hunger of an empty heart, your blithe companionship to cheer my solitary home. Be still a child to me, and let me give you the protection of my name."

Effie turned to her old friend, and, laying her young face on the pillow close beside the worn one grown so dear to her, asked, in a tone half pleading, half regretful,—

"Dear Jean, shall I go so far away

from you and the home you gave me when I had no other?"

"My bairn, I shall not be here, and it will never seem like home with old Jean gone. It is the last wish I shall ever know, to see you safe with this good gentleman who loves my child. Go, dear heart, and be happy; and Heaven bless and keep you both!"

Jean held her fast a moment, and then, with a whispered prayer, put her gently away. Effie came to me, saying, with a look more eloquent than her meek words,—

"Sir, I will be your wife, and love you very truly all my life."

I drew the little creature to my breast, and felt a tender pride in knowing she was mine. Something in the shy caress those soft arms gave touched my cold nature with a generous warmth, and the innocence of that confiding heart was an appeal to all that made my manhood worth possessing.

Swiftly those few weeks passed, and when old Jean was laid to her last sleep, little Effie wept her grief away upon her husband's bosom, and soon learned to smile in her new English home. Its gloom departed when she came, and for a while it was a very happy place. My bitter moods seemed banished by the magic of the gentle presence that made sunshine there, and I was conscious of a fresh grace added to the life so wearisome before.

I should have been a father to the child, watchful, wise, and tender; but old Jean was right,—I was too young to feel a father's calm affection or to know a father's patient care. I should have been her teacher, striving to cultivate the nature given to my care, and fit it for the trials Heaven sends to all. I should have been a friend, if nothing more, and given her those innocent delights that make youth beautiful and its memory sweet.

I was a master, content to give little, while receiving all she could bestow.

Forgetting her loneliness, I fell back into my old way of life. I shunned the world, because its gayeties had lost their

zest. I did not care to travel, for home now possessed a charm it never had before. I knew there was an eager face that always brightened when I came, light feet that flew to welcome me, and hands that loved to minister to every want of mine. Even when I sat engrossed among my books, there was a pleasant consciousness that I was the possessor of a household sprite whom a look could summon and a gesture banish. I loved her as I loved a picture or a flower,—a little better than my horse and hound,—but far less than I loved my most unworthy self.

And she,—always so blithe when I was by, so diligent in studying my desires, so full of simple arts to win my love and prove her gratitude,—she never asked for any boon, and seemed content to live alone with me in that still place, so utterly unlike the home she had left. I had not learned to read that true heart then. I saw those happy eyes grow wistful when I went, leaving her alone; I missed the roses from her cheek, faded for want of gentler care; and when the buoyant spirit which had been her chiefest charm departed, I fancied, in my blindness, that she pined for the free air of the Highlands, and tried to win it back by transient tenderness and costly gifts. But I had robbed my lark of heaven's sunshine, and it could not sing.

I met Agnes again. She was a widow, and to my eye seemed fairer than when I saw her last, and far more kind. Some soft regret seemed shining on me from those lustrous eyes, as if she hoped to win my pardon for that early wrong. I never could forget the deed that darkened my best years, but the old charm stole over me at times, and, turning from the meek child at my feet, I owned the power of the stately woman whose smile seemed a command.

I meant no wrong to Effie, but, looking on her as a child, I forgot the higher claim I had given her as a wife, and, walking blindly on my selfish way, I crushed the little flower I should have cherished in my breast.

"Effie, my old friend Agnes Vaughan is coming here to-day; so make yourself fair, that you may do honor to my choice; for she desires to see you, and I wish my Scotch harebell to look lovely to this English rose," I said, half playfully, half earnestly, as we stood together looking out across the flowery lawn, one summer day.

"Do you like me to be pretty, Sir?" she answered, with a flush of pleasure on her upturned face. "I will try to make myself fair with the gifts you are always heaping on me; but even then I fear I shall not do you honor, nor please your friend, I am so small and young."

A careless reply was on my lips, but, seeing what a long way down the little figure was, I drew it nearer, saying, with a smile, which I knew would make an answering one,—

"Dear, there must be the bud before the flower; so never grieve, for your youth keeps my spirit young. To me you may be a child forever; but you must learn to be a stately little Madam Ventnor to my friends."

She laughed a gayer laugh than I had heard for many a day, and soon departed, intent on keeping well the promise she had given. An hour later, as I sat busied among my books, a little figure glided in, and stood before me with its jewelled arms demurely folded on its breast. It was Effie, as I had never seen her before. Some new freak possessed her, for with her girlish dress she seemed to have laid her girlhood by. The brown locks were gathered up, wreathing the small head like a coronet; aerial lace and silken vesture shimmered in the light, and became her well. She looked and moved a fairy queen, stately and small.

I watched her in a silent maze, for the face with its shy blushes and downcast eyes did not seem the childish one turned frankly to my own an hour ago. With a sigh I looked up at Agnes's picture, the sole ornament of that room, and when I withdrew my gaze the blooming vision had departed. I should have followed it to make my peace, but I fell into a fit of

bitter musing, and forgot it till Agnes's voice sounded at my door.

She came with a brother, and seemed eager to see my young wife; but Effie did not appear, and I excused her absence as a girlish freak, smiling at it with them, while I chafed inwardly at her neglect, forgetting that I might have been the cause.

Pacing down the garden paths with Agnes at my side, our steps were arrested by a sudden sight of Effie fast asleep among the flowers. She looked a flower herself, lying with her flushed cheek pillowed on her arm, sunshine glittering on the ripples of her hair, and the changeful lustre of her dainty dress. Tears moistened her long lashes, but her lips smiled, as if in the blissful land of dreams she had found some solace for her grief.

"A 'Sleeping Beauty' worthy the awakening of any prince!" whispered Alfred Vaughan, pausing with admiring eyes.

A slight frown swept over Agnes's face, but vanished as she said, with that low-toned laugh that never seemed unmusical before,—

"We must pardon Mrs. Ventnor's seeming rudeness, if she welcomes us with graceful scenes like this. A child-wife's whims are often prettier than the world's formal ways; so do not chide her, Basil, when she wakes."

I was a proud man then, touched easily by trivial things. Agnes's pitying manner stung me, and the tone in which I wakened Effie was far harsher than it should have been. She sprang up; and with a gentle dignity most new to me received her guests, and played the part of hostess with a grace that well atoned for her offence.

Agnes watched her silently as she went before us with young Vaughan, and even I, ruffled as my temper was, felt a certain pride in the loving creature who for my sake conquered her timidity and strove to do me honor. But neither by look nor word did I show my satisfaction, for Agnes demanded the constant service of lips and eyes, and I was only too ready to

devote them to the woman who still felt her power and dared to show it.

All that day I was beside her, forgetful in many ways of the gentle courtesies I owed the child whom I had made my wife. I did not see the wrong then, but others did, and the deference I failed to show she could ask of them.

In the evening, as I stood near Agnes while she sang the songs we both remembered well, my eye fell on a mirror that confronted me, and in it I saw Effie bending forward with a look that startled me. Some strong emotion controlled her, for with lips apart and eager eyes she gazed keenly at the countenances she believed unconscious of her scrutiny.

Agnes caught the vision that had arrested the half-uttered compliment upon my lips, and, turning, looked at Effie with a smile just touched with scorn.

The color rose vividly to Effie's cheek, but her eyes did not fall,—they sought my face, and rested there. A half-smile crossed my lips; with a sudden impulse I beckoned, and she came with such an altered countenance I fancied that I had not seen aright.

At my desire she sang the ballads she so loved, and in her girlish voice there was an undertone of deeper melody than when I heard them first among her native hills; for the child's heart was ripening fast into the woman's.

Agnes went, at length, and I heard Effie's sigh of relief when we were left alone, but only bid her "go and rest," while I paced to and fro, still murmuring the refrain of Agnes's song.

The Vaughans came often, and we went often to them in the summer-home they had chosen near us on the river-bank. I followed my own wayward will, and Effie's wistful eyes grew sadder as the weeks went by.

One sultry evening, as we strolled together on the balcony, I was seized with a sudden longing to hear Agnes sing, and bid Effie come with me for a moonlight voyage down the river.

She had been very silent all the evening, with a pensive shadow on her face

and rare smiles on her lips. But as I spoke, she paused abruptly, and, clenching her small hands, turned upon me with defiant eyes,—crying, almost fiercely,—

"No, I will not go to listen to that woman's songs. I hate her! yes, more than I can tell! for, till she came, I thought you loved me; but now you think of her alone, and chide me when I look unhappy. You treat me like a child; but I am not one. Oh, Sir, be more kind, for I have only you to love!"—and as her voice died in that sad appeal, she clasped her hands before her face with such a burst of tears that I had no words to answer her.

Disturbed by the sudden passion of the hitherto meek girl, I sat down on the wide steps of the balcony and essayed to draw her to my knee, hoping she would weep this grief away as she had often done a lesser sorrow. But she resisted my caress, and, standing erect before me, checked her tears, saying, in a voice still trembling with resentment and reproach,—

"You promised Jean to be kind to me, and you are cruel; for when I ask for love, you give me jewels, books, or flowers, as you would give a pettish child a toy, and go away as if you were weary of me. Oh, it is not right, Sir! and I cannot, no, I will not bear it!"

If she had spared reproaches, deserved though they were, and humbly pleaded to be loved, I should have been more just and gentle; but her indignant words, the sharper for their truth, roused the despotic spirit of the man, and made me sternest when I should have been most kind.

"Effie," I said, looking coldly up into her troubled face, "I have given you the right to be thus frank with me; but before you exercise that right, let me tell you what may silence your reproaches and teach you to know me better. I desired to adopt you as my child; Jean would not consent to that, but bid me marry you, and so give you a home, and win for myself a companion who should make

that home less solitary. I could protect you in no other way, and I married you. I meant it kindly, Effie; for I pitied you,—ay, and loved you, too, as I hoped I had fully proved.”

“You have, Sir,—oh, you have! But I hoped I might in time be more to you than a dear child,” sighed Effie, while softer tears flowed as she spoke.

“Effie, I told Jean I was a hard, cold man,”—and I was one as those words passed my lips. “I told her I was unfitted to make a wife happy. But she said you would be content with what I could offer; and so I gave you all I had to bestow. It was not enough; yet I cannot make it more. Forgive me, child, and try to bear your disappointments as I have learned to bear mine.”

Effie bent suddenly, saying, with a look of anguish, “Do you regret that I am your wife, Sir?”

“Heaven knows I do, for I cannot make you happy,” I answered, mournfully.

“Let me go away where I can never grieve or trouble you again! I will,—indeed, I will,—for anything is easier to bear than this. Oh, Jean, why did you leave me when you went?”—and with that despairing cry Effie stretched her arms into the empty air, as if seeking that lost friend.

My anger melted, and I tried to soothe her, saying gently, as I laid her tear-^yet cheek to mine,—

“My child, death alone must part us two. We will be patient with each other, and so may learn to be happy yet.”

A long silence fell upon us both. My thoughts were busy with the thought of what a different home mine might have been, if Agnes had been true; and Effie—God only knows how sharp a conflict passed in that young heart! I could not guess it till the bitter sequel of that hour came.

A timid hand upon my own aroused me, and, looking down, I met such an altered face, it touched me like a mute reproach. All the passion had died out, and a great patience seemed to have

arisen there. It looked so meek and wan, I bent and kissed it; but no smile answered me as Effie humbly said,—

“Forgive me, Sir, and tell me how I can make you happier. For I am truly grateful for all you have done for me, and will try to be a docile child to you.”

“Be happy yourself, Effie, and I shall be content. I am too grave and old to be a fit companion for you, dear. You shall have gay faces and young friends to make this quiet place more cheerful. I should have thought of that before. Dance, sing, be merry, Effie, and never let your life be darkened by Basil Ventnor’s changeful moods.”

“And you?” she whispered, looking up.

“I will sit among ~~my~~ books, or seek alone the few friends I care to see, and never mar your gayety with my gloomy presence, dear. We must begin at once to go our separate ways; for, with so many years between us, we can never find the same paths pleasant very long. Let me be a father to you, and a friend,—I cannot be a lover, child.”

Effie rose and went silently away; but soon came again, wrapped in her mantle, saying, as she looked down at me, with something of her former cheerfulness,—

“I am good now. Come and row me down the river. It is too beautiful a night to be spent in tears and naughtiness.”

“No, Effie, you shall never go to Mrs. Vaughan’s again, if you dislike her so. No friendship of mine need be shared by you, if it gives you pain.”

“Nothing shall pain me any more,” she answered, with a patient sigh. “I will be your merry girl again, and try to love Agnes for your sake. Ah! do come, father, or I shall not feel forgiven.”

Smiling at her April moods, I obeyed the small hands clasped about my own, and through the fragrant linden walk went musing to the river-side.

Silently we floated down, and at the lower landing-place found Alfred Vaughan just mooring his own boat. By him

I sent a message to his sister, while we waited for her at the shore.

Effie stood above me on the sloping bank, and as Agnes entered the green vista of the flowery path, she turned and clung to me with sudden fervor, kissed me passionately, and then stole silently into the boat.

The moonlight turned the waves to silver, and in its magic rays the face of my first love grew young again. She sat before me with water-lilies in her shining hair, singing as she sang of old, while the dash of falling oars kept time to her low song. As we neared the ruined bridge, whose single arch still cast its heavy shadow far across the stream, Agnes bent toward me, softly saying,—

“Basil, you remember this?”

How could I forget that happy night, long years ago, when she and I went floating down the same bright stream, two happy lovers just betrothed? As she spoke, it all came back more beautiful than ever, and I forgot the silent figure sitting there behind me. I hope Agnes had forgotten, too; for, cruel as she was to me, I never wished to think her hard enough to hate that gentle child.

“I remember, Agnes,” I said, with a regretful sigh. “My voyage has been a lonely one since then.”

“Are you not happy, Basil?” she asked, with a tender pity thrilling her low voice.

“Happy?” I echoed, bitterly, — “how can I be happy, remembering what might have been?”

Agnes bowed her head upon her hands, and silently the boat shot into the black shadow of the arch. A sudden eddy seemed to sway us slightly from our course, and the waves dashed sullenly against the gloomy walls; a moment more and we glided into calmer waters and unbroken light. I looked up from my task to speak, but the words were frozen on my lips by a cry from Agnes, who, wild-eyed and pale, seemed pointing to some phantom which I could not see. I turned,—the phantom was Effie’s empty seat. The shining stream grew

dark before me, and a great pang of remorse wrung my heart as that sight met my eyes.

“Effie!” I cried, with a cry that rent the stillness of the night, and sent the name ringing down the river. But nothing answered me, and the waves rippled softly as they hurried by. Far over the wide stream went my despairing glance, and saw nothing but the lilies swaying as they slept, and the black arch where my child went down.

Agnes lay trembling at my feet, but I never heeded her,—for Jean’s dead voice sounded in my ear, demanding the life confided to my care. I listened, benumbed with guilty fear, and, as if summoned by that weird cry, there came a white flash through the waves, and Effie’s face rose up before me.

Pallid and wild with the agony of that swift plunge, it confronted me. No cry for help parted the pale lips, but those wide eyes were luminous with a love whose fire that deathful river could not quench.

Like one in an awful dream, I gazed till the ripples closed above it. One instant the terror held me,—the next I was far down in those waves, so silver fair above, so black and terrible below. A brief, blind struggle passed before I grasped a tress of that long hair, then an arm, and then the white shape, with a clutch like death. As the dividing waters gave us to the light again, Agnes flung herself far over the boat-side and drew my lifeless burden in; I followed, and we laid it down, a piteous sight for human eyes to look upon. Of that swift voyage home I can remember nothing but the still face on Agnes’s breast, the sight of which nerved my dizzy brain and made my muscles iron.

For many weeks there was a darkened chamber in my house, and anxious figures gliding to and fro, wan with long vigils and the fear of death. I often crept in to look upon the little figure lying there, to watch the feverish roses blooming on the wasted cheek, the fitful fire burning in the unconscious eyes, to hear

the broken words so full of pathos to my ear, and then to steal away and struggle to forget.

My bird fluttered on the threshold of its cage, but Love lured it back, for its gentle mission was not yet fulfilled.

The *child* Effie lay dead beneath the ripples of the river, but the *woman* rose up from that bed of suffering like one consecrated to life's high duties by the bitter baptism of that dark hour.

Slender and pale, with serious eyes and quiet steps, she moved through the home which once echoed to the glad voice and dancing feet of that vanished shape. A sweet sobriety shaded her young face, and a meek smile sat upon her lips, but the old blithesomeness was gone.

She never claimed her childish place upon my knee, never tried the winsome wiles that used to chase away my gloom, never came to pour her innocent delights and griefs into my ear, or to bless me with the frank affection which grew very precious when I found it lost.

Docile as ever, and eager to gratify my lightest wish, she left no wifely duty unfulfilled. Always near me, if I breathed her name, but vanishing when I grew silent, as if her task were done. Always smiling a cheerful farewell when I went, a quiet welcome when I came. I missed the April face that once watched me go, the warm embrace that greeted me again, and at my heart the sense of loss grew daily deeper as I felt the growing change.

Effie remembered the words I had spoken on that mournful night; remembered that our paths must lie apart,—that her husband was a friend, and nothing more. She treasured every careless hint I had given, and followed it most faithfully. She gathered gay, young friends about her, went out into the brilliant world, and I believed she was content.

If I had ever felt she was a burden to the selfish freedom I desired, I was punished now, for I had lost a blessing which no common pleasure could replace. I sat alone, and no blithe voice made music

in the silence of my room, no bright locks swept my shoulder, and no soft caress assured me that I was beloved.

I looked for my household sprite in girlish garb, with its free hair and sunny eyes, but found only a fair woman, graceful in rich attire, crowned with my gifts, and standing afar off among her blooming peers. I could not guess the solitude of that true heart, nor see the captive spirit gazing at me from those steadfast eyes.

No word of the cause of that despairing deed passed Effie's lips, and I had no need to ask it. Agnes was silent, and soon left us, but her brother was a frequent guest. Effie liked his gay companionship, and I denied her nothing,—nothing but the one desire of her life.

So that first year ~~passed~~; and though the ease and liberty I coveted were undisturbed, I was not satisfied. Solitude grew irksome, and study ceased to charm. I tried old pleasures, but they had lost their zest,—renewed old friendships, but they wearied me. I forgot Agnes, and ceased to think her fair. I looked at Effie, and sighed for my lost youth.

My little wife grew very beautiful to me, for she was blooming fast into a gracious womanhood. I felt a secret pride in knowing she was mine, and watched her as I fancied a fond brother might, glad that she was so good, so fair, so much beloved. I ceased to mourn the plaything I had lost, and something akin to reverence mingled with the deepening admiration of the man.

Gay guests had filled the house with festal light and sound one winter's night, and when the last bright figure had vanished from the threshold of the door, I still stood there, looking over the snow-shrouded lawn, hoping to cool the fever of my blood, and ease the restless pain that haunted me.

I shut out the keen air and wintry sky, at length, and silently ascended to the deserted rooms above. But in the soft gloom of a vestibule my steps were stayed. Two figures, in a flowery alcove, fixed my eye. The light streamed full

upon them, and the fragrant stillness of the air was hardly stirred by their low tones.

Effie was there, sunk on a low couch, her face bowed upon her hands; and at her side, speaking with impassioned voice and ardent eyes, leaned Alfred Vaughan.

The sight struck me like a blow, and the sharp anguish of that moment proved how deeply I had learned to love.

"Effie, it is a sinful tie that binds you to that man; he does not love you, and it should be broken for this slavery will wear away the life of one so dear to me."

The words, with a malignant passion, smote me like a blast, but not so coldly as the breeze that answered them: —

"He said death alone must part us two, and, remembering that, I cannot listen to another love."

Like a guilty ghost I stole away, and in the darkness of my solitary room struggled with my bitter grief, my new-born love. I never blamed my wife, — that wife who had heard the tender name so seldom, she could scarce feel it hers. I had fettered her free heart, forgetting it would one day cease to be a child's. I bade her look upon me as a father; she had learned the lesson well; and now what right had I to reproach her for listening to a lover's voice, when her husband's was so cold? What mattered it that slowly, almost unconsciously, I had learned to love her with the passion of a youth, the power of a man? I had alienated that fond nature from my own, and now it was too late.

Heaven only knows the bitterness of that hour; — I cannot tell it. But through the darkness of my anguish and remorse that newly kindled love burned like a blessed fire, and, while it tortured, purified. By its light I saw the error of my life: self-love was written on the actions of the past, and I knew that my punishment was very just. With a child's repentant tears, I confessed it to my Father, and He solaced me, showed me the path

to tread, and made me nobler for the blessedness and pain of that still hour.

Dawn found me an altered man; for in natures like mine the rain of a great sorrow melts the ice of years, and their hidden strength blooms in a late harvest of patience, self-denial, and humility. I resolved to break the tie which bound poor Effie to a joyless fate; and gratitude for a selfish deed, which wore the guise of charity, should no longer mar her peace. I would atone for the wrong I had done her, the suffering she had endured; and she should never know that I had guessed her tender secret, nor learn the love which made my sacrifice so bitter, yet so just.

Alfred came no more; and as I watched the growing pallor of her cheek, her patient efforts to be cheerful and serene, I honored that meek creature for her constancy to what she deemed the duty of her life.

I did not let her my resolve at once, for I could not give her up so soon. It was a weak delay, but I had not learned the beauty of a perfect self-forgetfulness; and though I clung to my purpose steadfastly, my heart still cherished a desperate hope that I might be spared this loss.

In the midst of this secret conflict, there came a letter from old Adam Lyndsay, asking to see his daughter's child; for life was waning slowly, and he desired to forgive, as he hoped to be forgiven when the last hour came. The letter was to me, and, as I read it, I saw a way whereby I might be spared the hard task of telling Effie she was to be free. I feared my new-found strength would desert me, and my courage fail, when, looking on the woman who was dearer to me than my life, I tried to give her back the liberty whose worth she had learned to know.

Effie should go, and I would write the words I dared not speak. She would be in her mother's home, free to show her joy at her release, and smile upon the lover she had banished.

I went to tell her; for it was I who sought her now, who watched for her coming and sighed at her departing

steps,—I who waited for her smile and followed her with wistful eyes. The child's slighted affection was atoned for now by my unseen devotion to the woman.

I gave the letter, and she read it silently.

"Will you go, love?" I asked, as she folded it.

"Yes,—the old man has no one to care for him but me, and it is so beautiful to be loved."

A sudden smile touched her lips, and a soft dew shone in the shadowy eyes, which seemed looking into other and tenderer ones than mine. She could not know how sadly I echoed those words, nor how I longed to tell her of another man who sighed to be forgiven.

"You must gather roses for these pale cheeks among the breezy moorlands, dear. They are not so blooming as they were a year ago. Jean would reproach me for my want of care," I said, trying to speak cheerfully, though each word seemed a farewell.

"Poor Jean! how long it seems since she kissed them last!" sighed Effie, musing sadly, as she turned her wedding-ring.

My heart ached to see how thin the hand had grown, and how easily that little fetter would fall off when I set my captive lark at liberty.

I looked till I dared look no longer, and then rose, saying,—

"You will write often, Effie, for I shall miss you very much."

She cast a quick look into my face, asking, hurriedly,—

"Am I to go alone?"

"Dear, I have much to do and cannot go; but you need fear nothing; I shall send Ralph and Mrs. Prior with you, and the journey is soon over. When will you go?"

It was the first time she had left me since I took her from Jean's arms, and I longed to keep her always near me; but, remembering the task I had to do, I felt that I must seem cold till she knew all.

"Soon,—very soon,—to-morrow;—let me go to-morrow, Sir. I long to be away!" she cried, some swift emotion banishing

the calmness of her usual manner, as she rose, with eager eyes and a gesture full of longing.

"You shall go, Effie," was all I could say; and with no word of thanks, she hastened away, leaving me so calm without, so desolate within.

The same eagerness possessed her all that day; and the next she went away, clinging to me at the last as she had clung that night upon the river-bank, as if her grateful heart reproached her for the joy she felt at leaving my unhappy home.

A few days passed, bringing me the comfort of a few sweet lines from Effie, signed "Your child." That sight reminded me, that, if I would do an honest deed, it should be generously done. I read again the little missive she had sent, and then I wrote the letter which might be my last;—with no hint of my love, beyond the expression of sincerest regard and never-ceasing interest in her happiness; no hint of Alfred Vaughan; for I would not wound her pride, nor let her dream that any eye had seen the passion she so silently surrendered, with no reproach to me and no shadow on the name I had given into her keeping. Heaven knows what it cost me, and Heaven, through the suffering of that hour, granted me an humbler spirit and a better life.

It went, and I waited for my fate as one might wait for pardon or for doom. It came at length,—a short, sad letter, full of meek obedience to my will, of penitence for faults I never knew, and grateful prayers for my peace.

My last hope died then, and for many days I dwelt alone, living over all that happy year with painful vividness. I dreamed again of those fair days, and woke to curse the selfish blindness which had hidden my best blessing from me till it was forever lost.

How long I should have mourned thus unavailingly I cannot tell. A more sudden, but far less grievous loss befell me. My fortune was nearly swept away in the general ruin of a most disastrous year.

This event roused me from my despair and made me strong again,—for I must hoard what could be saved, for Effie's sake. She had known a cruel want with me, and she must never know another while she bore my name. I looked my misfortune in the face and ceased to feel it one; for the diminished fortune was still ample for my darling's dower, and now what need had I of any but the simplest home?

Before another month was gone, I was in the quiet place henceforth to be mine alone, and nothing now remained for me to do but to dissolve the bond that made my Effie mine. Sitting over the dim embers of my solitary hearth, I thought of this, and, looking round the silent room, whose only ornaments were the things made sacred by her use, the utter desolation struck so heavily upon my heart, that I bowed my head upon my folded arms, and yielded to the tender longing that could not be repressed.

The bitter paroxysm passed, and, raising my eyes, the clearer for that stormy rain, I beheld Effie standing like an answer to my spirit's cry.

With a great start, I regarded her, saying, at length, in a voice that sounded cold, for my heart leaped up to meet her, and yet must not speak,—

"Effie, why are you here?"

Wraith-like and pale, she stood before me, with no sign of emotion but the slight tremor of her frame, and answered my greeting with a sad humility:—

"I came because I promised to cleave to you through health and sickness, poverty and wealth, and I must keep that vow till you absolve me from it. Forgive me, but I knew misfortune had befallen you, and, remembering all you had done for me, came, hoping I might comfort when other friends deserted you."

"Grateful to the last!" I sighed, low to myself, and, though deeply touched, replied with the hard-won calmness that made my speech so brief,—

"You owe me nothing, Effie, and I most earnestly desired to spare you this."

Some sudden hope seemed born of my

regretful words, for, with an eager glance, she cried,—

"Was it that desire which prompted you to part from me? Did you think I should shrink from sharing poverty with you who gave me all I own?"

"No, dear,—ah, no!" I said, "I knew your grateful spirit far too well for that. It was because I could not make your happiness, and yet had robbed you of the right to seek it with some younger and some better man."

"Basil, what man? Tell me; for no doubt shall stand between us now!"

She grasped my arm, and her rapid words were a command.

I only answered, "Alfred Vaughan."

Effie covered up her face, crying, as she sank down at my feet,—

"Oh, my fear! my fear! Why was I blind so long?"

I felt her grief to my heart's core; for my own anguish made me pitiful, and my love made me strong. I lifted up that drooping head and laid it down where it might never rest again, saying, gently, cheerily, and with a most sincere forgetfulness of self,—

"My wife, I never cherished a harsh thought of you, never uttered a reproach when your affections turned from a cold, neglectful guardian, to find a tenderer resting-place. I saw your struggles, dear, your patient grief, your silent sacrifice, and honored you more truly than I can tell. Effie, I robbed you of your liberty, but I will restore it, making such poor reparation as I can for this long year of pain; and when I see you blest in a happier home, my keen remorse will be appeased."

As I ceased, Effie rose erect and stood before me, transformed from a timid girl into an earnest woman. Some dormant power and passion woke; she turned on me a countenance aglow with feeling, soul in the eye, heart on the lips, and in her voice an energy that held me mute.

"I feared to speak before," she said, "but now I dare anything, for I have heard you call me 'wife,' and seen that in your face which gives me hope. Bas-

il, the grief you saw was not for the loss of any love but yours; the conflict you beheld was the daily struggle to subdue my longing spirit to your will; and the sacrifice you honor but the renunciation of all hope. I stood between you and the woman whom you loved, and asked of death to free me from that cruel lot. You gave me back my life, but you withheld the gift that made it worth possessing. You desired to be freed from the affection which only wearied you, and I tried to conquer it; but it would not die. Let me speak now, and then I will be still forever! Must our ways lie apart? Can I never be more to you than now? Oh, Basil! oh, my husband! I have loved you very truly from the first! Shall I never know the blessedness of a return?"

Words could not answer that appeal. I gathered my life's happiness close to my breast, and in the silence of a full heart felt that God was very good to me.

Soon all my pain and passion were confessed. Fast and fervently the tale was told; and as the truth dawned on that patient wife, a tender peace transfigured her uplifted countenance, until to me it seemed an angel's face.

"I am a poor man now," I said, still holding that frail creature fast, fearing to see her vanish, as her semblance had

so often done in the long vigils I had kept,—“a poor man, Effie, and yet very rich, for I have my treasure back again. But I am wiser than when we parted; for I have learned that love is better than a world of wealth, and victory over self a nobler conquest than a continent. Dear, I have no home but this. Can you be happy here, with no fortune but the little store set apart for you, and the knowledge that no want shall touch you while I live?"

And as I spoke, I sighed, remembering all I might have done, and dreading poverty for her alone.

But with a gesture, soft, yet solemn, Effie laid her hands upon my head, as if endowing me with blessing and with gift, and answered, with her steadfast eyes on mine,—

“You gave me your home when I was homeless; let me give it back, and with it a proud wife. I, too, am rich; for that old man is gone and left me all. Take it, Basil, and give me a little love.”

I gave not little, but a long life of devotion for the good gift God had bestowed on me,—finding in it a household spirit the daily benediction of whose presence banished sorrow, selfishness, and gloom, and, through the influence of happy human love, led me to a truer faith in the Divine.

TO THE MUSE.

WHITHER? albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,
Fleet Beckoner, more shy than wind!
I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,
With soft, brown silence carpeted,
And think to snare thee in the woods:
Peace I o'ertake, but thou art fled!
I find the rock where thou didst rest,
The moss thy skimming foot hath prest;

All Nature with thy parting thrills,
Like branches after birds new-flown ;
Thy passage hill and hollow fills
With hints of virtue not their own ;
In dimples still the water slips
Where thou hast dipped thy finger-tips ;
Just, just beyond, forever burn
Gleams of a grace without return ;
Upon thy shade I plant my foot,
And through my frame strange raptures shoot ;
All of thee but thyself I grasp ;
I seem to fold thy luring shape,
And vague air to my bosom clasp,
Thou lithe, perpetual Escape !

One mask and then another drops,
And thou art secret as before.
Sometimes with flooded ear I list
And hear thee, wondrous organist,
Through mighty continental stops
A thunder of strange music pour ;—
Through pipes of earth and air and stone
Thy inspiration deep is blown ;
Through mountains, forests, open downs,
Lakes, railroads, prairies, states, and towns,
Thy gathering fugue goes rolling on,
From Maine to utmost Oregon ;
The factory-wheels a rhythmus hum ;
From brawling parties concords come ;—
All this I hear, or seem to hear ;
But when, enchanted, I draw near
To fix in notes the various theme,
Life seems a whiff of kitchen-steam,
History a Swiss street-singer's thrum,
And I, that would have fashioned words
To mate that music's rich accords,
By rash approaches startle thee,
Thou mutablest Perversity !
The world drones on its old *tum-tum*,
But thou hast slipped from it and me,
And all thine organ-pipes left dumb.

Not wearied yet, I still must seek,
And hope for luck next day, next week.
I go to see the great man ride,
Ship-like, the swelling human tide
That floods to bear him into port,
Trophied from senate-hall or court :
Thy magnetism, I feel it there,
Thy rhythmic presence fleet and rare,
Making the mob a moment fine
With glimpses of their own Divine,

As in their demigod they see
 Their swart ideal soaring free ;
 'Tis thou that bear'st the fire about,
 Which, like the springing of a mine,
 Sends up to heaven the street-long shout :
 Full well I know that thou wast here ;
 That was thy breath that thrilled mine ear ;
 But vainly, in the stress and whirl,
 I dive for thee, the moment's pearl.

Through every shape thou well canst run,
 Proteus, 'twixt rise and set of sun,
 Well pleased with logger-camps in Maine
 As where Milan's pale Duomo lies
 A stranded glacier on the plain,
 Its peaks and pinnacles of ice
 Melted in many a quaint device,
 And sees, across the city's din,
 Afar its silent Alpine kin ;
 I track thee over carpets deep
 To Wealth's and Beauty's inmost keep ;
 Across the sand of bar-room floors,
 'Mid the stale reek of boosing boors ;
 Where drowse the hayfield's fragrant heats,
 Or the flail-heart of Autumn beats ;
 I dog thee through the market's throngs,
 To where the sea with myriad tongues
 Laps the green fringes of the pier,
 And the tall ships that eastward steer
 Curtsy their farewells to the town,
 O'er the curved distance lessening down ;—
 I follow allwhere for thy sake,—
 Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er o'ertake,—
 Find where, scarce yet unmoving, lies,
 Warm from thy limbs, their last disguise,—
 But thou another mask hast donned,
 And lurest still, just, just, beyond !

But here a voice, I know not whence,
 Thrills clearly through mine inward sense,
 Saying, " See where she sits at home,
 While thou in search of her dost roam !
 All summer long her ancient wheel
 Whirls humming by the open door,
 Or, when the hickory's social zeal
 Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
 Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
 It modulates the household mirth
 With that sweet, serious undertone
 Of Duty, music all her own ;
 Still, as of old, she sits and spins
 Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins ;

With equal care she twines the fates
Of cottages and mighty states ;
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,
The boy's first love, the man's first grief,
The budding and the fall o' the leaf ;
The piping west-wind's snowy care
For her their cloudy fleeces spare,
Or from the thorns of evil times
She can glean wool to twist her rhymes ;
Morning and noon and eve supply
To her their fairest tints for dye,
But ever through her twirling thread
There spires one strand of warmest red,
Tinged from the homestead's genial heart,
The stamp and warrant of her art ;
With this Time's sickle she outwears,
And blunts the Sisters' baffled shears.

“ Harass her not ; thy heat and stir
The greater coyness breed in her :
Yet thou may'st find, ere Age's frost,
Thy long apprenticeship not lost,
Learning at last that Stygian Fate
Supples for him that knows to wait.
The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
Her love to him who pules and plains ;
With proud, averted face she stands
To him who woos with empty hands.
Make thyself free of manhood's guild ;
Pull down thy barns and greater build ;
The wood, the mountain, and the plain
Wave breast-deep with the poet's grain ;
Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold ;
Glean from the heavens and ocean old ;
From fireside lore and trampling street
Let thy life garner daily wheat ;
The epic of a man rehearse,
Be something better than thy verse,
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
Shall court thy precious interviews,
Shall take thy head upon her knee,
And such enchantment lilt to thee,
That thou shalt hear the lifeblood flow
From farthest stars to grass-blades low,
And find the Listener's science still
Transcends the Singer's deepest skill ! ”

SCREW-PROPULSION:

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE earliest conception of an auxiliary motive power in navigation is contemporaneous with the first use of the wind; the name of the inventor, "unrecorded in the patent-office," is lost in the lapse of ages. The first motor was, undoubtedly, the hand; next followed the paddle, the scull, and the oar; sails were an after-thought, introduced to play the secondary part of an auxiliary.

Scarce was man in possession of this means of *impressing* the wind, and resting his weary oar, than, scorning longer confinement to the coast, he boldly ventured upon the conquest of the main. Under the same impulse, the tiny skiff, in which he hardly dared to quit the river's bank, was enlarged, and made fit companion of his distant emprise. These footprints of the infant steps of navigation may all still be traced among the maritime tribes of the Pacific.

From that period sails became the chief motor, and the paddle and the sweep auxiliaries,—which position they still hold to some extent, even in vessels of considerable burden. But as the proportions of naval architecture enlarged, these puny instruments were thrown aside; although the importance and necessity of some such auxiliary in the ordinary exigencies of marine life have always been felt and it has long been earnestly sought.

From the first successful application of steam to navigation—by Fulton, in 1803—it was supposed to be the simplest thing in the world to provide ships with an auxiliary motor; but the result has shown the fallacy of this conception.

For more than twenty years steam-navigation has advanced with giant strides, overstepping several times the limits which science had assigned it; but the paddle-wheel, by which the agency of steam has been applied, forms so bad an alliance with canvas, and supplies so indifferently

the requirements of a man-of-war, that it has been impossible by this intermediary to render steam the efficient coadjutor of sails; and it is for this reason that steam so speedily took rank as a primary motor upon the ocean; for, in all the successful marine applications of steam by means of the paddle, steam is the dominant power, and sails the accessory, or almost superfluous auxiliary. It is the screw alone, in some of its modifications, which offers the means of a successful and economical adaptation of steam to ships of war or of commerce; for it is susceptible of a more complete protection than the paddle, and of an easy and advantageous combination with canvas.

The screw-propeller, in fact, has assumed so important a part in all naval enterprise, that it may not be without interest to trace briefly its rise and progress to the consideration it now commands, and to review, in general terms, the various experiments by which the screw-frigate has been brought to its present high state of efficiency, excelling, for purposes of war, all other kinds of vessels.

As early as 1804, John Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, engaged in experiments to devise some means of driving a vessel through the water by applying the motive power at the stern, and with a screw-propeller and a defective boiler attained for short distances a speed of seven knots; and it is surprising, that, with the genius and determination so characteristic of his race, he should have abandoned the path on which he appears to have so fairly entered.

Within the last half-century numerous attempts of a similar character have been made in Europe and America; but although many of the contrivances for this purpose were exceedingly ingenious, and the success of some of the experiments sufficient, one would suppose, to excite

the interest of the public and encourage perseverance in the undertaking, yet in no instance were they followed by any practical and useful results until the year 1836, when both Captain Ericsson and Mr. F. P. Smith so fully demonstrated the speed and safety with which vessels could be moved by the screw-propeller, as to convince every intelligent and unprejudiced mind of the importance of their inventions, and immediately to attract the attention of the principal naval powers of the world.

Captain Ericsson is a native of Sweden, but for some years previous to 1836 he had resided in England, where he had become known as an engineer and mechanician of distinguished ability.

In July, 1836, he took out a patent in England for his method of propelling vessels; and during that year the results of his experiments with a small boat were so satisfactory, that in the following year he built a vessel forty-five feet long, with eight feet beam, and drawing three feet of water, called the *Francis B. Ogden*, in compliment to the gentleman then consul of the United States at Liverpool, who was the first person to appreciate the merits of his invention, and to encourage him in his efforts to perfect it. This vessel was tried upon the Thames in April, 1837, and succeeded admirably. She made ten knots an hour, and towed the American ship *Toronto* at the rate of four and a half knots an hour; and in the following summer, Sir Charles Adam, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir William Symonds, the Surveyor of the Navy, and several other scientific gentlemen and officers of rank, were towed by her in the Admiralty barge at the speed of ten miles an hour.

Notwithstanding this demonstration of the powers of his vessel, Captain Ericsson did not succeed in exciting the interest of any of the persons who witnessed the performance; and it seems almost incredible that no one of them had the intelligence to perceive or the magnanimity to admit the importance of his invention. But, fortunately for Ericsson and the rep-

utation of our country, he soon after met with Captain Stockton, of the United States navy, who at once took the deepest interest in his plans. The result of one experiment with Ericsson's steamer was sufficient to convince a man of Stockton's sagacity of the immense advantages which the new motor might confer upon the commerce and upon the navy of his country, and forthwith he ordered an iron steamer to be built and fitted with Ericsson's propeller. This vessel was named the *Stockton*, and was launched in July, 1838, and, after being thoroughly tested and her success demonstrated, she was sent under sail to the United States in April of the next year, and was soon after followed by Captain Ericsson; when, in consequence of the representations of Captain Stockton, the government ordered the *Princeton* to be built under Ericsson's superintendence, and to be fitted with his propeller.

The *Princeton*, of 673 tons, was launched in April, 1842, and her propeller, of six blades, of thirty-five feet pitch, and of fourteen feet diameter, was driven by a semi-cylinder engine of two hundred and fifty horse-power, and all her machinery placed *below* the water-line. Her smoke-stack was so arranged that the upper parts could be let into the lower, so as not to be visible above the rail; and as the anthracite coal which she used evolved no smoke, she could not, at a short distance, be distinguished from a sailing-ship.

Her best speed under steam alone, *at sea*, was 8.6, and under sail alone, 10.1 knots; her mean performance under steam and sail, 8.226; and considering the imperfect form of boiler employed, and the small amount of fuel consumed, it may be doubted if this has since been much excelled. She worked and steered well under canvas or steam alone, or under both combined; was dry and weath-erly, but pitched heavily, and was rather deficient in stability.*

* For a particular account of the *Princeton*, by B. F. Isherwood, U. S. N., see *Journal of the Franklin Institute* for June, 1853.

Taking everything into consideration, the *Princeton* was a most successful experiment, and, in her day, the most efficient man-of-war of her class. By her construction the government of the United States had placed itself far in advance of all the world in the path of naval improvement, and it is deeply to be regretted that it did not avail itself of the advantage thus gained; that it did not immediately order the construction of other vessels, in which successively the few defects of the *Princeton* might have been corrected; that it did not persist in that path of improvement into which it had fortunately been directed, instead of suffering our great naval rivals to outstrip us in the race, and compel us at last to resort to them for instruction in that science the very rudiments of which they had learned from us.

The success of the *Princeton* was followed by the general adoption in America of the screw-propeller. When Ericsson left England, he confided his interests to Count Rosen, who, in 1843, placed an Ericsson propeller in the French frigate *Pomone*, and soon afterwards the British Admiralty determined to place it in the *Amphion*. Not only was the performance of these vessels highly satisfactory, but they were the first ships in the navies of Europe in which the great desideratum was secured of placing the machinery below the load-line. Ericsson's propeller having been the first introduced into France, it was generally adopted; but afterwards, in consequence of the accounts of Smith's screw received from England, it underwent various modifications.

Such was the result of Ericsson's labors; it now remains to relate the success of Smith. The efforts of either had been sufficient to have secured to navigation the inestimable advantages of screw-propulsion, but their rivalry probably hastened the solution of the problem.

In May, 1836, Mr. F. P. Smith, a farmer of Hendon, in England, took out a

patent for his screw-propeller, and exhibited some experiments with it attached to a model boat, and in the following autumn built a boat of six tons' burden, of ten horse-power, and fitted with a wooden screw. This vessel was kept running upon the Thames for nearly a year, and her performance was so satisfactory, that Mr. Smith determined to try her qualities at sea; and in the course of the year 1837, he visited in her several ports on the coast of England, and proved that she worked well in strong winds and rough water.

These trials attracted much attention, and at last awakened the interest of the Admiralty, who requested Mr. Smith to try his propeller on a larger vessel, and the *Archimedes*, of ninety horse-power and 237 tons, built for this purpose, was launched in October, 1838, and made her experimental trip in 1839. It was thought that her performance would be satisfactory, if she could make four or five knots an hour; but she made nearly ten! In May, 1839, she went from Gravesend to Portsmouth, a distance of one hundred and ninety miles, and made the run in twenty hours.

In April, 1840, Captain Chappel, R. N., and Mr. Lloyd, Chief Engineer of Woolwich Dockyard, were appointed by the Admiralty to try a series of experiments with her at Dover. The numerous trials made under the superintendence of these officers fully proved the efficiency of the new propeller, and their report was entirely favorable.

The *Archimedes* next circumnavigated Great Britain under command of Captain Chappel, visiting all the principal ports: she afterwards went to Oporto, Antwerp, and other places, and everywhere excited the admiration of engineers and seamen.

Up to this period, the British engineers were nearly unanimous in the opinion that the use of the screw involved a great loss of power, and they had concluded that it could not be adopted; but it was impossible any longer to resist the impressions made on the public by the dem-

onstrations which had been given both by Smith and Ericsson; and although the engineers were still unwilling to admit the screw to a comparison with the paddle, it was evident that their first conclusions regarding it were erroneous, and thereafter it was viewed by them with less disdain and spoken of more hopefully. One of the great objections by engineers to the use of the screw was their inability, at the time of its introduction, to construct properly a screw engine,—that is to say, a direct-acting horizontal engine, working at a speed of from sixty to one hundred revolutions per minute,—all their experience having been in paddle-wheel engines, working from ten to fifteen revolutions per minute. The peculiar mechanical details required in the screw engine, the necessity for accurate counterbalancing, etc., were then unknown, and had to be learned from a long succession of expensive failures. In England, the first machines applied to the screw were paddle-wheel engines, working it by gearing; there were consequently lost all the advantages of the reduced cost, bulk, and weight of the screw engine proper, including, for war purposes, the important feature of its being placed below the water-line. At first, the screw had not only to contend with physical difficulties, but to struggle against nearly universal prejudice; many inventors had succumbed to these obstacles, and therefore too much applause cannot be bestowed upon those who, unsustained by public sympathy, and in defiance of a prevailing skepticism, maintained their faith and courage unshaken, and gallantly persisted in their efforts, until crowned with a world-wide success.

Ericsson, before interesting himself with the screw, was, as has been seen, an engineer and mechanic of distinguished ability; whereas Smith, in commencing his new vocation, had all to acquire but his first conception. Ericsson could rely upon the fertility of his own genius, was his own draughtsman, and designed his own engines, accommodating them to the new propeller by dispensing with

gearing, and adapting them to a speed of from thirty to forty revolutions,—a great and bold advance for an initiative step. Smith, on the contrary, not being an engineer, had to intrust the execution of his plans to others, whose knowledge of construction was in the routine of paddle-wheel engines; and this accounts for the fact, that all the earliest British screw-steamers were driven by gearing. This want of mechanical resources on the part of Smith added to the difficulties of his career; but his resolution and perseverance rose superior to all obstacles, and carried him to the goal in triumph. Briefly, then, these were the respective merits of Smith and Ericsson, in the introduction of screw-propulsion; and it is much to their honor, that, throughout their career, no narrow-spirited jealousies dimmed the lustre of a noble rivalry.

Such was the origin of the new motor,—the mighty engine by which armadas are marshalled in battle-array, the burdens of commerce borne to distant marts, the impatient emigrant transferred to the promised land, and by which the breathings of affection, the pangs of distress, and the sighs of love are wafted to far-off continents.

In consequence of the success of the *Archimedes*, the Admiralty ordered the *Rattler* to be fitted with a screw, and it was no small satisfaction to find that her double-cylinder engines could be easily adapted to the new propeller. She is of 888 tons, and two hundred horse-power, and was launched in the spring of 1843, being the first screw-vessel in the British navy.

In the course of the two succeeding years, she was tried with a great many different screws, and numerous experiments were made to discover the length, diameter, pitch, and number of blades of the screw, most effective in all the various conditions of wind and sea. A screw of two blades, each equal to one-sixth part of a convolution, and of a uniform pitch, was, on the whole, found to be the most efficient, and this is the screw now

adopted in most of the ships of all classes in the British navy.*

A propeller of very different construction, which had given great results in a ship of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, and was afterwards exhibited in the docks at Southampton, here claims a passing notice. This propeller is so constructed as to enable the engineer to regulate the speed of the piston; for *the pitch of the screw can be increased or diminished at pleasure*. Thus, with a fair wind, by increasing the pitch, without increasing the revolutions, the full power of the engine is effectually exerted in driving the ship, instead of consuming fuel in driving the engine to no purpose; and with a head-wind, by diminishing the pitch, the engines are made to do their utmost duty; and when the ship is under canvas only, the blades of the propeller may be placed in line with the stern-post, and thus offer little resistance. Another advantage claimed for this propeller (known as Griffith's) is, that, in the event of breaking a blade, it may be readily replaced by "tipping the ship"; which method merits careful consideration by engineers, as does especially every new propeller which promises a more perfect alliance with canvas.

To resume the narrative,—the speed of the Rattler was afterwards tested by a trial with the Alecto, a paddle-wheel steamer of equal power, built from the same moulds; and the result was so favorable, that the Admiralty ordered the construction or conversion of *twenty-three* vessels as screw-steamers, and thus was laid the foundation of the present formidable steam-navy of England.

The superiority which has been asserted for the Princeton was established during the Mexican War by her perform-

ance before Vera Cruz as a blockading ship of unprecedented efficiency, which, having been displayed under the admiring observation of a British squadron, tended more than any other single event to confirm the Admiralty in the conclusions to be drawn from the experiments just related, and to decide them in the adoption of the screw as the best auxiliary of sail, the best mechanical motor upon the ocean. Thus did England, in embracing at once the practical demonstration of the Princeton, display that forecast by which she won her ascendancy at sea, and the vigilance with which she maintains it; whilst our own government awaited, in unbecoming hesitation, the results which England's more extended trials with the screw might develop.

This cautious policy, rather than the bold and liberal course which the maritime genius of the country demands, condemned us for long years to inaction, until, at length, the absolute necessity for the renewal of a portion of our naval force produced the "Minnesota" class of frigates. Although they developed little that was absolutely new, they are very far from being imitations; but in model, capacity, equipment, and above all in their armament, they have challenged admiration throughout the world, and called from a distinguished British admiral in command the significant declaration, that, until he had seen them, he had never realized his ideal of a perfect man-of-war.

A leading idea in the conception of these ships was to reduce the number of gun-decks from two and three to a single deck, and, consequently, the space in which shells could be lodged. This is a consideration which must, it is believed, sooner or later govern in naval construction; although France and England, long accustomed to measure the power of ships by the number of gun-decks, may be more slow in following our lead in this respect than in imitating the increased calibre of our ordnance.

The new classes of steamers prepar-

* A series of experiments with the screw were made on board the Dwarf in 1845, and on board the Minx in 1847 and 1848, but the results did not materially differ from those previously obtained. In the Rattler, Dwarf, and Minx twenty-nine different propellers were tried.

ing for sea, of which the Hartford and Iroquois are types, promise to be most efficient ships, and to reflect much credit upon our naval authorities for their bold, yet judicious departure from traditions which had long hampered the administration of this important branch of the public service. Although the reflection is seldom made, it is nevertheless true, that much of the reputation enjoyed and of the influence exercised by the United States is due to the efficiency of her navy; and if these are to remain undiminished, then it is of the utmost consequence that the national ships should always represent the highest advancement of nautical-military science.

The efficiency of the screw having been demonstrated, it was seen that the next requirement for a war-steamer was to place her machinery below the water-line; and hence arose a demand for an entirely new description of engines, which it was clear would make a great change in all the labors of the engineer and machinist. Such change it was evident would greatly enhance the risk of failure, and therefore it was determined by the Admiralty to insure success in this very difficult task by enlisting all the best talent of the country. Accordingly, for the twenty-three ships an equal number of screw engines were ordered; and as with the constructors, so with the engineers, each was required to comply with certain conditions, yet each was permitted to put forth his own individuality, and each has illustrated his views of what was required by a distinct plan of engine.

The wise and liberal action of the British Admiralty, which faltered at no expense, and made trial of every improvement in machinery that gave assurance of good performance and promised in any way to increase the efficiency of the fleet, produced no less than fourteen distinct varieties of the screw engine. Among them all, Penn's horizontal trunk-engine appears to be the favorite, and had performed so well in the Encounter of fourteen guns, the Arrogant of forty-six, the Impérieuse of fifty, and the Aga-

memnon of ninety, that two years ago it had been placed, in about equal proportions of two hundred, four hundred, six hundred, and eight hundred horse-power, on board of forty ships and many smaller vessels of the British navy; it had fulfilled all the promises made for it, without in any instance requiring repairs. These engines comply with all the conditions reasonably demanded in the machinery of a man-of-war; they lie very low, and the fewness and accessibility of their parts leave scarcely anything to be desired;—a lighter, more compact, or more simple combination has yet to be conceived.*

In all the ships above referred to the connection of the engines is direct, and many of them are driven at rates varying from fifty to seventy-five revolutions. This point is dwelt upon because it is observed that many engineers find difficulty in freeing themselves from early impressions made by long-stroke engines, express apprehensions at fifty and sixty revolutions, and stand ready to obviate the difficulty by gearing,—which it is hoped may not henceforth be adopted in our national ships. Geared engines are much heavier than those of direct connection, and occupy more space,—a great consideration in ships where room for fuel is in such demand, besides making it more difficult to place them below the water-line,—a consideration which in men-of-war should be regarded of paramount importance, as the engines of a war-steamer should be as secure from shot as her magazine. Experience has shown that the apprehensions entertained from the quick stroke of direct engines were without foundation; and that, in auxiliary ships, with a properly modelled propeller, there will be no necessity for a very high speed of piston.

The form of engine generally adopted with great success in the later screw-ships

* "Its large amount of friction" is an objection often speciously urged against the trunk-engine, although the friction diagram shows it to be actually less in this than in most other engines.

of the United States navy is the "horizontal direct action," with the connecting-rod returning from a cross-head towards the cylinder; these engines make from sixty to eighty revolutions per minute. The steam-valve is a packed slide with but little lap, and the expansion-valve is an adjustable slide working on the back of the steam-valve. The boilers are of the vertical water-tube type, with the tubes above the furnaces, and are supplied with fresh water by tubular surface-condensers, which, together with the air-pumps, are placed opposite the cylinders.

While the vessels ordered by the Admiralty were on the stocks, it was suggested by Mr. Lloyd that the model of their after-bodies was not that most favorable to speed,—that they were too "full," and that a "finer run" would be preferable. To settle this question, the Dwarf, a vessel of fine run, was taken into dock, and her after-body filled out by three separate layers of planking, so as to give it the form and proportions of the vessels then building. These layers of planking could be removed in succession, and the effects of a fuller or finer run upon the speed of the vessel easily ascertained. A trial was then made, and the result proved the correctness of Mr. Lloyd's opinion; the removal of the different layers of planking increasing the speed from 3.75 to 5.75, to 9, and finally to 11 knots. A trial between the Rifleman and the Sharpshooter, vessels of four hundred and eighty tons and two hundred horse-power, and the Minx and Teaser, of three hundred tons and one hundred horse-power, gave similar results,—the speed in each trial being twenty-four per cent. in favor of the finer run.

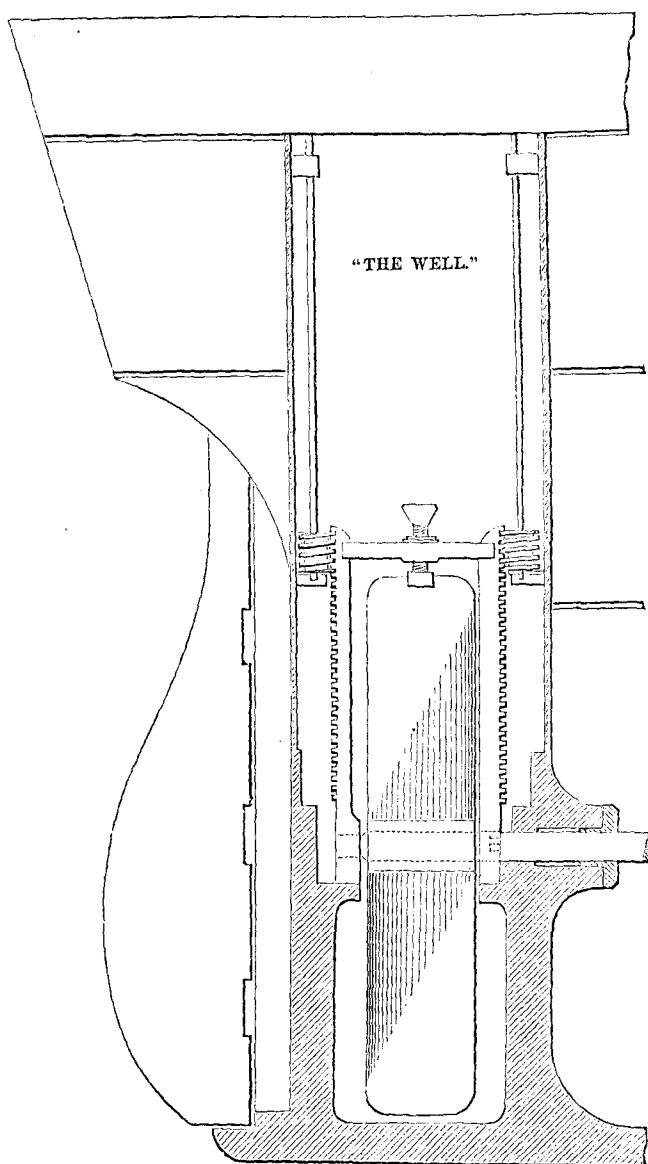
Although great efficiency and economy had now been attained, there was still an important defect to be remedied, namely, the impediment to speed and to evolution under sail presented by the dragging propeller; which was accomplished by the invention of the "trunk" or "well," into which the propeller can be

raised at pleasure; and there is no longer anything to prevent the construction of a screw-frigate which shall be fit to accompany, under canvas only, a fleet of fast sailers, with the assurance that she may arrive at the point of destination in company with her consorts, having in reserve all her steam-power.

The mechanism by which the emersion of the screw is effected is as follows:—There are two stern-posts; between these, and connecting them with each other and with the keel, is a massive metallic frame, in which rests another frame, or *châssis*, in which the screw is suspended; near the water-line, the deck and wales are extended to the after stern-post, and through an opening or trunk in this overhanging stern the frame suspending the screw is raised by worms, working in a rack secured to the frame, and operated from the deck, as shown in the accompanying drawing,—or by a tackle, as is now most common. In the British ship Agamemnon, of ninety guns, the propeller is raised by a hydrostatic pump,—a neat arrangement, but liable to get out of order. When it is desirable to raise the propeller, the blades are first placed in a vertical position, and the operation of lifting is performed in a few minutes.

The relative advantages of the propeller fitted to lift, and that which is permanently fixed, have long been the subject of much discussion.

For merchant steamers, having an established route to perform, on which the aid of steam is in constant demand, it is generally conceded that the position of the screw should be permanent. The construction of the ship is then less costly, while greater strength is preserved; and as these vessels are out of port but for short intervals, should repairs be needed, they have access to the docks. But for men-of-war the case is widely different. Having frequently to keep the sea for long periods, much under canvas, and often far distant from a dock-yard, they should be provided with the means of lifting the screw to repair or to clear it,



MODE OF LIFTING SCREW.

or to be relieved from the impediment it offers to sailing and to evolution, and also from the injurious "shake" occasioned by a dragging propeller.

On the other hand, the construction of a trunk or well impairs the solidity of the stern, renders it much more vulnerable,

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and weakens its defences, while it opposes to speed the very considerable resistance of the after stern-post.* Nevertheless, no modern ship of the British

* Might not a metallic stern-post, combining strength, lightness, and little resistance, be introduced?

navy is without the means of raising her propeller, and the best opinion of commanders and engineers of that service, of longest experience in screw-ships, goes to establish the conviction, that, for men-of-war, the advantages of being able to lift the propeller far more than outweigh the objections urged against lifting. In this connection we mention the fact, that all screw-ships "by the wind" have a strong tendency to gripe. Would not this be obviated by having a gate or slide to fill out the dead-wood when the screw is lifted?

The best illustration of the effects of a dragging propeller was afforded on the departure of a Russian squadron from Cronstadt, bound to the Amoor, in 1857-'58, consisting of three sloops of war bark-rigged, and three three-masted schooners, under the flag of Commodore Kouznetsoff. The vessels of each class were built from the same moulds, and at the time of the experiment were of the same draft and displacement. On clearing the land, signal was made to lift screws and make sail. Soon after, all the squadron reported the execution of the order, except the *Voyerada* sloop, which had the misfortune to break a key in the couplings, and therefore could not lift her screw. Every effort was tried to get out the key, and meanwhile a very instructive example was presented to the squadron of the effect of a dragging propeller on the speed of the vessel. The circumstances were as follows:—The wind, a gentle breeze, right aft; the *Voyerada* carrying all sail but the main course; the other two sloops holding way with her with their topsails on the cap, and the schooners with their peaks dropped. Under these conditions, the *Voyerada*, having her screw-blades fixed horizontally, could scarcely keep her position, running two and a half and three knots. The *Voyerada* next succeeded in getting her screw vertical, when, without any change in the wind, the speed increased to four and a half knots. The

other sloops then mastheaded their topsails, and the schooners peaked their gaffs. At length the *Voyerada* succeeded in lifting her screw, when immediately all the sloops under the same canvas continued their course, making six to six and a half knots. A better example of the obstruction offered by a dragging propeller could not have been afforded.*

The "shake," to which reference has been made, is the tremulous or vibratory motion communicated to the after-body of the ship, and particularly to the stern, by the revolution of the propeller, often opening the seams, and in old ships sometimes starting the butts and causing dangerous leaks. This movement arises from two causes,—one inherent in the screw, the other due to its position in the dead-wood. The first cause is the difference in the propelling efficiency of the upper and lower blades when in any other position than horizontal. The centre of pressure of the lower blade, being at a greater depth below the surface than the centre of pressure of the upper blade, acts upon a medium of greater resistance to displacement, and the differential of the pressures of the two blades produces inevitably a vibratory motion in the stern of the vessel. This effect is greatly increased when the clearance given to the screw in the dead-wood is too small; for the reduction of the hydrostatic pressure at the stern-post, and the increase of it at the rudder-post, on each passage of the blades, must be followed by concussion. Therefore, if the "well," or distance between the posts, be made sufficiently long in proportion to the screw, the "shake" due to the latter cause can be almost entirely obviated.

In 1851, the British Admiralty selected three auxiliary screw-ships, of different classes and qualities, for an experimental cruise, namely:—

* *Russian Naval Magazine*, No. XL1., December, 1857.

	Guns.	Horse Power.	Screw.	Speed.	Days' Fuel.	Sail Equipment.
The Arrogant	46	360	2 blades	9 knots	8 days	Ship full rig
The Dauntless	24	580	"	11 "	11 "	" light "
The Encounter	14	360	"	10½ "	6 "	Barque

They were ordered to pass round the Azores, each ship holding her course, and using sail or steam, or both, as was deemed most advantageous. An officer was sent on board each ship to keep a record of her performance, and to note the time when and the position where, the coal being entirely consumed, the contest ended. In this trial, the Arrogant was found superior to the Dauntless, and both of them far excelled the Encounter; indeed, no very different result was expected, the object of the trial being to ascertain their relative as well as positive value. These ships afterwards formed a part of the experimental squadron stationed at Lisbon in the same year, which was composed of the finest ships in the British navy.

It was believed by many officers, that a fast-sailing frigate, in a reefed-topsail breeze, would be able to get away from any screw-ship; but in a trial that took place between the *Arethusa* and the *Encounter*, and the *Phaëton* and *Arrogant*, under circumstances the most favorable to the sail-ships, it was found that the screw-ships, using both steam and sail, had decidedly the superiority,—and that in fresh gales, with one, two, or three reefs in the topsails, either “by the wind,” or “going free,” the *Phaëton* and the *Arethusa*, the fastest sail-frigates in the navy, were always beaten by the *Arrogant*. This result operated powerfully in removing the repugnance to steam existing among all classes of seamen; and the vast superiority of well-organized screw-ships for the purposes of war is now so apparent, as to render them the most important and indispensable part of every navy.

While the English were engaged in the trials here related, their rivals on the op-

posite coast were not indifferent spectators. The French were nearly as soon in the field of modern screw experiment as their neighbors; and did the limits of this paper permit, it would be instructive, as well as interesting, to trace the ingenious and persevering steps by which they also approached the solution of that difficult problem, the construction of a screw-man-of-war.

The first result of their efforts, *La Pomone*, screw-frigate, was shown to the world in 1844, and after careful inspection, (in 1853,) it is affirmed, such was the perfection of her general organization, that she has hardly been excelled by any of her younger sisters.

The most complete course of experiments ever made, perhaps, with the new motor, was that carried out by MM. Bourgois and Moll, of the French navy, in 1847 and '48, which they verified by a second series in 1849. These experiments were instituted to ascertain the relative efficiency of all varieties of the screw-propeller, upon vessels of different models and dimensions, and under all the varying conditions of wind and sea, in order to determine the propeller best adapted to each particular description of ship.*

Necessarily brief as is the notice of Gallic ingenuity and skill, the acknowledgment must be made, that, for the invention of the trunk or well, with its attendant advantages, navigation is indebted to Commander Labrousse, of the French navy; and for a novel arrangement of the screw-propeller, which has not attracted all the notice it deserves, obligations are due to M. Allix, a distin-

* For a most interesting and instructive memoir upon these experiments, the reader is referred to that admirable work, by Captain E. Paris, of the French navy, *L'Helice Propulsive*.

guished engineer of that service; and the propeller more recently introduced by M. Mangin, of the same corps, if it performs all that is claimed for it, namely, that it does away with the "shake," will be of great value.

In concluding this recognition of the contributions by France to screw-propulsion, it is desired to submit a few general observations on the French navy; for, although upon every sea the tri-color waves over ships proudly comparing with those under any other flag, it is nevertheless too commonly believed that the docks of France are crowded and her navy-list swollen with hulks which are but the mouldering mementos of the vast armaments hastily created during the Consulate and the Empire; an illusion most hazardous to our interests abroad and our security at home.

At the period of the *coup d'état* of 1851, a Committee of Inquiry, composed of the most experienced and intelligent officers and distinguished legislators, had visited all departments of the navy, and made the most careful investigations into every branch of the service. Upon the evidence thus obtained, a report was submitted, providing for the improvement of the condition of the officers and seamen, and the increase, renewal, and remodelling of the *matériel*,—in fine, for the correction of every abuse, the remedy of every evil, and the development of all good existing in the navy. This report, stamped on every page with patriotism and intelligence, commanded, even in the midst of revolution, the support of all parties, the adhesion of every faction; and has since, through all changes in the Ministry of the Marine, formed the basis of the action of that department.

Under these auspices, France has in the last seven years organized the means of promptly putting to sea a numerous fleet, composed of the most modern and most powerful steamers, manned by efficient crews, commanded by skilful officers; and now worthily maintains a position as a naval power second only to

that of Great Britain. At this moment, whilst the British fleet includes but thirty-six screw line-of-battle ships, mounting 3,400 guns, and propelled by 19,759 horse-power, that of France may boast of forty such ships, mounting 3,700 guns, propelled by 27,500 horse-power; and while England has but thirty-eight screw-frigates, France has forty-two.

In thus briefly summing up the forces of our ocean rivals, we cannot avoid making some reflections suggested by the unpreparedness of this country to meet any sudden burst of hostility. This not only involves the risk of national humiliation, but paralyzes our diplomacy; since it deprives us of that influence among the nations, which otherwise—from the breadth of our territory, the value of our products, the activity of our industry, the importance of our commerce, and the extent of our maritime resources—we of right should hold.

No country is more interested than the United States in the maintenance of peace; yet, even on the principle of economy, we may argue in favor of a degree of preparation for war; for that calamity may best be averted by taking from foreign powers the temptation to interfere with us: all history showing that the justice and friendship of military states are but slender guaranties for the peace of a nation unprepared for attack.

It is vain to talk of husbanding financial resources for war, without other preparation. When once embarked in hostilities, and in a position to maintain our ground, large finances, judiciously used, will ultimately command success; but no accumulation of funds can provide a timely remedy for that weakness which cannot resist the first blow.

The national safety should no longer be left to chance, but be established on a basis of certainty. A navy cannot be manufactured nor a fortress built to meet an emergency, but should be kept ready-made.

In considering the auxiliary screw-frigate under the views already offered,

and in determining the canvas with which she should be supplied, it will be well to refer, as the best guide, to the fastest sail-ships,—the class which presents the greatest similarity in form to that demanded in screw-ships. In these ships the great length of deck offers every facility for the most advantageous spread of canvas; consequently the centre of effort may be kept low, and the requisite power and stability combined.

Intimately connected with her sailing-power is another branch of the equipment of a screw-ship, which requires the most earnest, patient, and intelligent consideration. Prepared to endure all the wear and tear of a sail-ship, she should at the same time be ready for transmutation into a steam-ship; namely, when, for any urgent service, her best powers of steaming are required, she should be able to divest herself speedily of yards and top-masts, and, the special service completed, resume all her perfection as a sail-ship.

It would be out of place here to enter into details of equipment. In naval affairs nothing is improvised, and a satisfactory conclusion upon these points can be arrived at only through long experiment, and perhaps frequent disappointment. Yet it is not doubted that the same ship may exhibit a handy and efficient rig, develop a high velocity under canvas, and, without great power, a sufficient speed under steam.

In our navy, away from our own coast, sail must of necessity be the rule, and steam the reserve or special power; and without abandonment of our anti-colonial policy—with the depots of our rivals upon every sea, yet not a ton of coal upon which we can rely—we should not dare to send abroad a single ship which, whenever she gets up her anchor, must needs also get up her steam.

Fortunately, in the creation of a steam-fleet, the United States will not have to encounter tedious and costly experiments, nor to incur the risk of failure.* The

* The constructors and engineers of the navy are unsurpassed in professional art or science, and when conjoined with naval offi-

best form of hull, model of propeller, and plan of engine are already so well established, that it is not easy to fall into error; that which is most to be guarded against is the popular demand, the prevailing mania for high speed,—for which single advantage there is such a proneness to sacrifice every other warlike quality. That measure of speed or power which will enable a ship to stem the currents of rivers, to enter or leave a port in the face of a moderate gale, or to meet the dangers of a lee-shore, should, it is conceived by many, be sufficient; and for these exigencies a ship, which, with four months' supplies on board, can in calm weather and smooth water make nine to ten knots under steam, has ample power. This moderate rate is far below the popular mark; but, in considering this important question, it should not be forgotten, that, unlike the paddle, the screw will always coöperate with sail,—and that, if a ship would go far under steam, she must be content to go gently. The natural law regulating the speed of a ship is, that the power requisite to propel her varies as the cube of the velocity.

Let it be distinctly understood what power is here meant. As the power applied to the propulsion of a vessel is only that which acts upon her in the direction of the keel,—and as, of the gross indicated power developed by her engine, one portion is absorbed in working the organs of its mechanism, another in overcoming the friction of the load, while still other proportions are expended in the slip of the propeller and in the friction of its surfaces on the water,—only that portion of the gross power which remains is applied to propulsion; and it is this remainder which varies in the ratio of the cube of the speed.

Hence a steamer, that with five huncers—who should always determine the warlike essentials of ships—they are capable of producing a steam-fleet that would meet the requirements of all reasonable conditions. We venture to say, that the failures with which they have been charged would be found, on investigation, to be solely attributable to undue extraneous influences.

dred horse-power can make eight knots per hour, will require rather more than one thousand horse-power to drive her at the speed of ten knots,—the law being thus modified by the increased resistance consequent upon the greater weight of the large engines; and thus a limit to speed is imposed, depending upon the weight of machinery which, relative to her dimensions, a ship can carry. A ship, that at the rate of ten knots under steam may run twelve hundred miles, can, at the speed of eight knots, and with the expenditure of rather less fuel, run the distance of eighteen hundred miles; and therefore it is, many contend, that a man-of-war for distant service should not be laden with large engines, whose full power can rarely be wanted, and which monopolize so great a space and displacement as to render it impossible to carry fuel for their proper development.

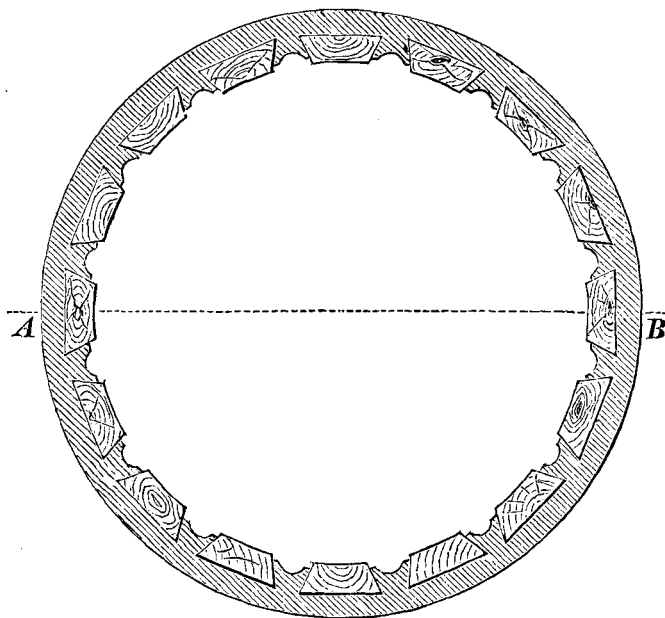
It is true, that, with large power of engine, the vessel may command, so long as her coals last, the advantage of high speed, and her large cylinders will enable her, by working the steam very expansively, to use her fuel with great econ-

omy; but there still remains the disadvantage of the increased first cost of the machinery, and its greater weight and bulk to be permanently carried, whether used or not, and which, by increasing the displacement of the vessel, proportionally diminishes her speed.

The last great improvement in connection with the screw remains to be noticed, namely, lining the “bushings” and “bearings” with *lignum-vitæ*,—the invention of Mr. Penn, of Greenwich, near London.

The *lignum-vitæ* is introduced in the manner shown in the drawing. In connection therewith, it must be said, that the length and diameter of bearings has been increased far beyond the proportions of former years. The “brasses” are bored out about three-sixteenths of an inch larger than the shaft; then the recesses are slotted out for the reception of the wooden strips. If care be taken with this part of the operation, any number of strips can be supplied ready fitted, and to put in a set of spare strips becomes a short and simple operation.

Strange as it appears, these wooden



bearings are far more durable than those of metal, and in some ships they have endured for years without any perceptible wear in those parts which, previously to this invention, had occasioned so much trouble and expense. But for this important discovery, it is thought by some of the most competent engineers that they would have been compelled to abandon the use of the screw in heavy ships.

The *Napoléon*, the type of the new steam-ships of the line in the French navy, is a good illustration of a first-class, full-powered steamer.

Her dimensions are as follows:—

	FR.	IN.
Length extreme.....	262	6.40
Length at load-line.....	234	0.94
Beam.....	53	8.38
Height between decks.....	6	8.72
Height of lower port sill.....	7	2.63
Depth of hold.....	26	9.34
Deep-load draft.....	25	3
Immersed cross section, sq. ft. 1063.48		
Displacement.....tons	5050	
Diameter of cylinders.....	8	2.45
Length of stroke.....	5	3.06
Diameter of propeller....(4 bladed)	19	0.70
Pitch “ “(mean)	27	11

She has eight boilers, each having five furnaces, consuming, at full speed, (12.14 knots,) 143 tons of coal per day, for which she stows five days' supply. The boilers and engines occupy eighty-two feet in the length of the ship.

The trial of this ship has established the practicability of adapting a propeller to a ship of the largest class, so as to insure great speed, and constitute a most effective man-of-war for certain purposes and in certain situations; but when the great weight of the engines is considered, and the large space they occupy in the vessel,—thereby diminishing the stowage of supplies,—and further, that, after the coal is exhausted, the ninety-gun ship has but the sail of a sixty-gun ship to rely upon, it is not easy to avoid the conclusion, that, however useful such a vessel may be for short passages,* and in those seas in which her supplies of coal and

provisions may be constantly replenished, her sphere of action must be very limited, and she could not be relied upon for the long cruises and various services on which an ordinary line-of-battle ship is employed.

A ship constructed on the plan of the *Napoléon*, for the sake of gaining a speed of twelve knots per hour for the distance of about two thousand two hundred miles, is compelled to sacrifice a great part of her efficiency in several most important particulars.

In time of war, at short distances from port, for the defence of bays or harbors or the Florida channel, for the speedy transport of troops to an adjacent coast, or to force a blockade, such a vessel would undoubtedly be a most valuable addition to our navy: but her employment must necessarily be confined to such circumstances and such situations; for should she unluckily fall in with an enemy's squadron, with her coal expended, or her machinery rendered useless by any of the numerous accidents to which steam-machinery is so constantly exposed, with her comparatively light rig, and want of stability in consequence of losing so great a weight of coals, she would hardly prove a very formidable opponent.

Therefore, while admitting the importance and necessity of providing for special service a small class of fast, full-powered steamers, it is submitted that the auxiliary screw-steamer is the description of ship to which the largest and best consideration should be devoted; for to the nation possessing the most efficient fleet of such vessels must belong the dominion of the sea. And while their cost is counted, let it at the same time be remembered that their value can be estimated only by the character of the service they may render, and that their capacity for aggression abroad makes them the best defence at home.

Having briefly referred to the various views entertained in regard to the steam-power with which the navy should be

* For debarking a regiment or two of Zouaves on the shores of the Adriatic or upon the coast of Ireland.

furnished, it will be seen that a difference of opinion on this important subject may most reasonably be entertained.

None can doubt the advantages of celerity to a man-of-war, yet many believe it would be too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of space to such an extent as would require supplies to be often replenished; as this necessity would in war confine the operations of the navy to our own shores.

On the other hand, it is admitted, that, without high speed, a ship of war cannot exercise many of her most important functions,—that she can neither choose an engagement, protect a convoy, nor enforce a blockade.

The best experience affirms the policy of giving to our cruisers as large steam-power as is consistent with a due development of all other warlike qualities; for what would avail the superior armament of a ship, if the option of fighting or flying remain with her adversary, which must be the case when the latter commands higher speed? The introduction of improved ordnance, throwing heavy shells with great precision at long ranges, gives increased importance to celerity; for in any future fleet-fight, victory should belong to that flag having at command a steam-squadron of superior speed, which may thereby be concentrated upon any point without having been long under fire.

May not the command of a maximum speed of thirteen knots be obtained from the machinery now employed for a maximum speed of ten knots? It evidently may, and with great economy, too, by the simple introduction of artificial draft, and the use of steam of higher pressure, when requiring the highest speed. At present, in our men-of-war, the boilers are proportioned for natural draft, burning about twelve pounds of coal per square foot of grate per hour, and for a steam-pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch. If, then, the boilers be proportioned to burn at the maximum, with blowers, say twenty-two pounds of coal to the square foot of grate, and to gen-

erate steam of forty pounds to the square inch, we shall double the power developed by the machinery, and consequently derive from it the same speed that could be attained without blowers from double the machinery; while the natural draft and the usual pressure of fifteen pounds would give sufficient speed for ordinary service. The inconvenience of the higher pressure with blowers could well be endured for the short and occasional periods during which they would be required.

To create a perfect screw-frigate, a ship with sail-power complete, and efficient for any service that may be required, the endeavor should be made—by getting rid of every dispensable article of weight or bulk, and without reducing supplies below three months' provisions and six weeks' water—to find space and displacement for an engine of sufficient force to drive her thirteen knots an hour, together with at least ten days' full consumption of fuel; and this, it is believed, might be successfully accomplished in ships of the dimensions of the *Wabash*, beginning with a judicious reduction of spare spars, spare sails, and spare gear, and by the addition of blowers to their present machinery: a subject which should immediately receive the earnest consideration of a commission of the most intelligent officers.

Having fixed upon the proportions of hull and spars, the form of propeller, and the plan of engine, a cautious discrimination should be exercised in multiplying the types of either. Besides economy, many other advantages would flow from a judicious regard to similarity in build; as it would permit us to relieve our ships of many of the spare spars with which they are incumbered, and we should probably not again hear of suspending the operations of a frigate thousands of miles away, until a crank or rod could be sent to her; because, when ships of the same class are cruising together, by a careful distribution of spare spars and machinery among them, it is hardly probable that damage would be sustained, or loss of spars or "break down" occur,

which might not be remedied by the resources of the squadron.

On the other hand, this system must not be carried to a Chinese extreme, lest we follow too long a false direction,—thus losing the advantage of improvements constantly being made. For such

is the change in all things pertaining to maritime war, that neither model of hull, plan of engine, nor mould of ordnance is best, unless of the latest creation. True progress will be most judiciously sought in not departing too suddenly and widely from the established order.

WHITE MICE.

A GREAT many circumstances led me to decide on leaving the convenient boarding-house of Mrs. Silvernail: a house correctly described as containing several “modern improvements”: improperly, as being “in the immediate vicinity of all the places of public amusement.” For, as the Central Park of New York is a place of public amusement, so likewise is Barnum’s Museum; and these two places being at a distance of about five miles from each other, how could any one house be in the immediate vicinity of both? But it was not upon this incompatibility that any of my objections were founded.

If I have a prejudice, it is against being talked *at* instead of *to*. Now Mrs. Silvernail, who, like the katydid of the poplar-tree, if small, was shrill, had a way of conveying instructions to her boarders by means of parables ostensibly directed at Catharine, the tall Irish serving-maid, but in reality meant for the ear of the obnoxious boarder who had lately transgressed some important statute of the house, made and provided to meet a case or cases.

A landing-place on the stairs was usually the platform selected for the delivery of a monologue, in which Catharine was always assumed to be the person addressed; although I have known instances in which that “excellent wench” was, at the time of being so conferred with, in the grocery at the corner, about half a block distant, as I could see from the

window where I sat and viewed her protracting her doorway dalliance with Jeremiah Tomaters, the grocer’s efficient young man.

“Catharine,” my landlady would say in a loudish whisper, close by a malefactor’s chamber-door, and probably when Catharine was yet far down the street,—“Catharine, who let the water in the bathroom run over just now? If the slippers he left behind him a’n’t Mr. Jennings’s, I declare! Boarders must be warned an’ watched, elseways we shall hev all in the house afloat, ‘cepting the stoves an’ flat-irons, by-’n’-by. Somebody at Mrs. Moyler’s acted so, and the house was like a roarin’ sea, with the baby adrift in his little cradle, and the roaches a-swimmin’ round. Oh, dear!”

Now Mr. Jennings was the serious boarder, who lodged in the room just over mine: a man who, from general indications, had never had a bath in his life; certainly he had never troubled the waters in that house. I was the supposed delinquent, and at me the parable was levelled.

“Catharine, whose pass-key was that you found in the door? It’s a mussy we wasn’t all a-murdered and a-plundered in cold blood, by the light o’ the moon! Mr. Jennings’s night-key it must have been, to be sure! Boarders must be warned and watched. When Mrs. Toyler’s nephew’s night-key was found in the door of Number Forty-Seven, the boarders all went off at daylight in an omni-

bus, takin' away custom and character from the house forever."

Now Mr. Jennings, the serious boarder, was always in bed and asleep long before latch-key time came round; and even supposing he ever *had* let himself in by means of that mischievous little convenience, he would as soon have thought of taking the door up to bed with him as of leaving the key in it. The parable was intended for the hearing of a young man who occupied the room opposite mine, and who, being connected with clubs, came home nobody ever knew when or in what condition, but had red eyes o' mornings and a general odor of the convivial kind.

Then, again, Mrs. Silvernail had a way of being always about the doors of the rooms, and a faculty, as I thought, of hovering near several of them at one and the same moment. There are men who will turn the least promising circumstance to advantage,—even that of being listened at through a keyhole, while they discourse to themselves about affairs connected with their most cherished and secret designs. One Captain Dunnitt, who lived in the house before I came, adroitly made his account of this eavesdropping propensity of the landlady, by settling his weekly bill with a silver-mounted pistol, instead of the dollars justly due. He had been a tragedian as well as a captain, and was saturated with Shakspeare and other bards to a far greater amount than with money; and when his week came round, he used to stride up and down his room with much gnashing of teeth and other stage indications of distress, finally settling down into a chair before the table, on which he would place and replace a packet of letters and a wisp of unromantic-looking hair. Then he would take the little silver pistol from his breast, and, after the usual soliloquy of "To be or not to be," or something equally to the purpose, would point it at his temples just as the landlady came bursting into the room, begging him for all sakes not to "ruin the character of her second-best room, and the walls newly painted at

that!" Remorse would then double up the manly form of Captain Dunnitt, who would fall on his knees before the landlady,—“his benefactress! his better angel!”—and then arrangements would be entered into by which he was not to commit suicide for the present, but could avail himself of the landlady's indulgence and wait for “that remittance,” which was always coming, but which never came.

But there were more serious objections, even than a landlady of shrill parables and an inquiring turn of mind, to my prolonging the delights of a residence at the first-class boarding-house of Mrs. Silvernail. Not the least of these was the fact of its *being* a boarding-house,—a community. In such communities, from the inevitable intercourse over the social board, your circle of acquaintance is always liable to be extended rather than improved. In them there is no escape from the disinterested offers of those who would be your perpetual friends. I am still under lasting obligations to a man who, at a boarding-house in which I sojourned for but three days, forced on me a pipeful of an extremely choice and luxurious kind of tobacco, to dilate on the properties of which he came and smoked about a quarter of a pound of it in my room that very evening, and far on into the morning light. His goodness is the more impressed upon my memory, because, on the same occasion, he drank the greater part of the contents of a large willow-bound bottle of old St. Croix rum, which I had just received from a friend who had imported it direct. Then, in boarding-house communities, one's magnetism is as much at fault as that of a ship sailing up a river whose rock-bound shores are impregnated with iron elements. I knew a man who was overmagnetized to the extent of matrimony by the lady of the house,—a widow, and a shrew. He hated, or at least professed to hate her, and had ridiculous stories about her to no end; but she married him, and he still lives. Another, of a rather unsociable turn, rejected the proffered civilities of all his fellow-board-

ers who ever came to offer him rations of curious tobacco or to assist him in performing a libation of old and valuable Hollands. The only one of the party to whom he ever "cottoned" was the latest comer, a smoothed-out, blandulose kind of man, who smoked up all his cunning cigars, made sad havoc among his Hollanders of gin, departed from that house in an unexpected manner and his friend's best trousers, in the pockets of which he had bestowed that friend's rarest gems and gold, and is now serving out a term allotted to him in the State Prison, in recognition of the remarkable abilities displayed by him in the character of what the police call a "confidence man."

And yet there are more objectionable boarding-house acquaintances than people who insist upon sharing with you their friendship, be they "confidence men" or not. I suppose we may allow, in these advanced times, that it is something like magnetism which decides the question of affinity and its reverse. But, in granting this, I will take the liberty of observing that external and palpable facts have a considerable effect in directing the currents of magnetism. For example, and to adopt the language of scientific men, the insignificant circumstance of a person habituating himself to the partial deglutition of his knife, while partaking of food, may produce antipathetic emotions on the part of others, whom prejudice or superstition has led to regard the knife as an article designed for cutting only. This kind of outrage I allude to merely for the purpose of illustrating a case. In first-class boarding-houses, like that of Mrs. Silvernail, such rusticities have long since become traditional, and of the things that have passed away; and, indeed, so particular was that lady with regard to her knives, that, had a boarder swallowed even a part of one, he would undoubtedly have heard the deed alluded to through the keyhole of his chamber-door on the following day, in the form of a parable having for its hero the justified Mr. Jennings, our serious young man.

If external and palpable circumstances, then, are admitted to have a decided effect upon streams of magnetism, I suppose we may assume that they have also a certain power of determining impressions by themselves, without the intervention of any of the more subtle agencies whatever. The granting of this postulate will put me on quite easy terms with regard to the very positive objection entertained by me towards a certain Mr. Désolé Arcubus, who, by provision of an immutable Medo-Persic edict promulgated by Mrs. Silvernail, occupied the chair next mine at the first-rate table of that rigid expounder of boarding-house law.

Mr. Désolé Arcubus, a young man of some three or four and twenty, had no special nationality about him from which one could guess how he came by his rather uncommon names. He was reputed to be learned, particularly in the modern languages; had a profusion of long, wild hair of a greenish-drab hue, which matched his complexion exactly,—this prevalent tint being infused also into the *cornea* or "white" of his eye,—and, in physical proportions, was of weedy and unwholesome growth. He was not a young man of cheerful disposition. On the contrary, his deportment at table, where alone his fellow-boarders had any opportunity of observing him, was such as to induce a very general belief that his mind must have been affected by some terrible calamity; and his presence, indeed, was looked upon as undesirable by many of the guests, whose health had begun to suffer seriously from the manner in which Arcubus used to groan between his instalments of food. Sometimes, in the interval between the soup and the solids, he would lean his elbows upon the table, and, burying his face in his hands, so that his long, sad hair swept the board, would abandon himself for a brief space to private despondency, until the boiled leg of mutton brought with it a necessity for renewed action.

Nor was the social feeling of distrust of this unhappy young man allayed when the party learned, through a boarder of

detective instincts, that Mr. Désolé Arcubus was an enthusiast in scientific pursuits, and that the "romance of a poor young man," as shadowed out by him, was no romance at all, but an unpleasant reality. Toxicology was the branch of science to which Mr. Arcubus had for some time past been devoting his mind. For fourteen hours a day he worked assiduously in the laboratory of an eminent analytical chemist, whose practice in connection with the coroner was of a flourishing and increasing kind, owing to the growing taste for suicide, and the preference given to poisons over any other means for accomplishing that irrevocable wrong. In this chamber of horrors,—a court of which the tests were the stern, incorruptible ordinances of Nature,—he had already gone steadily through a course which gave him a mastery over the secrets of the relative poisons, with which he laughed secretly now, and played as securely as a child might with a dog-rose of whose thorns he had been made aware. But of late, his haggard features, and the start with which he would wake into life when a guest haply plucked a flower from the bouquets on the table, or when the handmaiden came round to him with a dish of leguminous vegetables, could readily have been traced by a clairvoyant to associations connected with the ghastly belladonna and with the deadly bean of St. Ignatius the Martyr. For Mr. Arcubus had now arrived at the investigation of the positive poisons,—a fact which might have revealed itself to the man of science by the general narcotico-acrid expression into which he had settled down bodily; while the most casual observer might have gathered from his incoherent contributions to the table-talk that some noxious drug was envenoming the cup of his life.

He had a way of thinking aloud, and, as his thoughts always ran on the subject of his studies, the expression of them sometimes dovetailed curiously with the general conversation.

"Miss Rocket will not come down to dinner, poor thing!" said Mrs. Silvernail, in her choicest table-manner. "She has

lost her beautiful Angola kitten. It slipped into the glass globe, this morning, among the gold-fishes, and was drowned."

"Digested in water, several of its constituents are dissolved," said Mr. Arcubus, in a husky voice, looking wildly at the picture on his plate.

"You have a *spécialité* for puddings, I perceive, Madam," remarked a smiling old gentleman, a new-comer, addressing himself to the hostess; "may I ask now of what this very excellent one is composed?"

"Sulphate of lime, potash, oil, resin, extractive matter, gluten, *et cetera*, *et cetera*," put in Mr. Arcubus, still following out his train of thought.

"During the process of evaporation, a black substance is precipitated," continued he; and at that very moment, the small colored boy, running to pour out some water for the wild boarder, who had just arrived in an excited condition from a rowing match, caught his foot in the carpet, and came to the floor with a crash.

"Black oxide of Mercury, called *Ethiops per se*," pursued Mr. Arcubus, grappling with his tangled hair.

"Do just try a drop or two of this Hollands of mine in that iced water; it is positively dangerous to drink it so," said an attentive boarder to Mrs. Silvernail, who certainly *did* look warm.

"Absorbs oxygen readily, when brought to a red heat," said Mr. Arcubus, abstractedly, as he pulled at his long fingers and made their joints crack.

"Who is the tall lady who dined here yesterday with Miss Rocket, and talked so enthusiastically about woman's rights?" inquired the serious boarder of Mrs. Silvernail.

"Prepared by deflagration in a crucible, one part of nitre with two of powdered tartar," proceeded Mr. Arcubus.

"What do you think of that sample of mixed tobacco I gave you to try?" asked the wild boarder of another, whom Mrs. Silvernail used to speak of with fear and doubt.

"When heated, it readily sublimes in the form of a dense white vapor," said Mr. Arcubus, confidently, "disagreeably affecting the nose and eyes."

"I hope you are not going to bring another dog into the house, Mr. Puglock," remonstrated Mrs. Silvernail, addressing the wild boarder, to whose conversation she had been lending a sharp ear. "Re'lly now, I must restrict the number of dogs; we have three here already, I believe."

"There is a strong analogy between the virus injected into wounds made by the teeth of a rabid dog and that found in the poison-apparatus of venomous snakes," brought in Mr. Arcubus, diving his fork truculently into a ripe tomato.

This last observation of Mr. Arcubus, together with the fact that the blade of his knife had manifestly turned black, while all the other blades at table were as bright as silver, decided me. I packed up my portmanteau and writing-case that evening, and, having settled with my wondering landlady, to whom I accounted for my sudden departure by pleading expediency as to important affairs, took leave of that estimable widow, and drove away to a distant hotel, from which I sallied forth early next morning to look for lodgings,—furnished lodgings for single gentlemen, without board,—for against boarding-houses I had set my face forever.

A peculiar feature of life in lodgings in New York, as in other large cities, is the incomparable solitude attainable in that blessed state of deliverance from promiscuous "board." One may dwell for a twelvemonth in lodgings for single gentlemen, without incurring the obligation of knowing by sight, or even by name, the lodger who occupies the very room opposite to his, on the same landing. Fifty lodgers may have successively lived in those "apartments" during the twelve months, on the same terms of perfect isolation from one who would rather mind his own business than make any inquiries regarding theirs. And so it is, that, of all the stage-pieces which

have achieved popularity in our day, none is more faithful to the facts than the often-repeated one of "Box and Cox"; yet, but for the exigencies of the drama, which, of course, has for its principal object the development of a plot, there would have been no necessity whatever for bringing Box on a footing of acquaintance with Cox,—still less for attributing to either of them an idea of his landlady's name.

For several months I lived contentedly in the house selected by me, up one pair of stairs, in a room looking out into a busy street,—a street so narrow, that the trees at one side of it, whenever a reviving breeze brought with it a subject for greeting and congratulation, shook hands in quite a friendly manner with those at the other. To illustrate the isolation of a residence in these lodgings, I may as well state, that, during all the time of my sojourn there, I never arrived at the knowledge of my landlady's name. It was not graven upon the house-door, and, as a knowledge of it was of no immediate consequence to any of my occupations, nor likely to be, I never asked about it from the old woman who kept the rooms in order, and to whom I seldom spoke, except upon the weekly occasion of handing to her the amount due to the landlady, with whom I never had any interview after the day I agreed with her for the lodgings. I believe there was a landlord,—if that be the proper term to apply to a man who is the husband of a landlady, and nothing else. From my window I once observed a man who might have been the landlord, a man of subdued appearance, accompanying the lady of the house to church. Subsequently, as I came in one evening rather earlier than usual, the same person was leaning against the railings by the hall-door, smoking a cigar. He greeted me as I passed in, addressing me in an interrogative manner with one word, the only one I ever heard him utter, —

"Owasyerelthbin?"

To which, as I supposed him to be a foreigner, unacquainted with the English

tongue, I replied at random in the only word of German of which I happen to be master, —

“Yaw!”

And this was the only communication I ever had with people of the house, excepting occasional conversations with the dust-colored old woman who cleaned the windows and swept the floors; while, with regard to a dozen or two of lodgers who succeeded each other from time to time in the other disposable rooms of the house, I never saw one of them, nor was acquainted with them otherwise than by footstep, — and that rather infelicitously at one time, in the case of something which went either upon crutches or wooden legs, and which occupied the room immediately over mine. This was in charming contrast with life at Mrs. Silvernail's, in its freedom from parables, and from the uncared-for society of Miss Rocket's guests; likewise from that of the serious and vicious boarders, and above all of the poisonous young man.

A day came for cleaning my windows, and, as it rained heavily, I could not give the old woman a clear stage by going out for a couple of hours, but told her to clean away and be as lively as she could, while I sat there and wrote. Lodgers, she told me, as she polished up the brightening panes, came and went week after week, so fast that she forgot one when another came, and never knew any of their names. She had an eye for character, though, and told me the peculiarities of some of them in a quaint way, nailing her sentences, now and then, with odd, hard words, put in independently of the general text.

“And who lives in the room just under mine? Somebody who raises plants, I see,—unless the green things on the balcony belong to the house.”

“A gentleman as keeps emself quite to emself. Lonesome and friendless, I reckon, for he looks but poorly. Plants out queer sasses in boxes all the time, and some of 'em on the balcoany itself. Guess he makes kinder tea of 'em, or root-drink. Decoctifies.”

“And who in the room opposite, on this floor?”

“Empty now. Two dark-featured little gentlemen had it for a fortnight, — Jews, I reckon,—and as like one another as two spots of dirt on this 'ere pane of glass. Spoke a hard-biled kind of tongue, and was furriners, I guess. Polyanders.”

The vacant room would just suit De Vonville, who had arrived a few days before from abroad. I told him of it, and he came in the next day, bag and baggage, a portion of which latter was curious and uncommon.

De Vonville, with whom I had lived in lodgings two or three years previously, was a Belgian and a *savant*, and a man of rare companionable qualities besides. Professionally, I believe, he called himself a naturalist. He had already roamed over the greater part of America, North and South, investigating the mysteries of Nature, especially of the animal kingdom, and contributing, as he went, many specimens of rare animals to the principal collections of Europe. His latest adventures took him through Africa and the East, whence he brought to New York a number of living creatures of many species, all of which, however, he had shipped for Havre before I met him, with the exception of two or three of the least disreputable kinds, which he meant to keep about him as pets. The most valued of these treasures were a small animal called a Mangouste, and a cage containing a family of white mice.

These white mice were greatly prized by De Vonville, on account of the rare manner in which they were marked, their paws and muzzles being of a perfect jet black. They were quite tame and familiar; but, on the approach of a cat, or any other cause for alarm, the whole family would concentrate their energies in a very remarkable way into one piercing squeak.

The Mangouste, an animal somewhat resembling a ferret, but more nearly allied to the Nilotic ichneumon of Egypt, was a marvellously lithe and active little creature, perfectly tame, and coming as

readily as a dog to his name, "Mungo," except when overfed, when he would sleep sometimes for hours, rolled up at the bottom of his cage, or in some dark corner of the room. There were personal reminiscences connected with Mungo which rendered him particularly valuable to De Vonville, whom he had often saved from the stings of the noxious vermin to be encountered by those who dwell in tents. His instinct was for creeping things, though he looked as if he could have dined contentedly on a brace of white mice. One piece of mischief he committed, during the few days he was allowed to run about the rooms: he gnawed holes at the bottom of all the doors, through which he could let himself in and out. He used to lie in the sun, on my table, as I sat reading; and was generally companionable and trustworthy, notwithstanding his insidious look.

Seeing the interest I took in his small menagerie, De Vonville begged me to undertake the superintendence of it, on his being called away for a brief tour to Baltimore and elsewhere, in pursuance of an engagement to deliver a course of traveller's tales. Numerous were the directions I had from him as to the diet and general treatment most congenial to the constitutions of white mice; and there was implicit confidence expressed, that, for safety, the Mangouste should be kept strictly confined to his cage. There were parrots to be looked after, also, including an extremely vituperative old macaw, any verbal communication with whom laid the advancing party open to all manner of insult and oburgation.

The very first day of my menagerial experience, the Mangouste got out of his cage while I was feeding him, and glided away into dark nooks and garrets unknown. I failed of recovering him by a stalking process among the giddy passes of the upper stairs; nor did he return that day to my often-repeated call; for I vociferated at intervals throughout the day the word "Mungo!" in a manner that must have led the mysterious inhabitants of that silent house to the con-

clusion that I was a spiritual medium, inviting revelations from the shade of the mighty Park.

A hot, clammy night. No balmy essences arise from the kennels of this hollow street in which I live; whatever comes from that quarter must be malarious, if anything. The windows are thrown open as far as they were made to be thrown, and I get as far out of one of them as I safely can, by tilting my chair back, and extending my legs out into that undefined everywhere called the wide, wide world. The only newspaper within reach of my hand is one I have already looked over, but I glance at it again, reading backwards from the end an account of a terrible poisoning case lately brought to light in England, which I had already read forwards from the beginning. Throwing it away from me in disgust, I reach out my other hand for a book. The one I lay hold of is "Laurel-Water," the melancholy drama of Sir Theodosius Boughton by insidious poisoner killed. I dashed it away, backwards, over my head, and, turning off the gas, abandoned myself to the strange influences that breathed hotly upon me from the clammy vegetation festering in the ropy night-air.

Why do civic wood-rangers choose the aiantus-tree for a bouquet-holder to the close-pent inhabitants of towns? Nothing can be more graceful, certainly, than the ellipses arched by the boughs from its taper stem. Few contrivances more umbrageous than the combination of its long, feathery foliations into its perfection of a parasol. But there are times in the dank, hot nights of midsummer, when the aiantus is but a diluted upas-antiar of Macassar, tainting, albeit with no deadly essence, the muggy air that rocks its slumbering branches and rolls away thence along the parapets and in at the windows of the sleepers. Dead-horse chestnut it might reasonably be called, because of its heavy, carrion smell, which, under the influences of a July night, is but too perceptible to the dwellers of streets where it abides.

The tree at my window was an ailantus, of stately dimensions, and bounteous in a proportionate enormity of smell; yet it had never before affected me so much as on this night, when I lay dozing in the ghastly gloom. Sleep must have overcome me, for I had a troublous dream or vision of which Poison was the predominant nightmare,—a dream and slumber broken by the convulsive sensation which roused me up as I endeavored in imagination to swallow at one draught the contents of a metal tankard of half-and-half—half laurel-water, and half decoction of henbane—handed to me on a leaden salver by a demon-waiter, with a sprig of hemlock in the third buttonhole of his coat. This Lethean influence could hardly be that of the ailantus-tree alone. What of the plants on the balcony beneath,—the strange, rooty coilers which the mysterious planter sedulously fosters at the glooming of dusk, with a weird watering-pot held forth in a fawn-colored hand?

In a particular condition of the nerves,—say, when a man feels “shaky,”—it takes but little to convince him that anything which may possibly not be all right is to a moral certainty all wrong. To sleep another night in that room, with the windows open,—and who would shut his windows in July?—directly exposed to the exhalations of a rising forest of upas-antiars of Macassar, nurtured by the unwholesome hand of a mysterious vegetarian for purposes unavowed, was no longer to be thought of. De Vonville’s room, which was at the back of the house, and had no fuming ailantus by its windows on which to browse nightmares of skunkish flavor, afforded a better climate for a night’s rest, notwithstanding the singular ideas which these travelled men, especially naturalists, have of comfort, in a civilized sense. He invariably slept on the floor, converting his room, indeed, into the general semblance of a tent, by divesting it of all the appliances dear to a Christian gentleman, and one who loves to repose as such. Yet there was comparative freshness in that

tent-like apartment, as I entered it that night, shutting the door of mine after me, to prevent ailantus and upas-antiars from following in my wake. The little beasts were all sleeping tranquilly in their cages, and the birds on their perches rested quietly, too,—excepting the old macaw, who cursed me in his sleep, as I lit up the gas. But the Mangouste had not returned, nor did I quite regret his absence for the present; because, although highly approving of the culture of four-footed beasts, be they large or small, I have a prejudice against having my jugular vein breathed, at midnight, by small animals of the weasel tribe,—an act of which Mungo, probably, would have been incapable. His relations *will* do such things, however, and newspapers recording appalling instances of it may be found.

Shutting the door, I turned the gas down to a mere spark, and stretched my weary limbs on the mat which served the travelled man for a bed, drawing over me a gauze-like fabric, which, I suppose, answers in tropical countries all the purposes of the more voluminous “bed-clothes” of ours. Sleep soon came upon me,—a heavy, but unquiet sleep, in which the same influences haunted me as those I felt when slumbering at the window. The malaria from the trees was there, and the planter of the balcony watering henbane and hellebore with boiling aquafortis; likewise the demon-waiter, with his leaden salver and poisoned tankard, wearing an ophidian smile on his features and a fresh sprig of hemlock in his third buttonhole.

How long I slept thus I know not. Once I had a vague sense of the Mangouste gliding across me, but it was only part of a dream; and it was still night, black and awful, when I started up in good earnest, at a piercing shriek from the united family of white mice, whose cage stood upon a low stand, about two yards to the right of where I lay.

The sound which followed this was one which the man is not likely to forget who has once heard it,—whether beneath his foot, as he steps upon the moss-grown

log in the rank cedar-swamp, or under his hand, when about to grasp with it a ledge of the rocks among which he is clambering, unknowing of the serpent's dens. With clenched teeth, and hair that rustled like the sedge-grass, I rose and woke up the obedient gas, which flashed tremulously on the scales of an enormous rattlesnake coiled round the mice's cage, tightening his folds as he whizzed his infernal warning, and darting out his lightning tongue with baffled fury at the trembling group in the middle of the cage. 'This I saw by the first flash. Grasping a sword from among the weapons with which the walls were studded, I made a pass to sever the monster; but the Mangouste was quicker than I, as he darted upon the coils of the serpent, which, in a moment, fell heavily to the floor, a writhing, headless mass.

In the heavy dreams which haunted me during the sleep from which I had just been roused, I had a vision of the planter of the balcony with a snake coiled round his naked arm. Who so dull as to require an interpreter for such plain speakings? Rushing down-stairs, I burst open the door of that person's room with one kick, and there, in the middle of the floor, half-dressed and bending over a censer of red-hot charcoal, knelt Mr. Désolé Arcubus, the poison-man of Mrs. Silvernail's boarding-house. His features were collapsed and livid, and he held his left arm, which was much swollen and discolored, close over the red-hot coals, basting it wildly, the while, with ladlefuls of some hot liquid, while he crammed into his mouth, at intervals, a handful of herb-fodder of some kind from a salad-bowl on the floor beside him. He was rapidly growing faint and sinking, but indicated his wishes by signs, and one of several strangers who now entered the room continued the fomenting treatment, while another ran for medical assistance.

There was an open letter on the table, which I had no hesitation in reading, when I saw at a glance that it threw

light on the matter. The following is an exact copy of it:—

"Hollow Rock ——— County. N. Y.
17 Jewly. 18—

MR. HARKABUS

dear Sir.

a cording to promis i send the sneak by Xpress. He is the Largest and wust Sneak we have ketched in these parts. Bit a cow wich died in 2.40 likeways her calf of fright. Hope the sneak weed growed up strong and harty. By eting and drinking of that wede the greatest sneak has no power. Smeling of it a loan will cure a small sneak ader or the like. I go in upon the dens tomorrow and if we find any Pufing Aders will Xpres them to you per Xpress.

Yr. oblgd. servt.
SILENUS CLUCK."

Here was the whole story in a nutshell. For his experiments in septic poisons, Mr. Arcubus had hired this apartment, with its convenient balcony for the cultivation of his antidotes. Having prepared his decoctions, he had this night caused himself to be bitten by the snake, which, disgusted probably at its services being then rudely dispensed with, had followed its guiding instinct up to the room where the animals were, making its way through the holes nibbled by the Mangouste underneath the doors. A cold shudder seized me when I guessed the reality of the sense of something gliding over me in the night. The hunger of the reptile had steered him straight to the cage of the mice, whose cry of agony at the presence of the great enemy of mouse-kind had fortunately roused me from my lethargy,—for the rattle of the snake is but a drowsy sound, and will not awaken the sleeper. How the Mangouste came to appear on the scene at the nick of time, I know not. He might have come in at the open window, or possibly had been sleeping, since I missed him, among the trappings and traveller's gear with which the room was lumbered.

And these were the delights of lodg-

ings,—of lodgings without board! And who could see the end of it all?—for, if snake-poison lurked on the stairs, probably hydrophobia was tied up in the cupboard. Brief time I expended in making my arrangements to quit, having first seen Mr. Arcubus carted away to a hospital, where by skilful treatment he slowly recovered. For the Mangouste and the mice, the parrots and the blasphemous macaw, I engaged temporary board and lodging with a bird-and-rabbit man in the neighborhood, telegraphing De Vonville that I had departed from lodgings forever,—lodgings for single gentlemen, without board.

But, on leaving the house, I did not forget the dust-colored old woman, whose last words to me, as I tipped her with a gratuity, were oracular:—“Forty long

years and more have I lived in lodgin'-houses and never before seen a sarpint. It behooves all on us, now, to be watchful for what may be coming next, and wakeful. Circumspectangular.”

I live in a hotel now, a very noisy life, and fearfully expensive. “But what do you wish, my friend?” as the French say, in their peculiar idiom. Believing in the ancient Egyptians, who worshipped the Nilotic ichneumon, I have privately canonized his cousin, the Mangouste, by the style and title of St. Mun-go; and if ever surplus funds are discovered to my credit in any solvent bank, at present unknown to me, I will certainly devote a moiety of them to the foundation of a neat row of alms-cages, for the reception of decayed members of the family of White Mice.

FOR CHRISTIE'S SAKE.

UPON us falls the shadow of night,
And darkened is our day:
My love will greet the morning light
Four hundred miles away.
God love her, torn so swift and far
From hearts so like to break!
And God love all who are good to her,
For Christie's sake!

I know, whatever spot of ground
In any land we tread,
I know the Eternal Arms are round,
That heaven is overhead;
And faith the mourning heart will heal,
But many fears will make
Our spirits faint, our fond hearts kneel,
For Christie's sake.

Good bye, dear! be they kind to you,
As though you were their ain!
My daisy opens to the dew,
But shuts against the rain.

Never will new moon glad our eyes
But offerings we shall make
To old God Wish, and prayers will rise
For Christie's sake.

Four years ago we struck our tent ;
O'er homeless babes we yearned ;
Our all — three darlings — with us went,
But only two returned !
While life yet bleeds into her grave,
Love ventures one more stake ;
Hush, hush, poor hearts ! if big, be brave,
For Christie's sake !

Like crown to most ambitious brows
Was Christie to us given,
To make our home a holy house
And nursery of heaven.
Oh, softer was her bed of rest
Than lily's on the lake !
Peace filled so deep each billowy breast,
For Christie's sake !

To music played by harps and hands
Invisible were we drawn
O'er charmed seas, through faëry lands,
Under a clearer dawn :
We entered our new world of love
With blessings in our wake,
While prospering heavens smiled above,
For Christie's sake.

We gazed with proud eyes luminous
On such a gift of grace, —
All heaven narrowed down to us
In one dear little face !
And many a pang we felt, dear wife,
With hurt of heart and ache
All shut within like clasping knife,
For Christie's sake.

I would no tears might e'er run down
Her patient face, beside
Such happy pearls of heart as crown
Young mother, new-made bride !
For 'tis a face that, looking up
To passing heaven, might make
An angel stop, a blessing drop,
For Christie's sake.

If Love in that child's heart of hers
Should breathe and break its calm,

With trouble sweet as that which stirs
The brooding buds of balm, —
Listening at ear of peeping pearl,
Glistening in eyes that shake
Their sweet dew down, — God bless our girl,
For Christie's sake !

But, Father, if our babe must mourn,
Be merciful and kind !
And if our gentle lamb be shorn,
Attenuate thou the wind !
Across the Deluge guide our Dove,
And to thy bosom take
With arm of love, and shield above,
For Christie's sake !

We have had sorrows many and strange :
Poor Christie ! when I'm gone,
Some of my words will weirdly change,
If she read sadly on !
Lightnings, from what was dark of old,
With meanings strange will break
Of sorrows hid or dimly told,
For Christie's sake.

Wife, we should still try hard to win
The best for our dear child,
And keep a resting-place within,
When all without grows wild :
As on the winter graves the snow
Falls softly, flake by flake,
Our love should whitely clothe our woe,
For Christie's sake.

For one will wake at midnight drear
From out a dream of death,
And find no dear head pillowed near,
No sound of peaceful breath !
May no weak wailing words arise,
No bitter thoughts awake
To see the tears in Memory's eyes :
For Christie's sake !

And There, where many crownless kings
Of earth a crown shall wear,
The martyrs who have borne the pangs
Their palm at last shall bear, —
When with our lily pure of sin
Our heavenward way we take,
There may we walk with welcome in,
For Christie's sake !

THE NURSERY BLARNEY-STONE.

WHERE is it kept? We have often longed for a sight of that precious bit of *aërolite*, that talismanic moon-stone and bewildering boulder, to which the lips of all devoted to infantile education must be religiously pressed.

In vain have we searched in the closet, where the headless dolls and tailless horses, the collapsed drum and the torn primer, are put away. We have privately climbed to the summit of the clothes-press, we have surreptitiously invaded the nurse's own private work-basket, lured by disappointing lumps of wax and fragments of rhubarb-root; but we did not find it. We believe in its existence none the less. Real as the coronation-stone of the Scottish kings now in Westminster Abbey, as the Caaba at Mecca, as the loadstone mountain against which dear old Sinbad was wrecked, as the meteor which fell into the State of Connecticut and the volcanic island which rose out of the Straits of Messina, as the rock of Plymouth, or the philosopher's stone, —yet we have sought in vain for it, and only know of it as of the Great Carbuncle, by the light it sheds.

"Pray, my good Sir," ask legions of fond parents, "what do you mean? Is it Dalby's Carminative, Daffy's Elixir, Brown's Syrup of Squills, or White's Magnetic Mixture? Is it of the soothing or the coercing system? a substitute for lollipops or for birch? rock candy or rock the cradle?"

"Look" not "into your heart," responds our Muse, but into your nursery, and write!

We invite a general review of all infantry divisions. We may be, for aught you know, Mrs. Ellis *incog.*, warning the mothers of America, as of yore the Cornelias of England. What is the Nursery Blarney-Stone? You have none in your own airy and southern-exposed first-pair-back, (*Nov-Anglicè*, "the keeping-room chamber;") where you daily water

and rake your young olive-sprouts? upon your word of honor, Madam, you have not? You never tell nursery-tales of ghosts or fairies; you have conscientiously stripped from the dark closet every vestige of a legend; you have permitted juvenile inspection of the chimney, to prove that Santa Claus could not descend its sooty flue without grievous nigritude of the anticipated doll's frock, and have logically appealed to Miss Bran Beeswax's satin silveriness in proof of the non-existence of the saint beloved of Christmas-tide. Nay, more, you tell us you have actually invited inspection of the overnight process of filling the stockings, (you brute!) and you appropriately label each gift, "From Papa," "From Uncle Edward," "From Sister Kate," "From dear Mamma," lest a figment of the supernatural untruth should linger in the infantile brain. The "Arabian Nights" (and "Arabian Days") "Entertainments" are on your *Index Expurgatorius*. You have banned Bluebeard, and treated Red Ridinghood as no better than the Bonnet Rouge of domestic Jacobinism.

You are a model mother, with whom even the late Mr. Gradgrind might be satisfied. "Truth, crushed to earth" by the whole race of nurses of the good old time, rises again triumphant at your hearth-stone. Then answer us, — Why did you tell your little ones to-night, as the sparrows were making an unusually loquacious preparation for their dormitories, that the little birds were singing their evening hymns, and exhort, thereupon, your unwilling nestlings to a rival performance of the verses of Dr. Watts? You ought to be prepared to explain, also, for the benefit of any sucking Socrates, why it is that these feathered choristers have their "revival seasons," and are terrible backsliders during the moulting period. When you looked out of the nursery-window, into the poultry-yard,

and heard the noisy confabulation of the motherly hens and pert pullets, you should be prepared to state upon what theological principles it is that psalmody is not the wont of the Gallinaceæ. Are the Biddies given over to a reprobate mind, because you don't happen to like their vocalization? Is it only the Piccolomini and Linds of the feathered kingdom who have a right to practise sacred music?

And how about that other stupendous fiction of the harvest-moon? Tell us, since you are voluntarily in the confessional, tell us why you kept back that explanation of its dependence on the Precession of the Equinoxes, which, at Professor Cram's finishing examination, in your school-girl days, you so glibly recited before your admiring papa and mamma? Do you really believe that the solar and stellar system was arranged to accommodate "the reapers reaping early" of the little island of Great Britain?

We think you said angels! When little Isabel Montgomery, with her long, sunny curls, and sweet, blue eyes, was taken away, you made a very touching application of her decease, to illustrate what all good people were to become in the unknown world. How did you get out of the scrape which followed the remark of your downright eldest, remembering also the departure of a good-natured, obese, elderly neighbor,—“Then I thpothe Mithter Thimmonth ith a big angel”? So he probably is; but Simmons's two hundred pounds of earthliness did not suit your sentimentality quite as readily as the little fairy who always wore such clean pantalets and never tore her pretty white frocks in a game of romps. Is beatification dependent upon the platform-balance? and what amount of flesh will turn the scale in favor of the *Avvocato del Diavolo*?

Once upon a time, a little boy was allowed to ramble in the woods. Being an adventurous little boy, he saw and coveted, and also conquered, (in the good old English sense of the word,) a pretty bird's-nest and its contents, to wit, sev-

eral shiny, speckled eggs. He brought them home for triumphant display. He set them out upon the drawing-room table, and called a family conclave to admire and exult. What was the surprise and grief of the infant Catiline, to find himself received, not with applause, but horror! He was accused of robbery, was threatened with Solomonic penalties, was finally condemned to penance at a side-table upon dry bread and water, while his innocent brothers and sisters were regaling upon chickens and custards. He was edified over his scanty meal by melting descriptions of the mother-bird returning to the desolated home, of her positive sorrow and her probable pining to death. And the same little boy, looking out through the prison-bars of the nursery-window, saw his mother take by the hand his weeping sister (much cast down by the fraternal wickedness) and lead her to the nest of another mother-bird, and then and there encourage her to perform the same act of spoliation. True, the eggs were not speckled and small, but of a very pretty white, and quite a handful for the juvenile fingers. But the bereaved “parient” was not slender and active,—in fact, was rather a tame, confiding, dumpy and dull, pepper-and-salt-colored dame. Her complaints were not touching, but rather ludicrous,—so much so, indeed, as to suggest to the human hen-bird that “Biddy was laughing to think what a nice breakfast little Carrie would have off her nice eggs!” The young Trenck, from aloft beholding, could not but stumble upon certain “glittering generalities,” as, that “eggs was eggs,” and that the return of them on the fowl's part, in consideration of an advance of corn, was not altogether a voluntary barter,—quite, in short, after the pattern of Coolie apprenticeship. And thus the high moral lesson of the morning was sadly shaken. Of course this boy did not belong to any of the model mammas, for whom we are writing.

A large fragment of the Nursery Blarney-Stone has been made over, to have and to hold, to the writers of the Chil-

dren's Astor-Place Library. We yawn over poetical justice in novels, and only tolerate it as an amusing absurdity in genteel comedy, for the sake of getting the curtain rapidly down over the benedictory guardian and the virtue-rewarded fair, who are impatient themselves to be off to a very different distribution of cakes and ale. We know that the hero and the heroine walk complacently away in the company of the dejected villain to wash off their rouge and burnt cork, and experience the practical domestic felicity which is ordered for them on the same principles as for us who sit in the pit and applaud. If it were not so, and if we did not know it to be so, and if we did not know that they know that we know it, we should perhaps feel very differently.

Why must we, then, be conscientiously constrained to mark out such a very different plan for our children at home? Why is the life of little boys and girls in books always pictured on the foot-lights pattern? We remember that we were of those good little boys and girls,—quite as good as that one who saved his penies for the missionary-box, or that other who hemmed a tiny pocket-handkerchief against the nasal needs of a forlorn infant in Burmah; but we don't remember ever (then or since) to have encountered any of those delightful (and strong-minded) mothers or those sensible and always well-informed fathers of whom we read. Neither in our own particularly pleasant home, nor in any where we went, (at three, P. M., to take an early tea with preparatory barmecidal rehearsals on doll's china,) did we ever meet them. Perhaps they were the progenitors of the authors of the books. Mr. Thackeray has introduced us to sundry gentlemen and ladies bearing a faint likeness to them; but he also permitted us to behold Lady Beckie Crawley *née* Sharpe boxing little Rawdon's ears, and to meet Mrs. Hobson Newcome at one of her delightful "at homes," where Runmun Loll, of East Indian origin, was the lion of the evening.

We couldn't get through five pages of

Hannah More, on a wet day, at the dreariest railway-station, when the expected train was telegraphed as "not due under two hours." What have the innocent heirs of our name done, that Hannah should continue under numberless *noms-de-plume* to cater for them?

We know there must have been a large lump of the Blarney-Stone, conglomerate probably, kept in the desk of our reverend instructor in the ways of syntax and the dismal paths of numbers. We have a lively recollection of the countless tables of foreign coins which we committed to memory, and of the provoking additions and subtractions we underwent to reduce to dollars and cents of the Federal denomination the fortunes of a score of Rothschilds. But when, under the shadow of the Drachenfels, we attempted to reimburse the Teutonic waiter for a cup of *café noir*, we were ignominiously constrained to hold forth a handful of coin and to await the white-jacketed and bearded one's pleasure, as he helped himself.

We have a strong impression that we should never have attained to our present proud position of being allowed to write for (and be printed in) the "Atlantic Monthly," without much previous polish, through the companionship of the fairer sex. Why was it made a crime worthy of Draconian sternness to address our she-comrades on the pleasant paths of learning? Why did we behold the severe Magister Morum himself, in utter forgetfulness of his own rule, mingle in the mazy dance on an evening occasion, at which we were allowed to sit up? Did the girls of a larger growth lose their dangerous qualities on arriving at belle-hood? Why were our primary *billets-doux* confiscated, and our offending palms, like Cranmer's, visited with the first penalty, though we had been obliged to walk blushing the gauntlet of fifty pairs of maiden eyes and deliver to the "female principal" of the girls' school across the entry notes which we have since but too much reason to conclude bore no reference to the affairs of the school-realm?

There is a bit of the Blarney-Stone (always of the nursery formation) which we are sure is discoverable to the true geologic eye in the underpinning of the Fifth Congregational Society's house of worship,—then called a meeting-house, now, we believe, styled a church. For all sermons therein delivered were supposed to be for our personal edification; albeit we were not, by reason of our tender years, specifically exposed to the heresies of Origen or Pelagius. It must have been on some afternoon when we were absent, then, that Dr. Baxter delivered the discourse of which we found a commentary written on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book in our pew,—“Terribly tedious this P. M., isn't he?” We have always felt that a great opportunity was lost to us. We should doubtless have been permitted to indulge unchecked in the solution of that lost mystery of our boyhood, as to the exact number of little brass rods in the front of the gallery, to scratch our initials with a pin upon the pew-side, or, propped by the paternal arm, to sweetly slumber till nineteenthly's close. No such sermon was ever pronounced in our hearing. Oh, golden time of youth! precious season thus lost! We intend yet revisiting that ancient and time-worn edifice, and, borrowing the keys of the sexton, we mean to revel in all and sundry those delights of “boyhood's breezy hour” from which we were debarred by that untimely absence. Like the old gentleman who visited nightly Van Amburg's exhibition, of the head-in-the-lion's-mouth feat, in the moral certainty that a single absence would fall inevitably upon the one night when Leo would vary the programme by decapitation,—so we lost the one afternoon when that dull discourse diversified the pious eloquence of Jotham Baxter, D. D., disciple of Dr. Hopkins and believer in Cotton Mather. Many a refreshing slumber has sealed our eyes under subsequent outpourings of divinity, but never with that entire sense of permissible indulgence which then would certainly have been ours. Why was it—except for the Blarney-Stone—

that we were always checked in any Sabba'day notes and queries of what we had noticed in the sanctuary? Why was it wicked and deserving of a double infliction of catechism (Assembly's) for us to have seen that Bob Jones had a new jacket, and that he took five marbles and a jack-knife (in aggravating display) out of its pockets, while our mother and sisters were enabled, without let or hindrance to the most absorbing devotion, to chronicle every bonnet and ribbon within the walls of the temple?

Certainly, the family-physician carried—as well he might—a bit of the precious rock in his waistcoat-pocket; for all our subsequent experience of *materia medica* has never revealed to us the then patent fact, that all our bodily ailments were the consequence of those particular sports which damaged clothes and disturbed the quiet of the household. Surely, the connection between the measles and sailing on the millpond was about as obvious as that between Macedon and Monmouth; and whooping-cough must have had a very long road to travel, if it originated in our nutting frolic, when we returned home with a ghastly gash in our trousers-knee.

The Blarney-Stone got into our “Manual of History”; for either it or the “Boston Centinel” must have made some egregious mistakes as to the character of some famous men who nursed our country's fortunes. So, too, did the author of “Familiar Letters on Public Characters”; for he was anything but an indorser of the History-Book, with its wood-cuts (after Trumbull and West) of the death of General Wolfe, exclaiming, “They run who run the French then I die happy,” and of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, with its amazing portraits of the first six Presidents, and the death of Tecumseh. Nay, we have found hard work to reconcile our faith, as per History-Book, in the loveliness of those gentlemen whom stress of weather and a treacherous pilot put ashore upon Plymouth beach, (where they luckily found a rock to step upon,) with a cer-

tain sweet pastoral called "Evangeline." We found ourselves, just after reading the proceedings of the Plymouth Monument Association, the other day, pondering over the possible fate of the Dutch colony of the Mannahattoes, supposing that the Mayflower had made (as was purposed) the Highlands of Neversink instead of Shankpainter Hill at the end of Cape Cod. It was a perilous meditation, for we found our belief in Plutarch's Lives, the Charter Oak, and the existence of the Maelström all sliding away from under us. "Think," we said, "if New York had been Boston, how it would have fared with the good Knickerbockers!"

Who was our geographer? Why did he insist upon our believing that all French men and women passed their time in mutual bows and "curchies," and that all Italians were on their knees to fat priests, clean and rosy-looking? Why did he palm upon us that outrageous fiction of three kings (like those of Cologne) sitting in full ermine robes, with gold crowns on their heads, all alone in a sort of summer-parlor, where the heat must have been at 80° in the shade, engaged in disparting Poland? We have seen, say, a million of Frenchmen, and nearly the same of Italians, since then, with a dozen or so of kings and emperors,—but never the faintest likeness to those deluding pictures. We learned at the same time, by painful rote, the population of various capital cities; but we cannot find in any statistic-book gazetteer, neither in McCulloch nor in Worcester, any of the old, familiar numbers. Also in that same Wonder-Book of Malte-Brun, edited by Pietro il Parlatore, we recall a sketch of a boy running for life down a slope of at least 45°, just before a snowball some five hundred times as big as the one our school-boys unitedly rolled up in the back-yard. It was a snowball, round, symmetrical, just such a magnified copy of the back-yard one as might be expected to follow a boy in dreams after too much Johnny-cake for supper. And that was an avalanche. We have stood since then under

the shadow of the Jungfrau, on the Wengern Alp, at the selfsame spot where Byron beheld the fall of so many. We had the noble lord's luck, (as most people have,) and saw dozens, but not one big snowball.

We believe there has been reform since that day. Thanks to the London "Illustrated News" and the "Penny Magazine," juster ideas visit the ingenious youth of the present age. But we solemnly declare that we grew up in the belief that the President of the United States was daily ushered to his carriage by a long array of bareheaded and bowing menials, and that his official dress was a cocked hat and knee-breeches. We furthermore make affidavit that we supposed all the nobility of Europe to be in the habit of driving four-in-hand over wooden-legged beggars. And we also depose and say, that we had no other idea of royalty than as continually clad in coronation-robes, with six peers in the same, with huge wigs, as attendants. All this upon the faith of that same Malte-Brun, à la P. P. Wasn't this a pretty dish to set before—not a king—but a young republican, who fancied himself the equal of kings? And lastly, upon the same authority, we held that "the horrible custom of eating human flesh does not belong exclusively to any nation." We have seen, we repeat, men and cities. We have dined at the Rocher de Cancale, the Maison Dorée, at Delmonico's, at German Gasthouses, at Italian Trattorias, at "Joe's" in London, the Trosachs Inn in the Highlands, and upon all peculiar and national dishes, from the *sardines au gratin* of Naples to the *sauer kraut* of Berlin, from the "one fish-ball" of Boston to the hog and hominy of Virginia,—but never yet upon any *carte* did we encounter "Cold Missionary" or "*Enfans en potage Fijien*."

Where, we repeat, is the Nursery Blarney-Stone? or rather, where is it not?

The gentle reader (prepared to corroborate with many a juvenile reminiscence) must by this time be prepared for

our moral; and it is very briefly this:—Is it not time to consider the budding brain as entitled to fair play? We, the dear middle-aged people, must surely remember that it has taken us much toil and trouble to unlearn many things. We know, that, when we pen anything for our coevals, it is with due attention to such facts as we can command,—that we have a wholesome fear of criticism,—that, if we make blunders in our seamanship, even though professedly land-lubbers, some awful Knickerbocker stands by with the *Marine Dictionary* in hand to pounce upon us. But for the poor little innocents at home any cast-off rags of knowledge are good enough. We hand down to them the worn-out platitudes of history which we have carefully eschewed. We humbug their inexperience with the same nursery fables beneath whose leonine hide our matured vision detects the ass's ears.

We have been writing lightly enough, but with a purpose. For, absurd as may seem the fictions we have sported with, are they not types of many other far more serious ones which we cram down the throats of our rising generation, long after we ourselves have begun to disbelieve them? There is a conventional teaching which we decorously administer, and leave our pupils to disavow it when they can. History is still taught in our public and private schools, seasoned with all the exploded blunders of the past. Men grow up to full manhood with ideas of foreign lands as ridiculous and unfounded as the pictures over which we have been amusing ourselves just now in our old *Geography*. Young America is ignorant enough, Heaven knows, of a great deal he ought to learn; but what shall we say of our persistently cramming

him with what he ought not to learn? No exploding process is strong enough, it would seem, to blow away the countless pretty stories with which juvenile histories are embroidered. Niebuhr and Arnold have forever finished *Romulus and Remus* and the Livian legends, for maturer beliefs; but childhood goes on in the same track. Lord Macaulay's *Romance of English History* has been riddled by the acute reviewers; but he will be abridged for the use of schools, and not a fiction about William Penn, or John of Marlborough, or Grahame of Claverhouse, be left out.

Can you plant a garden with weeds and then pull them up again in secure trust that no lurking burdocks and Canada thistle shall remain? Dear model mothers and prudent papas, be not afraid of wholesome fiction, as such, duly labelled and left uncorked. It will be far better to administer plenty of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sinbad" and "Arabian Nights," good ringing old ballads with a healthy sentiment at bottom of manly honor and womanly affection, fairy stories and ancient legends, than all the mince-meat histories and biographies that nurse-wise have been chewed soft for the use of tender gums. Let us all, for the benefit of ourselves, keep clear of cant; but if cant we must, why let it be for those who will cant back again, laughing in their sleeves the while, and not for the dear little faces so solemnly upturned to ours, whose honest blue eyes (black or green, if you please, as you take your tea) confidingly meet ours.

American education, especially home education, is wanting not in quantity so much as quality; in that it is fearfully lacking, and we, the educators, are the ones to blame for it.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DESCRIPTIVE
CHAPTER.

It was a comfort to get to a place with something like society, with residences which had pretensions to elegance, with people of some breeding, with a newspaper, and "stores" to advertise in it, and with two or three churches to keep each other alive by wholesome agitation. Rockland was such a place.

Some of the natural features of the town have been described already. The Mountain, of course, was what gave it its character, and redeemed it from wearing the commonplace expression which belongs to ordinary country-villages. Beautiful, wild, invested with the mystery which belongs to untrodden spaces, and with enough of terror to give it dignity, it had yet closer relations with the town over which it brooded than the passing stranger knew of. Thus, it made a local climate by cutting off the northern winds and holding the sun's heat like a garden-wall. Peach-trees, which, on the northern side of the mountain, hardly ever came to fruit, ripened abundant crops in Rockland.

But there was still another relation between the mountain and the town at its foot, which strangers were not likely to hear alluded to, and which was oftener thought of than spoken of by its inhabitants. Those high-impending forests,—*"hangers,"* as White of Selborne would have called them,—sloping far upward and backward into the distance, had always an air of menace blended with their wild beauty. It seemed as if some heaven-scaling Titan had thrown his shaggy robe over the bare, precipitous flanks of the rocky summit, and it might at any moment slide like a garment flung carelessly on the nearest chance-support, and, so sliding, crush the village out of being,

as the Rossberg when it tumbled over on the valley of Goldau.

Persons have been known to remove from the place, after a short residence in it, because they were haunted day and night by the thought of this awful green wall piled up into the air over their heads. They would lie awake of nights, thinking they heard the muffled snapping of roots, as if a thousand acres of the mountain-side were tugging to break away, like the snow from a house-roof, and a hundred thousand trees were clinging with all their fibres to hold back the soil just ready to peel away and crash down with all its rocks and forest-growths. And yet, by one of those strange contradictions we are constantly finding in human nature, there were natives of the town who would come back thirty or forty years after leaving it, just to nestle under this same threatening mountain-side, as old men sun themselves against southward-facing walls. The old dreams and legends of danger added to the attraction. If the mountain should ever slide, they had a kind of feeling as if they ought to be there. It was a fascination like that which the rattlesnake is said to exert.

This comparison naturally suggests the recollection of that other source of danger which was an element in the everyday life of the Rockland people. The folks in some of the neighboring towns had a joke against them, that a Rocklander couldn't hear a bean-pod rattle without saying, "*The Lord have mercy on us!*" It is very true, that many a nervous old lady has had a terrible start, caused by some mischievous young rogue's giving a sudden shake to one of these noisy vegetable products in her immediate vicinity. Yet, strangely enough, many persons missed the excitement of the possibility of a fatal bite in other regions, where there were nothing but black and green and striped snakes, mean ophid-

ians, having the spite of the nobler serpent without his venom,—poor crawling creatures, whom Nature would not trust with a poison-bag. Many natives of Rockland did unquestionably experience a certain gratification in this infinitesimal sense of danger. It was noted that the old people retained their hearing longer than in other places. Some said it was the softened climate, but others believed it was owing to the habit of keeping their ears open whenever they were walking through the grass or in the woods. At any rate, a slight sense of danger is often an agreeable stimulus. People sip their *crème de noyau* with a peculiar tremulous pleasure, because there is a bare possibility that it may contain prussic acid enough to knock them over; in which case they will lie as dead as if a thunder-cloud had emptied itself into the earth through their brain and marrow.

But Rockland had other features which helped to give it a special character. First of all, there was one grand street which was its chief glory. Elm Street it was called, naturally enough, for its elms made a long, pointed-arched gallery of it through most of its extent. No natural Gothic arch compares, for a moment, with that formed by two American elms, where their lofty jets of foliage shoot across each other's ascending curves, to intermingle their showery flakes of green. When one looks through a long double row of these, as in that lovely avenue which the poets of Yale remember so well,—

"Oh, could the vista of my life but now as bright appear

As when I first through Temple Street looked down thine espalier!"—

he beholds a temple not built with hands, fairer than any minster, with all its clustered stems and flowering capitals, that ever grew in stone.

Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. The elm comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us. It loves man as man loves it. It is modest and patient. It has a small flake of a seed which blows in every-

where and makes arrangements for coming up by-and-by. So, in spring, one finds a crop of baby-elms among his carrots and parsnips, very weak and small compared to those succulent vegetables. The baby-elms die, most of them, slain, unrecognized or unheeded, by hand or hoe, as meekly as Herod's innocents. One of them gets overlooked, perhaps, until it has established a kind of right to stay. Three generations of carrot and parsnip-consumers have passed away, yourself among them, and now let your great-grandson look for the baby-elm. Twenty-two feet of clean girth, three hundred and sixty feet in the line that bounds its leafy circle, it covers the boy with such a canopy as neither glossy-leaved oak nor insect-haunted linden ever lifted into the summer skies.

Elm Street was the pride of Rockland, but not only on account of its Gothic-arched vista. In this street were most of the great houses, or "mansion-houses," as it was usual to call them. Along this street, also, the more nicely kept and neatly painted dwellings were chiefly congregated. It was the correct thing for a Rockland dignitary to have a house in Elm Street.

A New England "mansion-house" is naturally square, with dormer windows projecting from the roof, which has a balustrade with turned posts round it. It shows a good breadth of front-yard before its door, as its owner shows a respectable expanse of clean shirt-front. It has a lateral margin beyond its stables and offices, as its master wears his white wristbands showing beyond his coat-cuffs. It may not have what can properly be called grounds, but it must have elbow-room, at any rate. Without it, it is like a man who is always tight-buttoned for want of any linen to show. The mansion-house which has had to button itself up tight in fences, for want of green or gravel margin, will be advertising for boarders presently. The old English pattern of the New England mansion-house, only on a somewhat grander scale, is Sir Thomas Abney's place, where dear, good Dr.

Watts said prayers for the family, and wrote those blessed hymns of his that sing us into consciousness in our cradles, and come back to us in sweet, single verses, between the moments of wandering and of stupor, when we lie dying, and sound over us when we can no longer hear them, bringing grateful tears to the hot, aching eyes beneath the thick, black veils, and carrying the holy calm with them which filled the good man's heart, as he prayed and sung under the shelter of the old English mansion-house.

Next to the mansion-houses, came the two-story, trim, white-painted, "genteel" houses, which, being more gossipy and less nicely bred, crowded close up to the street, instead of standing back from it with arms akimbo, like the mansion-houses. Their little front-yards were very commonly full of lilac and syringa and other bushes, which were allowed to smother the lower story almost to the exclusion of light and air, so that, what with small windows and small window-panes, and the darkness made by these choking growths of shrubbery, the front parlors of some of these houses were the most tomb-like, melancholy places that could be found anywhere among the abodes of the living. Their garnishing was apt to assist this impression. Large-patterned carpets, which always look discontented in little rooms, hair-cloth furniture, black and shiny as beetles' wing-cases, and centre-tables, with a sullen oil-lamp of the kind called astral by our imaginative ancestors, in the centre,—these things were inevitable. In set piles round the lamp was ranged the current literature of the day, in the form of Temperance Documents, unbound numbers of one of the Unknown Public's Magazines with worn-out steel engravings and high-colored fashion-plates, the Poems of a distinguished British author whom it is unnecessary to mention, a volume of sermons, or a novel or two, or both, according to the tastes of the family, and the Good Book, which is always itself in the cheapest and commonest company. The father of the family with his hand in the

breast of his coat, the mother of the same in a wide-bordered cap, sometimes a print of the Last Supper, by no means Morghen's, or the Father of his Country, or the old General, or the Defender of the Constitution, or an unknown clergyman with an open book before him,—these were the usual ornaments of the walls, the first two a matter of rigor, the others according to politics and other tendencies.

This intermediate class of houses, wherever one finds them in New England towns, are very apt to be cheerless and unsatisfactory. They have neither the luxury of the mansion-house nor the comfort of the farm-house. They are rarely kept at an agreeable temperature. The mansion-house has large fireplaces and generous chimneys, and is open to the sunshine. The farm-house makes no pretensions, but it has a good warm kitchen, at any rate, and one can be comfortable there with the rest of the family, without fear and without reproach. These lesser country-houses of genteel aspirations are much given to patent subterfuges of one kind and another to get heat without combustion. The chilly parlor and the slippery hair-cloth seat take the life out of the warmest welcome. If one would make these places wholesome, happy, and cheerful, the first precept would be,—The dearest fuel, plenty of it, and let half the heat go up the chimney. If you can't afford this, don't try to live in a "genteel" fashion, but stick to the ways of the honest farm-house.

There were a good many comfortable farm-houses scattered about Rockland. The best of them were something of the following pattern, which is too often superseded of late by a more pretentious, but infinitely less pleasing kind of rustic architecture. A little back from the road, seated directly on the green sod, rose a plain wooden building, two stories in front, with a long roof sloping backwards to within a few feet of the ground. This, like the "mansion-house," is copied from an old English pattern. Cottages of this model may be seen in Lancashire, for instance, always with the same honest,

homely look, as if their roofs acknowledged their relationship to the soil out of which they sprung. The walls were unpainted, but turned by the slow action of sun and air and rain to a quiet dove- or slate-color. An old broken mill-stone at the door,—a well-sweep pointing like a finger to the heavens, which the shining round of water beneath looked up at like a dark unsleeping eye,—a single large elm a little at one side,—a barn twice as big as the house,—a cattle-yard, with

“The white horns tossing above the wall,”—

some fields, in pasture or in crops, with low stone walls round them,—a row of beehives,—a garden-patch, with roots, and currant-bushes, and many-hued hollyhocks, and swollen-stemmed, globe-headed, seedling onions, and marigolds, and flower-de-luces, and lady's-delights, and peonies, crowding in together, with southernwood in the borders, and woodbine and hops and morning-glories climbing as they got a chance,—these were the features by which the Rockland-born children remembered the farm-house, when they had grown to be men. Such are the recollections that come over poor sailor-boys crawling out on reeling yards to reef topsails as their vessels stagger round the stormy Cape; and such are the flitting images that make the eyes of old country-born merchants look dim and dreamy, as they sit in their city palaces, warm with the after-dinner flush of the red wave out of which Memory arises, as Aphrodite arose from the green waves of the ocean.

Two meeting-houses stood on two eminences, facing each other, and looking like a couple of fighting-cocks with their necks straight up in the air,—as if they would flap their roofs, the next thing, and crowd out of their upstretched steeples, and peck at each other's glass eyes with their sharp-pointed weathercocks.

The first was a good pattern of the real old-fashioned New England meeting-house. It was a large barn with windows, fronted by a square tower crowned with a kind of wooden bell inverted and raised on legs, out of which rose a

slender spire with the sharp-billed weathercock at its summit. Inside, tall, square pews with flapping seats, and a gallery running round three sides of the building. On the fourth side the pulpit, with a huge, dusty sounding-board hanging over it. Here preached the Reverend Pierrepont Honeywood, D. D., successor, after a number of generations, to the office and the parsonage of the Reverend Didymus Bean, before mentioned, but not suspected of any of his alleged heresies. He held to the old faith of the Puritans, and occasionally delivered a discourse which was considered by the hard-headed theologians of his parish to have settled the whole matter fully and finally, so that now there was a good logical basis laid down for the Millennium, which might begin at once upon the platform of his demonstrations. Yet the Reverend Dr. Honeywood was fonder of preaching plain, practical sermons about the duties of life, and showing his Christianity in abundant good works among his people. It was noticed by some few of his flock, not without comment, that the great majority of his texts came from the Gospels, and this more and more as he became interested in various benevolent enterprises which brought him into relations with ministers and kind-hearted laymen of other denominations. The truth is, that he was a man of a very warm, open, and exceedingly human disposition, and, although bred by a clerical father, whose motto was “*Sit anima mea cum Puritanis*,” he exercised his human faculties in the harness of his ancient faith with such freedom that the straps of it got so loose they did not interfere greatly with the circulation of the warm blood through his system. Once in a while he seemed to think it necessary to come out with a grand doctrinal sermon, and then he would lapse away for a while into preaching on men's duties to each other and to society, and hit hard, perhaps, at some of the actual vices of the time and place, and insist with such tenderness and eloquence on the great depth and breadth of true Christian love

and charity, that his oldest deacon shook his head, and wished he had shown as much interest when he was preaching, three Sabbaths back, on Predestination, or in his discourse against the Sabellians. But he was sound in the faith; no doubt of that. Did he not preside at the council held in the town of Tamarack, on the other side of the mountain, which expelled its clergyman for maintaining heretical doctrines? As presiding officer, he did not vote, to be sure, but there was no doubt that he was all right; he had some of the Edwards blood in him, and that couldn't very well let him go wrong.

The meeting-house on the other and opposite summit was of a more modern style, considered by many a great improvement on the old New England model, so that it is not uncommon for a country parish to pull down its old meeting-house, which has been preached in for a hundred years or so, and put up one of these more elegant edifices. The new building was in what may be called the florid shingle-Gothic manner. Its pinnacles and crockets and other ornaments were, like the body of the building, all of pine wood,—an admirable material, as it is very soft and easily worked, and can be painted of any color desired. Inside, the walls were stuccoed in imitation of stone,—first a dark-brown square, then two light-brown squares, then another dark-brown square, and so on, to represent the accidental differences of shade always noticeable in the real stones of which walls are built. To be sure, the architect could not help getting his party-colored squares in almost as regular rhythmical order as those of a chess-board; but nobody can avoid doing things in a systematic and serial way; indeed, people who wish to plant trees in natural clumps know very well that they cannot keep from making regular lines and symmetrical figures, unless by some trick or other, as that one of throwing up into the air a peck of potatoes and sticking in a tree wherever a potato happens to fall. The pews of this meeting-house were the usual oblong ones, where people sit close to-

gether with a ledge before them to support their hymn-books, liable only to occasional contact with the back of the next pew's heads or bonnets, and a place running under the seat of that pew where hats could be deposited,—always at the risk of the owner, in case of injury by boots or crickets.

In this meeting-house preached the Reverend Chauncy Fairweather, a divine of the "Liberal" school, as it is commonly called, bred at that famous college which used to be thought, twenty or thirty years ago, to have the monopoly of training young men in the milder forms of heresy. His ministrations were attended with decency, but not followed with enthusiasm. "The beauty of virtue" got to be an old story at last. "The moral dignity of human nature" ceased to excite a thrill of satisfaction, after some hundred repetitions. It grew to be a dull business, this preaching against stealing and intemperance, while he knew very well that the thieves were prowling round orchards and empty houses, instead of being there to hear the sermon, and that the drunkards, being rarely church-goers, get little good by the statistics and eloquent appeals of the preacher. Every now and then, however, the Reverend Mr. Fairweather let off a polemic discourse against his neighbor opposite, which waked his people up a little; but it was a languid congregation, at best,—very apt to stay away from meeting in the afternoon, and not at all given to extra evening services. The minister, unlike his rival of the other side of the way, was a down-hearted and timid kind of man. He went on preaching as he had been taught to preach, but he had misgivings at times. There was a little Roman Catholic church at the foot of the hill where his own was placed, which he always had to pass on Sundays. He could never look on the thronging multitudes that crowded its pews and aisles or knelt bare-headed on its steps, without a longing to get in among them and go down on his knees and enjoy that luxury of devotional contact which makes a worshipping throng

as different from the same numbers praying apart as a bed of coals is from a trail of scattered cinders.

"Oh, if I could but buddle in with those poor laborers and working-women!" he would say to himself. "If I could but breathe that atmosphere, stifling though it be, yet made holy by ancient litanies, and cloudy with the smoke of hallowed incense, for one hour, instead of droning over these moral precepts to my half-sleeping congregation!" The intellectual isolation of his sect preyed upon him; for, of all the terrible things to natures like his, the most terrible is to belong to a minority. No person that looked at his thin and sallow cheek, his sunken and sad eye, his tremulous lip, his contracted forehead, or who heard his querulous, though not unmusical voice, could fail to see that his life was an uneasy one, that he was engaged in some inward conflict. His dark, melancholic aspect contrasted with his seemingly cheerful creed, and was all the more striking, as the worthy Dr. Honeywood, professing a belief which made him a passenger on board a shipwrecked planet, was yet a most good-humored and companionable gentleman, whose laugh on week-days did one as much good to listen to as the best sermon he ever delivered on a Sunday.

A few miles from Rockland was a pretty little Episcopal church, with a roof like a wedge of cheese, a square tower, a stained window, and a trained rector, who read the service with such ventral depth of utterance and rrrreduction of the rrrresonant letter, that his own mother would not have known him for her son, if the good woman had not ironed his surplice and put it on with her own hands.

There were two public-houses in the place: one dignified with the name of the Mountain House, somewhat frequented by city-people in the summer months, large-fronted, three-storied, balconied, boasting a distinct ladies'-drawing-room, and spreading a *table d'hôte* of some pretensions; the other, "Pollard's Tahvern," in the common speech,—a two-story build-

ing, with a bar-room, once famous, where there was a great smell of hay and boots and pipes and all other bucolic-flavored elements,—where games of checkers were played on the back of the bellows with red and white kernels of corn, or with beans and coffee,—where a man slept in a box-settle at night, to wake up early passengers,—where teamsters came in, with wooden-handled whips and coarse frocks, reinforcing the bucolic flavor of the atmosphere, and middle-aged male gossips, sometimes including the squire of the neighboring law-office, gathered to exchange a question or two about the news, and then fall into that solemn state of suspended animation which the temperance bar-rooms of modern days produce on human beings, as the Grotta del Cane does on dogs in the well-known experiments related by travellers. This bar-room used to be famous for drinking and story-telling, and sometimes fighting, in old times. That was when there were rows of decanters on the shelf behind the bar, and a hissing vessel of hot water ready, to make punch, and three or four *loggerheads* (long irons clubbed at the end) were always lying in the fire in the cold season, waiting to be plunged into sputtering and foaming mugs of flip,—a goodly compound, speaking according to the flesh, made with beer and sugar, and a certain suspicion of strong waters, over which a little nutmeg being grated, and in it the hot iron being then allowed to sizzle, there results a peculiar singed aroma, which the wise regard as a warning to remove themselves at once out of the reach of temptation.

But the bar of Pollard's Tahvern no longer presented its old attractions, and the *loggerheads* had long disappeared from the fire. In place of the decanters, were boxes containing "lozengers," as they were commonly called, sticks of candy in jars, cigars in tumblers, a few lemons, grown hard-skinned and marvelously shrunk by long exposure, but still feebly suggestive of possible lemonade,—the whole ornamented by festoons of yellow and blue cut fly-paper. On

the front shelf of the bar stood a large German-silver pitcher of water, and scattered about were ill-conditioned lamps, with wicks that always wanted picking, which burned red and smoked a good deal, and were apt to go out without any obvious cause, leaving strong reminiscences of the whale-fishery in the circum-ambient air.

The common school-houses of Rockland were dwarfed by the grandeur of the Apollinean Institute. The master passed one of them, in a walk he was taking, soon after his arrival at Rockland. He looked in at the rows of desks and recalled his late experiences. He could not help laughing, as he thought how neatly he had knocked the young butcher off his pins.

"A little science is a dangerous thing,"

as well as a little 'learning,'" he said to himself; "only it's dangerous to the fellow you try it on." And he cut him a good stick and began climbing the side of The Mountain to get a look at that famous Rattlesnake Ledge.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE SHADOW.

THE virtue of the world is not mainly in its leaders. In the midst of the multitude which follows there is often something better than in the one that goes before. Old generals wanted to take Toulon, but one of their young colonels showed them how. The junior counsel has been known not unfrequently to make a better argument than his senior fellow,—if, indeed, he did not make both their arguments. Good ministers will tell you they have parishioners who beat them in the practice of the virtues. A great establishment, got up on commercial principles, like the Apollinean Institute, might yet be well carried on, if it happened to get good teachers. And when Master Langdon came to see its management, he recognized that there must be fidelity and intelligence somewhere among the instructors. It was only necessary to look for a moment at the

fair, open forehead, the still, tranquil eye of gentle, habitual authority, the sweet gravity that lay upon the lips, to hear the clear answers to the pupils' questions, to notice how every request had the force without the form of a command, and the young man could not doubt that the good genius of the school stood before him in the person of Helen Darley.

It was the old story. A poor country-clergyman dies and leaves a widow and a daughter. In Old England the daughter would have eaten the bitter bread of a governess in some rich family. In New England she must keep a school. So, rising from one sphere to another, she at length finds herself the *prima donna* in the department of instruction in Mr. Silas Peckham's educational establishment.

What a miserable thing it is to be poor! She was dependent, frail, sensitive, conscientious. She was in the power of a hard, grasping, thin-blooded, tough-fibred, trading educator, who neither knew nor cared for a tender woman's sensibilities, but who paid her and meant to have his money's worth out of her brains, and as much more than his money's worth as he could get. She was consequently, in plain English, overworked, and an overworked woman is always a sad sight,—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache,—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples,—sometimes letting her work with half her brain while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces,—sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown,—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of as hysterical,—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones,—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure,—that she is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

The poor teacher's work had, of course, been doubled since the departure of Mr. Langdon's predecessor. Nobody knows what the weariness of instruction is, as soon as the teacher's faculties begin to be overtasked, but those who have tried it. The *relays* of fresh pupils, each new set with its exhausting powers in full action, coming one after another, take out all the reserved forces and faculties of resistance from the subject of their draining process.

The day's work was over, and it was late in the evening, when she sat down, tired and faint, with a great bundle of girls' themes or compositions to read over before she could rest her weary head on the pillow of her narrow trundle-bed, and forget for a while the treadmill stair of labor she was daily climbing.

How she dreaded this most forlorn of all a teacher's tasks! She was conscientious in her duties and would insist on reading every sentence,—there was no saying where she might find faults of grammar or bad spelling. There might have been twenty or thirty of these themes in the bundle before her. Of course she knew pretty well the leading sentiments they could contain: that beauty was subject to the accidents of time; that wealth was inconstant, and existence uncertain; that virtue was its own reward; that youth exhaled, like the dew-drop from the flower, ere the sun had reached its meridian; that life was o'er-shadowed with trials; that the lessons of virtue instilled by our beloved teachers were to be our guides through all our future career. The imagery employed consisted principally of roses, lilies, birds, clouds, and brooks, with the celebrated comparison of wayward genius to a meteor. Who does not know the small, slanted, Italian hand of these girls' compositions,—their stringing together of the good old traditional copy-book phrases, their occasional gushes of sentiment, their profound estimates of the world, sounding to the old folks that read them as the experience of a bantam-pullet's last-hatched young one with the chips of its shell on

its head would sound to a Mother Cary's chicken, who knew the great ocean with all its typhoons and tornadoes? Yet every now and then one is liable to be surprised with strange clairvoyant flashes, that can hardly be explained, except by the mysterious inspiration which every now and then seizes a young girl and exalts her intelligence, just as hysteria in other instances exalts the sensibility,—a little something of that which made Joan of Arc, and the Burney girl who prophesied "Evelina," and the Davidson sisters. In the midst of these commonplace exercises which Miss Darley read over so carefully were two or three that had something of individual flavor about them, and here and there there was an image or an epithet which showed the footprint of a passionate nature, as a fallen scarlet feather marks the path the wild flamingo has trodden.

The young lady teacher read them with a certain indifference of manner, as one reads proofs,—noting defects of detail, but not commonly arrested by the matters treated of. Even Miss Charlotte Ann Wood's poem, beginning

"How sweet at evening's balmy hour,"

did not excite her. She marked the inevitable false rhyme of Cockney and Yankee beginners, *morn* and *dawn*, and tossed the verses on the pile of those she had finished. She was looking over some of the last of them in a rather listless way,—for the poor thing was getting sleepy in spite of herself,—when she came to one which seemed to rouse her attention, and lifted her drooping lids. She looked at it a moment before she would touch it. Then she took hold of it by one corner and slid it off from the rest. One would have said she was afraid of it, or had some undefined antipathy which made it hateful to her. Such odd fancies are common enough in young persons in her nervous state. Many of these young people will jump up twenty times a day and run to dabble the tips of their fingers in water, after touching the most inoffensive objects.

This composition was written in a sin-

gular, sharp-pointed, long, slender hand, on a kind of wavy, ribbed paper. There was something strangely suggestive about the look of it,—but exactly of what, Miss Darley either could not or did not try to think. The subject of the paper was *The Mountain*,—the composition being a sort of descriptive rhapsody. It showed a startling familiarity with some of the savage scenery of the region. One would have said that the writer must have threaded its wildest solitudes by the light of the moon and stars as well as by day. As the teacher read on, her color changed, and a kind of tremulous agitation came over her. There were hints in this strange paper she did not know what to make of. There was something in its descriptions and imagery that recalled,—Miss Darley could not say what,—but it made her frightfully nervous. Still she could not help reading, till she came to one passage which so agitated her that the tired and over-wearied girl's self-control left her entirely. She sobbed once or twice, then laughed convulsively, and flung herself on the bed, where she worked out a set hysteric spasm as she best might, without anybody to rub her hands and see that she did not hurt herself. By-and-by she got quiet, rose and went to her book-case, took down a volume of Coleridge and read a short time, and so to bed, to sleep and wake from time to time with a sudden start out of uneasy dreams.

Perhaps it is of no great consequence what it was in the composition which set her off into this nervous paroxysm. She was in such a state that almost any slight agitation would have brought on the attack, and it was the accident of her transient excitability, very probably, which made a trifling cause the seeming occasion of so much disturbance. The theme was signed, in the same peculiar, sharp, slender hand, *E. Venner*, and was, of course, written by that wild-looking girl who had excited the master's curiosity and prompted his question, as before mentioned.

The next morning the lady-teacher look-

ed pale and wearied, naturally enough, but she was in her place at the usual hour, and Master Langdon in his own. The girls had not yet entered the school-room.

"You have been ill, I am afraid," said Mr. Bernard.

"I was not well yesterday," she answered. "I had a worry and a kind of fright. It is so dreadful to have the charge of all these young souls and bodies! Every young girl ought to walk, locked close, arm in arm, between two guardian angels. Sometimes I faint almost with the thought of all that I ought to do, and of my own weakness and wants. —Tell me, are there not natures born so out of parallel with the lines of natural law that nothing short of a miracle can bring them right?"

Mr. Bernard had speculated somewhat, as all thoughtful persons of his profession are forced to do, on the innate organic tendencies with which individuals, families, and races are born. He replied, therefore, with a smile, as one to whom the question suggested a very familiar class of facts.

"Why, of course. Each of us is only the footing-up of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells,—and some of them are *plus*, and some *minus*. If the columns don't add up right, it is commonly because we can't make out all the figures. I don't mean to say that something may not be added by Nature to make up for losses and keep the race to its average, but we are mainly nothing but the answer to a long sum in addition and subtraction. No doubt there are people born with impulses at every possible angle to the parallels of Nature, as you call them. If they happen to cut these at right angles, of course they are beyond the reach of common influences. Slight obliquities are what we have most to do with in education. Penitentiaries and insane asylums take care of most of the right-angle cases. —I am afraid I have put it too much like a professor, and I am only a student, you know. Pray, what set you

to asking me this? Any strange cases among the scholars?"

The meek teacher's blue eyes met the luminous glance that came with the question. She, too, was of gentle blood,—not meaning by that that she was of any noted lineage, but that she came of a cultivated stock, never rich, but long trained to intellectual callings. A thousand decencies, amenities, reticences, graces, which no one thinks of until he misses them, are the traditional right of those who spring from such families. And when two persons of this exceptional breeding meet in the midst of the common multitude, they seek each other's company at once by the natural law of elective affinity. It is wonderful how men and women know their peers. If two stranger queens, sole survivors of two shipwrecked vessels, were cast, half-naked, on a rock together, each would at once address the other as "Our Royal Sister."

Helen Darley looked into the dark eyes of Bernard Langdon glittering with the light which flashed from them with his question. Not as those foolish, innocent country-girls of the small village did she look into them, to be fascinated and bewildered, but to sound them with a calm, steadfast purpose. "A gentleman," she said to herself, as she read his expression and his features with a woman's rapid, but exhausting glance. "A lady," he said to himself, as he met her questioning look,—so brief, so quiet, yet so assured, as of one whom necessity had taught to read faces quickly without offence, as children read the faces of parents, as wives read the faces of hard-souled husbands. All this was but a few seconds' work, and yet the main point was settled. If there had been any vulgar curiosity or coarseness of any kind lurking in his expression, she would have detected it. If she had not lifted her eyes to his face so softly and kept them there so calmly and withdrawn them so quietly, he would not have said to himself, "She is a lady," for that word meant a good deal to the descendant of the courtly Wentworths and the scholarly Langdons.

"There are strange people everywhere, Mr. Langdon," she said, "and I don't think our school-room is an exception. I am glad you believe in the force of transmitted tendencies. It would break my heart, if I did not think that there are faults beyond the reach of everything but God's special grace. I should die, if I thought that my negligence or incapacity was alone responsible for the errors and sins of those I have charge of. Yet there are mysteries I do not know how to account for." She looked all round the school-room, and then said, in a whisper, "Mr. Langdon, we had a girl that *stole*, in the school, not long ago. Worse than that, we had a girl that tried to set us on fire. Children of good people, both of them. And we have a girl now that frightens me so" —

The door opened, and three misses came in to take their seats: three types, as it happened, of certain classes, into which it would not have been difficult to distribute the greater number of the girls in the school. — *Hannah Martin*. Fourteen years and three months old. Short-necked, thick-waisted, round-cheeked, smooth, vacant forehead, large, dull eyes. Looks good-natured, with little other expression. Three buns in her bag, and a large apple. Has a habit of attacking her provisions in school-hours. — *Rosa Milburn*. Sixteen. Brunette, with a rareripe flush in her cheeks. Color comes and goes easily. Eyes wandering, apt to be downcast. Moody at times. Said to be passionate, if irritated. Finished in high relief. Carries shoulders well back and walks well, as if proud of her woman's life, with a slight rocking movement, being one of the wide-flanged pattern, but seems restless,—a hard girl to look after. Has a romance in her pocket, which she means to read in school-time. — *Charlotte Ann Wood*. Fifteen. The poetess before mentioned. Long, light ringlets, pallid complexion, blue eyes. Delicate child, half unfolded. Gentle, but languid and despondent. Does not go much with the other girls, but reads a good deal, especially poetry, underscoring favorite

passages. Writes a great many verses, very fast, not very correctly; full of the usual human sentiments, expressed in the accustomed phrases. Undervitalized. Sensibilities not covered with their normal integuments. A negative condition, often confounded with genius, and sometimes running into it. Young people that *fall* out of line through weakness of the active faculties are often confounded with those that *step* out of it through strength of the intellectual ones.

The girls kept coming in, one after another, or in pairs or groups, until the school-room was nearly full. Then there was a little pause, and a light step was heard in the passage. The lady-teacher's eyes turned to the door, and the master's followed them in the same direction.

A girl of about seventeen entered. She was tall and slender, but rounded, with a peculiar undulation of movement, such as one sometimes sees in perfectly untutored country-girls, whom Nature, the queen of graces, has taken in hand, but more commonly in connection with the very highest breeding of the most thoroughly trained society. She was a splendid scowling beauty, black-browed, with a flash of white teeth that was always like a surprise when her lips parted. She wore a checkered dress, of a curious pattern, and a camel's-hair scarf twisted a little fantastically about her. She went to her seat, which she had moved a short distance apart from the rest, and, sitting down, began playing listlessly with her gold chain, as was a common habit with her, coiling it and uncoiling it about her slender wrist, and braiding it in with her long, delicate fingers. Presently she looked up. Black, piercing eyes, not large,—a low forehead, as low as that of Clytie in the Townley bust,—black hair, twisted in heavy braids,—a face that one could not help looking at for its beauty, yet that one wanted to look away from for something in its expression, and could not for those diamond eyes. They were fixed on the lady-teacher now. The latter turned her own away, and let them

wander over the other scholars. But they could not help coming back again for a single glance at the wild beauty. The diamond eyes were on her still. She turned the leaves of several of her books, as if in search of some passage, and, when she thought she had waited long enough to be safe, once more stole a quick look at the dark girl. The diamond eyes were still upon her. She put her kerchief to her forehead, which had grown slightly moist; she sighed once, almost shivered, for she felt cold; then, following some ill-defined impulse, which she could not resist, she left her place and went to the young girl's desk.

"What do you want of me, Elsie Venner?" It was a strange question to put, for the girl had not signified that she wished the teacher to come to her.

"Nothing," she said. "I thought I could make you come." The girl spoke in a low tone, a kind of half-whisper. She did not lisp, yet her articulation of one or two consonants was not absolutely perfect.

"Where did you get that flower, Elsie?" said Miss Darley. It was a rare alpine flower, which was found only in one spot among the rocks of The Mountain.

"Where it grew," said Elsie Venner. "Take it." The teacher could not refuse her. The girl's finger-tips touched hers as she took it. How cold they were for a girl of such an organization!

The teacher went back to her seat. She made an excuse for quitting the school-room soon afterwards. The first thing she did was to fling the flower into her fireplace and rake the ashes over it. The second was to wash the tips of her fingers, as if she had been another Lady Macbeth. A poor, overtasked, nervous creature,—we must not think too much of her fancies.

After school was done, she finished the talk with the master which had been so suddenly interrupted. There were things spoken of which may prove interesting by-and-by, but there are other matters we must first attend to.

IS THE RELIGIOUS WANT OF THE AGE MET?

To answer this question intelligently, we must first glance at the characteristics of the age. It is an age of remarkable activity. There have been industrious men in other days; there have been nations of whom it might be truly said, They were an industrious people, they lost no time in idleness: but their rate of speed was low. Such a people could hardly be deemed enterprising. They might continue uncomplainingly in their accustomed round of labors, but would lack impulse to attempt anything new. Circumstances did not compel them to unwonted efforts, and their capabilities lay dormant. The world was wide, the population comparatively sparse, and the means of subsistence not difficult of attainment.

Our age is very unlike to that. People begin to crowd one another. There is competition. The more active and ingenious will have the advantage; they do have the advantage; and this fact is a constant stimulus. It has been operating for thirty years past with ever-increasing power. We seem to be approaching a climax,—a point beyond which flesh and blood cannot go. The enterprise of the more active spirits of our day is astounding; we begin to ask, Will they stop at anything? What will they not undertake? There are a great many unsuccessful attempts; but these are not necessarily observed, they pass quietly into obscurity, while we hasten to observe the successes, which are wonderful, and so numerous as to keep us ever on tiptoe, looking for new wonders. Having seen the railways, the magnetic telegraph, and Hoe's press, in full operation, and having been brought to accept these as a common measure of time and motion, we find ourselves indisposed for older usages. We find our age an age of daring and of doing. We are ready to discard the word *impossible* from our vocabulary; we deny that anything is the less probable because

of being unprecedented. For doing new things we look about for new means,—being full charged with the belief that for all worthy or desirable ends there must be adequate and available means. In this regard, it is an age of unprecedented faith, of expectation of success; and we all know the natural and necessary influence of such an expectation. Sanguine expectation lights up the fires of genius; invention is quickened for the attainment of the highest speed and the greatest momentum. In no former age has there been anything to compare in rapidity and power of movement with the every-day achievements of this age. The relation of books to men, and the sphere assigned to books, are materially modified by the characteristics of the age. Books, as books, are no longer a charm to conjure with. The few really superior books have a wider and greater influence than ever before; while the great mass of common books have less, and pass more easily into oblivion. Good books may and must help us; but books cannot make us men of the nineteenth century, and a power in it. A thorough knowledge of the world within us, as it stands related to the world without us, is something quite different from mere book-knowledge. This is an element of influence not only not confined to the bookmen, but often possessed in a transcendent degree by those whose devotion to books is altogether subordinate to other avocations. Our common-school education may be said to bring the entire people upon a common plane. We are no longer the esoteric and the exoteric; we understand our rights in the common fund of sense and truth very well. We are not very patient with those who affect to know better than ourselves what we want and what we ought to desire. Most men are exceedingly in earnest, and determined to be heard in their own cause, and well able to make themselves understood. Scribes and Pharisees compass-

ing sea and land to make one proselyte are a good and bad type of our activity in the pursuit of our own ends. Innumerable and infinitely varied are the shifts employed to secure attention, to effect the sale of merchandise, and to increase income. Nor are the learned professions much behind the men of merchandise. The contest of life thickens. Competition for the fruits of labor waxes continually more fierce. Mother Earth is too moderate in her labors; the ranks of the producers suffer from desertion; the plough is forsaken; the patient ox is contemned; silence, seclusion, and meditation are a memory of the past. The world's axis is changed; there is more heat in the North. The world has advanced, in our age, from a speed of five miles an hour, to twenty or thirty, or more.

Whatever may be thought of the advantages and disadvantages accruing from these movements, there can be no question of the fact, that they have greatly affected the position and the relations of speakers and hearers. The million have been driven to do so much for themselves, that they are in no little danger of jumping to the conclusion, that they no longer need teachers of religion. A conclusion so fraught with mischief to the race will not be arrested by a pertinacious adhesion to modes of preaching which men under the old-time training could be made to endure, but which latter-day contrasts have rendered intolerable.

It is just here, if anywhere, that a special backwardness on the part of the clergy to meet the religious wants of the age may, without injustice or unkindness, be alleged. It comes about very naturally; the training of the clergy is not in harmony with the exigencies of the position they are intended to occupy. The endeavors of the preparatory schools are not to be depreciated. It is scarcely possible to say too much of the fundamental importance of thoroughness and of minute accuracy in the rudiments of learning. But that extreme zeal in this behalf has produced an unnatural divorce of the practical from the critical, it is

vain to deny. The devotion to the latter, which is inaugurated in the preparatory school, is by the college inflamed to the utmost, and the young man reaches his climax when he receives the appointment of valedictorian; that is his end; he reaches it, and we may say it is the death of him. He may, indeed, enter the theological seminary, industriously resolved on more of the same supremacy; but, in most instances, the great practical ends of a Christ-like life of doing good have been already lost from his view, and the ways and means by which alone such ends can be reached have become offensive to him. The student, as he delights in calling himself, has become greatly more interested in knowledge than in the people for whom he is to use his knowledge. A certain unknown God, an idol, in short, quite unsuspected, whose name is *Critical Dignity*, is installed in his heart, in the place of the Son of God. And the man endures the trials of his ministerial life under the mistaken impression that he is a martyr for Christ. He compels himself to be satisfied with a measure of attention to his utterances, which would content no sane and sensible man in any other department of teaching. He will tell you that it is one of the inevitable infelicities of his vocation, that to nothing are men such unwilling listeners as to religious truth; than which nothing can be more untrue; for to nothing are men so prepared to listen as to religious truth, properly presented.

In order to a more generally happy and successful prosecution of the duties of a minister of Christ, a preliminary fact requires to be considered. That a man is found or finds himself in any calling is no evidence whatever that he is fitted for that calling. This is just as true of the ministry as of any other vocation. Every man-of-business knows this. The clergy seem to us behind the age in being astonishingly blind to it. Men-of-business know that only a very small fraction of their number can ever attain eminent success. They know, that, in a term of twenty years, ninety-seven men in a

hundred fail. Here and there one develops a remarkable talent for the specific business in which he is engaged. The ninety-and-nine discover that they have a weary contest to maintain with manifold contingencies and combinations which no foresight can preclude.

The application of this general truth to their profession the clergy are backward to perceive. The consequences of this backwardness are very hurtful to their interests. Because of this, we have an indefinite amount of puerile and undignified complaint from disappointed men, of disingenuous misrepresentation from incompetent men, who have entered upon labors they were never fitted to accomplish. Such men undertake their labors in ways that want and must want the Divine sanction; and they are tempted to ward off a just verdict of unsuitableness and of incompetency by bringing many and grievous charges against their flocks. "A mania for church-extending"; "a hankering for architectural splendor"; "or for discursive and satirical preaching"; "or for something flordid or profound": these and the like imputations have been put forward, as a screen, by many an unsuccessful preacher, who failed,—simply failed,—not in selling horns or hides, shirtings or sugars,—but failed to recommend Christ and his gospel,—failed for want of head, or heart, or industry, or all three.

The man who embarks his all in hardware, drugs, or law, runs the risk of failure. If his neighbor can rise earlier, walk faster, talk faster, work harder, and hold on longer, he will get the avails that might suffice for both. This unalterable fact every business-man accepts.

Do you inquire, To what good purpose do you thrust the possibility of failure upon the attention of the candidate for the ministry? Would you utterly discourage those who are already more alive to the perils of their undertaking than we could wish them?

We answer, It is no kindness to encourage men to enter a ministry whose inexorable requirements and whose inci-

dental possibilities they may not look in the face. It is no kindness to represent to them that the qualities which they possess *ought* to engage attention; and that their talents will command respect, or else it will be the fault of the people.

Men go into business in the face of a possibility of failure through uncontrollable circumstances; not in defiance of an ascertainable, insufferable incompetency. They toil on, accepting adversity with such equanimity as God gives them, so long as they are permitted to believe that their misfortunes are not chargeable upon their incapacity or self-indulgence. But when it is made apparent that they are not in their proper sphere, they think it no shame to say so, to withdraw, and to apply their energies to something suited to their tastes and capabilities. And so it should be with the ministry; but as things now are, with the conceptions of the ministry now entertained, pride interposes to forbid the rectification of the most serious mistakes. It is a question of dignity and of scholarship; whereas it should be a question of love to God and man, and of real ability and conscious power to bring them together,—to reconcile man to God.

Our age is an age of great devotion to secular affairs,—of men who are great in the conduct of such affairs,—in every department in life. To counterbalance this, our ministry must be filled with an equally earnest devotion to God and salvation. In real ability our ministers ought to be not a whit behind. But ability is not necessarily scholarship; though it may, and as far as possible should, include that, and a great deal more. Let it be fully understood, once for all, that we have no disparaging remark to make of scholarship; a man must be foolish beyond expression, who pretends to argue that the highest scholarship is less than a most important and almost indispensable auxiliary to the minister of Christ. All our concern in the matter, just here, is, that it shall be fully understood that piety and real ability make the minister of Christ, and not scholarship; in

the words of Augustine, "the heart makes the minister";—but we may safely assume that he meant the heart of a really able man; otherwise we can accord but a qualified respect to this remark.

The prevailing impression among the ministry appears to be, that the man who cannot write "an able doctrinal discourse" is but an inferior man, fit only to preach in an inferior place; and that it would be a great gain to the Church, if scholarship were only so general* that the standard of the universities could be applied, and only Phi-Beta-Kappa men allowed to enter the ministry. No doubt, those who incline to this view are quite honest, and not unkindly in it. But those who think this grievously misunderstand the necessities of the age in which we live. Reading men know where to find better reading than can possibly be furnished by any man who is bound to write two sermons weekly, or even one sermon a week; and to train any corps of young men in the expectation that any considerable fraction of them will be able to win and to maintain a commanding influence in their parishes mainly by the weekly production of learned discourses is to do them the greatest injury, by cherishing expectations which never can be realized. Why do our educated men of other professions so seldom and so reluctantly contribute to the addresses in our religious assemblies? Precisely because they understand the difficulty of meeting the popular expectation which is created by the prevailing theory; a theory which demands that sermons, and not only that sermons, but also that all religious addresses, should be chiefly characterized as learned, acute, scholastic even. An Irish preacher is reported in an Edinburgh paper as saying lately, that "he had been led to think of his own preaching and of that of his brethren. He saw very few sermons in the New Testament shaped after the forms and fashion in which they had been accustomed to shape theirs. He was not aware of a sermon there, in which they had a little motto selected, upon which a disquisition upon a particular subject was

hung. The sort of sermons which the people in his locality were desirous to hear were sermons delivered on a large portion of the Word of God, carrying through the ideas as the Spirit of God had done." And it is, in part at least, because of the prevailing disregard of this most reasonable desire, that parishes so soon weary of their ministers.

It need not discourage ministers to accept the fact that there will be failures in the ministry,—and a great many failures among those who rely for their success mainly upon the weekly production of learned disquisitions. Discouragement is not in accepting a fact that accords with all just theories of truth, but in adopting a theory which is sure to be invalidated by the almost universal experience of men in, as well as out of, the ministry. A right-minded minister *may* have many falls in struggling up his Hill of Difficulty; but the Lord will lift him up, and will save him from adding to the temperate grief proper to any measure of short-coming the intolerable poignancy that comes of cheating by false pretences,—of assuming to do what he knows or should know that he cannot do, namely, produce any considerable number of great sermons.

Let it, then, be frankly owned, that men, very good men, very capable men, have failed in the ministry. A. failed, because he did not study; B., because he did not visit his people; C., because he could not talk; D., because he was too grave; E., because he was too frivolous; F. could not, or would not, control his temper; G. alienated by exacting more than he received; and all of them because of not having what Scougal calls "the life of God in the soul of man."

It is not worth while for any man to go into the ministry who cannot relish the Apostle's invitation, running thus:—"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." If that seem not reasonable, ay, and exceedingly inviting too, better let

it alone. All men cannot do all things. Better raise extraordinary potatoes than hammer out insignificant ideas. You do not see the connection? you were a Phi-Beta-Kappa man in college, and know that you can write better than many a man in a metropolitan pulpit? Very likely; but we of the few go to church to be made better men, and not by fine writing, but by significant ideas, which may come in a homely garb, so they be only pervaded with affectionate piety, but which can come to us only from one who has laid all ambitious self-seeking on the altar of God. There is a power of persuasion in every minister who follows God as a dear child, and who walks in love, as Christ loved us, which the hardest heart cannot long resist,—which will win the congregation, however an individual here and there may be able to harden himself against it. You think that the great power of the pulpit is in high doctrine, presented with metaphysical precision and acuteness. We have no disparagement to offer of your doctrinal knowledge, nor of your ability to state it with metaphysical precision and hair-splitting acuteness. But we know, from much experience, that there is a divine truth, and a fervor and power in imparting it, with which God inspires the man who is wholly devoted to Him, in comparison with which the higher achievements of the man who lacks these are trumpery and rubbish. Many, *many* men have failed in the ministry, are failing in the ministry every day, because their principal reliance has been upon what they deem their thorough mastery of the soundest theories of doctrine and of duty. They were confident they could administer to minds and hearts diseased the certain specific laid down in the book, admeasured to the twentieth part of a scruple. Confident in their theoretical acquisitions, they could not comprehend the indispensable necessity of a large experience in actual cases of mental malady. And for the want of such experience, it was absolutely impossible that they should be *en rapport* with the souls they honestly desired to benefit.

Can you heal a heart-ache with a syllogism? There is no dispensing with the precept and prescription,—“Weep with those that weep!” “Be of the same mind one toward another!”

Theories of doctrine and of practice are not without their value; but the minister who is merely or chiefly a theorist, whether in doctrines or in measures, is an adventurer; and the chances against him are as many as the chances against the precise similarity of any two cases presented to his attention,—as many as the chances against the education of any two men of fifty years being precisely alike, in every particular and in all their results. The soul's problems are not to be solved by theories. Such was not the practice of the Great Physician; “*surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.*” Theories shirk that. “*In all their affliction, He was afflicted; in His love and in His pity, He redeemed them.*” And precisely in this way his ministers are now to follow up his practice. Our age is growing less and less tolerant of formality,—less and less willing to accept metaphysical disquisition in place of a warm-hearted, loving, fervent expansion of the Word of God, recommended to the understanding and to the sensibility by lively illustrations of spiritual truth, derived from all the experience of life, from all observation, from all analogies in the natural world,—in short, from every manner of illumination, from the heavens above, from the earth beneath, and from the waters which are under the earth. God is surely everywhere, and hath made all things, and all to testify of Him; and the innumerable voices all agree together.

And when this is both understood and felt, what rules shall be given to guide and control the construction and the delivery of discourses? Shall we say, The people must be brought back to the old-time endurance—ay, *endurance*, that is the word—of long-drawn, laborious ratiocinations, wherein the truth is diligently pursued for its own sake, with an ultimate reference, indeed, to the needs

and uses of the hearer, but so remote as rarely to be noticed, except by that very small fraction of any customary congregation who may chance to have an interest in such doings,—some of whom watch the clergyman as they would the entomologist, running down a truth that he may impale it, and add one more specimen to his well-ordered collection of common and of uncommon bugs? Our neighbors in the South do better than this; for they hunt with the lasso, and never throw the noose except to capture something which can be harnessed to the wheels of common life.

No, the people are not going back to the endurance of any such misery. They have found out that still-born rhetoric is by no means the one thing needful, and care far less for the *art* of speech than for the *nature* of a holy heart. They want a man to speak less of what he believes and more of what he feels. The expectation of bringing the people again to endure prolonged metaphysical discriminations, spun out of commonplace minds, cobwebs to cloak their own nakedness and universal inaptitude, if indulged, is absurdly indulged. The whole Church is sick of such trifling. She knows well that it has made her most unsavory to those who might have found their way into the temples of God, or kept their places there, but for the memory of an immense amount of wearisome readings from the pulpit,—too often a vocabulary of words seldom or never found out of sermons,—a manner of speech which, when tried by the sure test of natural, animated conversation, must be pronounced absurd and abominable. It is a wonder of wonders, that, in spite of such drawbacks, an individual here and there has been reclaimed from worldliness to the love and service of God.

The student-habits of the clergy most naturally lead them to prefer the formal statement, the studied elaboration of ideas, which their own training cannot but render facile and dear to them. And there is here and there a man who, in virtue of extraordinary genius, can infuse new

life into worn-out phrases,—a man or two who can for a moment or for an hour, by the very weight and excellence of their thoughts, and because they truly and deeply feel them, arrest the age, and challenge and secure attention, in spite of all the infelicities of an antiquated style and an unearthly delivery. But in this age, more than ever before, we are summoned to surrender our scholastic preferences and esoteric honors to the exigencies of the million. And the men of this generation have, without much conference, come with great unanimity to the determination that they will not long endure, either in or out of the pulpit, speakers who are dull and unaffecting, whether from want of words, ideas, or method and wisdom in the arrangement of them, or lack of sympathies,—and especially that they will not endure dull declamation from the pulpit.

If any man really wish to know how he is preaching, let him imagine himself conversing earnestly with an intelligent and highly gifted, but uneducated man or woman, in his own parlor, or with his younger children. Would any but an idiot keep on talking, when, with half an eye, he might discern *TEDIOUS*, wrought by himself, upon the uncalloused sensibilities of his hearers?

How long ought a sermon to be? As long as you can read in the eye of seven-eighths of your audience, *Pray, go on*. If you cannot read that, you have mistaken your vocation; you were never called to the ministry. The secret of the persuasive power of our favorite orators is in their constant recognition of the ebb and flow of the sensibilities they are acting upon. Their speech is, in effect, an actual conversation, in which they are speaking for as well as to the audience; and the interlocutors are made almost as palpably such as at the "Breakfast-Table" of our dramatic "Autocrat." In contrast with this, the dull preacher, falling below the dignity and the privilege of his office, addresses himself, not to living men, but to an imaginary sensibility to abstract truth. The effect of this is

obvious and inevitable; it converts hearers into doubters as to whether in fact there be any such thing as a religion worth recommending or possessing, and preachers into complainers of the people as indifferent and insensible to the truth,—a libel which ought to render them liable to fine and punishment. God's truth, *fairly presented*, is never a matter of indifference or of insensibility to an intelligent, nor even to an unintelligent audience. However an individual here and there may contrive to withdraw himself from the sphere of its influence, truth can no more lose her power than the sun can lose his heat.

The people, under the quickening influences characteristic of our age, are awaking to the consciousness, that, on the

day which should be the best of all the week, they have been defrauded of their right, in having solemn dulness palmed upon them, in place of living, earnest, animated truth. Let not ministers, unwisely overlooking this undeniable fact, defame the people, by alleging a growing facility in dissolving the pastoral relation,—a disregard of solemn contracts,—a willingness to dismiss excellent, godly, and devoted men, without other reason than the indisposition to retain them. Be it known to all such, that capable men in every department of life were never in such request as at this very hour; and never, since the world began, was there an audience so large and so attentive to truth, well wrought and fitted to its purpose, as now.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Ludwig van Beethoven. Leben und Schaffen. Herausgegeben von Adolph Bernhard Marx. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1859. pp. 379, 339.

FIRST NOTICE.

BEETHOVEN died March 26, 1827, and thirty years passed away without any satisfactory biography of him. The notices and anecdotes of Seyfried, (1832,) Wegeler, and Ries, (1838,) the somewhat more extended sketch by Schindler, (1840, second edition 1845,) and what in various forms, often of very doubtful veracity, appeared from time to time in periodical publications, musical and other, remained the only sources of information respecting the great master, and the history of his works, available to the public, even the German public. Wegeler's "Notizen" are indispensable for the early history of the composer; Schindler's "Biographie," for that of his later years. Careful scrutiny has failed to detect any important error in the statements of the former, or in those of the latter, where he professedly speaks

from personal knowledge. Schindler is one of the best-abused men in Germany, —perhaps has given sufficient occasion for it,—but we must bear this testimony to the value of his work, unsatisfactory as it is. Seyfried and Ries give little more than personal reminiscences of a period ending some twenty-five or thirty years before they wrote. The one is always careless; the other died too suddenly to give his hastily written anecdotes revision. Both must be corrected (as they may easily be, but have not yet been) by contemporaneous authorities. Their errors are constantly repeated in the biographical articles upon Beethoven which we find in the Encyclopædias, with one exception, the article in the "New American," published by the Appletons.

A life of Beethoven, founded upon a careful digest of these writers, combined with the materials scattered through other publications,—even though no original researches were made,—was still a desideratum, when the very remarkable work upon Mozart, by the Russian, Alexander

Oulibichef, appeared, and aroused a singular excitement in the German musical circles through the real or supposed injustice towards Beethoven into which the hero-worship of the author had led him. We had hopes that now some one of the great master's countrymen would give us something worthy of him; but the excitement expended itself in pamphlets and articles in periodicals, in which as little was done for Beethoven's history as was effected against the views of Oulibichef.

Another Russian, however, Wilhelm von Lenz, came to the rescue in two works,—“Beethoven et ses trois Styles,” (2 vols. 8vo, St. Petersburg, 1852,) and “Beethoven, eine Kunststudie” (2 vols. 12mo, Cassel, 1855). A very feeble champion, this Herr von Lenz. The first of his two works—in French, rather of the Stratford-at-Bow order,—consists principally of an “Analyse des Sonates de Piano” of Beethoven, in which these works are indeed much talked about, but not analyzed. The author, an amateur, has plenty of zeal, but, unluckily, neither the musical knowledge nor the critical skill for his self-imposed task. We mention this book only because the second volume closes with a “Catalogue critique, chronologique et anecdotique,” in which the author has, with great industry and care, and for the first time, brought together the principal historical notices of Beethoven's works, scattered through the pages of the books above noticed and the fifty quarto volumes of the “Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung.”

The first volume of “Beethoven, eine Kunststudie” is a “Leben des Meisters,” a mere sketch, made up from the same works as the “Catalogue,” with a very few additions from other sources. As a biographer, Lenz fails as signally as in his capacity of critic. Much original matter, from one living so far away, was not to be expected; but he has made no commendable use of the printed authorities which he had at hand. His style is bombastic and feeble; there is neither a logical nor a chronological progress to his narrative; moreover, he is not always trustworthy, even in matters personal to himself;—at all events, a very interesting account of a meeting between him and Mendelssohn, at the house of Moscheles in London,—apropos of nothing,—has called out a letter

from the latter in a Leipzig musical journal, in which the whole story is declared to be without foundation. In our references to Lenz, we shall consider his “Catalogue” and his “Leben des Meisters” as complements to each other, and forming a single work.

Lenz's “Beethoven et ses trois Styles” was avowedly directed against Oulibichef, and called out a reply from that gentleman, with the title, “Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs,” (8vo. Paris and Leipzig, 1857,) in which poor Lenz is annihilated, but which makes no pretensions to biographical value. It contains, indeed, a sketch of the master's life; it is but a sketch, so highly colored, such a mere painting of Beethoven as he existed in the author's fancy,—not in real life,—as to convey a most false idea of him and of his fortunes. The introduction is an admirable sketch of the progress of music during the first twenty-five years of the present century,—a supplement to his famous view of modern music in his work upon Mozart. His analyses of such of Beethoven's works as met his approbation are masterly and unrivalled, save by certain articles from the pens of Hoffmann and our own writer Dwight. With the later works of the composer Oulibichef had no sympathy. Haydn and Mozart had given him his standards of perfection. We can forgive Beethoven, when at times he rises above all forms and rules in seeking new means of expression; Oulibichef could not.

But it is not endless discussions of Beethoven's works which the public—at all events, our public—demands. We wish his biography,—the history of his life. What has been given us does but whet the appetite. We wish to have the many original sources, still sealed to us, explored, and the results of this labor honestly given us. None of the writers above-mentioned have been in a position to do this, and their publications are but materials for the use of the true biographer, when he shall appear.

It was therefore with a pleasure as great as it was unexpected, that we saw, some months since, the announcement of the volumes named at the head of this article. They now lie before us. We have given them a very careful examination, and shall now endeavor to do them full justice, granting them much more space than has

yet been accorded to them in any German publication which has come under our notice, because out of Germany the reputation of the author is far greater than at home,—whether upon the old principle, that the “prophet is not without honor,” etc., we hope hereafter to make clear.

Some particulars respecting Dr. Marx may find place here, as proving that from no man, perhaps, have we the right to expect so much, in a biography of Beethoven, as from him. We draw them mostly from Schilling's “*Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaft*,” Vol. IV., Stuttgart, 1841,—a work which deserves to be better known in our country. It is worthy of note, that in this work, of which Mozart fills eight pages, Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven seven to seven and a half each, Gluck six and a quarter, Meyerbeer four, and Weber four and a half, Marx, eighteen years since, occupied five.

Adolph Bernhard Marx was born at Halle, Nov. 17, 1799, and, like so many of the distinguished musicians of recent times, is of Jewish descent. He studied at the University of his native city, choosing the law for his profession, but making music the occupation of his leisure hours,—the well-known contrapuntist, Türk, being his instructor in musical theory and composition. “He [Türk] soon saw whom he had before him, and told Marx at once that he was born to be a musician.”*

Soon after finishing his legal studies, Marx removed to Berlin, as the place where he could best enjoy the means of artistic culture. “For one quite without fortune, merely to live in a strange city demands great strength of character; but to go farther and fit one's self for a career and for a position in the future, which even under the best auspices is of very difficult attainment, and, beside all this, to have others dependent upon him for the necessities of life,—what a burden to bear! By a very intellectual system of instruction in singing and in composition, and, at a later period, (1824–31,) by editing the ‘*Berliner Allgemeine Musikzeitung*,’ and several theoretical and practical musical works, he earned the means of subsistence. Never was a periodical more conscientiously edited. It was for

Marx like an official station, and his seven years upon that paper were in fact a preparation for the position of Public Teacher, to which in 1830 he was appointed, in the University at Berlin, after having declined a judicial position offered to him, with a fair salary, in one of the provinces. Honorably has he since that period filled his station, however great the pains which have been taken in various quarters that it should not be said of him, ‘*Virtus post nummos!*’”*

“The diploma of Doctor of Music Marx received from the University at Marburg; and thereupon (?) obtained the greatest applause for a course of lectures, in part strictly scientific for the musician, and in part upon the history of music, its philosophy, etc.; also, as Music-Director of the University, he has brought (1841) the academic choir into such a flourishing state, both as to numbers and skill, as to be adequate to the most difficult music.”†

Again we read,—“We remember, that, some time since, Fetis, at Paris, pointed out Marx as the one who had introduced the philosophy of Kant into music.” Were this so, so much the more credit to Marx, who, at that time, we are informed, had never studied the works of the philosopher of Königsberg, and his basing music upon the Kantian philosophy is therefore but a proof of the profundity of his genius.

From the same article we extract the following list of his productions:—1. A work on Singing, in three parts; the second and third of which “contain throughout admirable and novel remarks.” 2. “*Maigruss*” (Maygreeting). “This pamphlet, humorous and delicate, yet powerfully written,” calls attention to certain novel views of its author in regard to music. 3. Articles in the “*Cäcilia*,” a musical periodical. 4. Essay on Handel's works. 5. A work on Composition. 6. Several biographies and other articles in Schilling's *Encyclopædia*,—“indeed, all the articles signed A. B. M.” 7. Editions of several of Bach's and Handel's works. To these we may now add his extensive treatise upon Musical Science, in four volumes, his “*Music in the Nineteenth Century*,” and the work which is now before us.

Of musical compositions we find the

* Article in Schilling.

* Article in Schilling.

† Ibid.

following noticed: — 1. Music to Goethe's "Jery und Bätely," — which, in theatrical parlance, was shockingly *damned*; — but then "its author had made many enemies as editor of the 'Musikalische Zeitung,'" and the singers and actors embraced this opportunity of revenge. 2. Music to the melodrama, "Die Rache wartet," (Vengeance waits,) by Willibald Alexis, the scenes of which are laid in Poland at the time of Napoleon's fatal Russian expedition. "This background was the theme of the music, which consisted of little more than the overture and *entr'actes*, but was held by musicians of note to be both grand and profound. The character of the campaign of 1812, especially, was given in the overture with terrible truth of expression. Still, however, the work *did not succeed*." 3. "Undine's Greeting," text by Fouqué, with a festive symphony, composed on occasion of the marriage of the present Prince Regent of Prussia. This was also damned, — but then, it was badly executed! 4. Symphony, — "The Fall of Warsaw," — still manuscript. "The music paints most touchingly the rash, superficial, chivalrous character of the Poles, their love of freedom amid the thunder of cannon, their terrible fall in the bloody defeat, their solitary condition on strange soil, the awful judgment that fell upon that people." We are sorry to add, that the Berlin orchestras will not play this work, — preferring Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. 5. A Choral and Organ Book, — "one of Marx's most interesting works." 6. "Nahib," — a series of songs, the music of which "is gentle, tender, and full of Oriental feeling." 7. "John the Baptist," an oratorio, — twice performed by the University choir in one of the churches of Berlin. "A great charm is found in the peculiar sharpness of characterization which distinguishes this music. The solos and choruses, being held throughout in spirited declamation, — the music not being aggregated in conventional tone-masses, but developed vigorously after the sense of the text, — are distinguished from those in the works of recent composers." Unfortunately for Marx, the public preferred the solos and choruses of such recent composers as Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Schumann to his. A few songs and hymns completed the list of his works at that time.

"At present," (1841,) says our authority, "Marx is laboring upon an oratorio, 'Moses,' for which he long since made studies, and which in its profound conception of character will have but few equals."

The "Moses" was long since finished, and was performed in several places; but the public has not proved alive to its merits, and it fares no better than did Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its nonage.

We have perhaps quoted somewhat too largely from the article in Schilling; but have thought so much necessary to give the reader the basis of the great reputation which Marx has, particularly in England and the United States; — for, singular as the fact may appear, we are unable to recall the name of any young composer who has appeared and gained any considerable degree of success, since Marx began to teach, whom he can claim as his pupil. Most of the younger generation are from the schools of Hauptmann, Haupt, Dehn, the Schneiders, and the Vienna and Prague professors. Marx's reputation, then, is that of an author, — a writer upon music.

There is one fact, however, worthy of mention in regard to the article from which we have quoted, which, while it exhibits the modesty of Marx, — modesty, the ornament of true greatness, — may (or may not) add weight to the extracts we have made from it, — namely, that the article was written for Schilling by Marx himself.

We have, then, a man of three-score years, whose youth and early manhood fell in the period of Beethoven's greatest efforts and fame; a musician by profession, and composer, but, through "the opposition of singers and musicians and the scandalous journalism" of Berlin, forced from the path of composition into that of the science and literature of the art; for thirty years lecturer on the history and philosophy of music; professor of the art in the first of German universities, a position, both social and professional, which gives him command of all the sources of information; dweller in a city which possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world, that, too, in which the bulk of the Beethoven papers are preserved, — a city, moreover, in which more than in any other the more profound works of the master are studied and publicly performed.

Certainly, from no man living have we the right to expect so much, as biographer of Beethoven, as from this man.

We have no extravagant ideas of the value of the so-called Conversation-Books of Beethoven. We are aware that they seldom contain anything from the hand of the master himself, — being made up, of course, of what people had to say to him; but one hundred and thirty-eight such books — though in many cases but a sheet or two of foolscap doubled together, generally filled with mere lead-pencil scribbling, now by his brother, now by the nephew, then by Schindler or the old housekeeper, upon money matters and domestic arrangements, but often by artists, poets, and literary men, not only of Vienna, but in some cases even from England, and in one from America — must contain a great mass of matter, which places one amidst those by whom the master was surrounded, makes one to “know his goings-out and his comings-in,” and occasionally facts of high importance in the study of his character, and the circumstances in which he spent his last years. For some twelve years these books have been in Berlin and at the disposal of Marx. The numerous files of musical periodicals and the mass of musical biography and recent musical history preserved in the Royal Library must be of inestimable value to the writer on *Beethoven*, — a value which Marx must fully appreciate, both from his former labors as editor, and his more recent ones as contributor of biographical articles to Schilling's *Encyclopædia*.

As we take up this new life of Beethoven, then, the measure of our expectations is the reputation of the author, plus the means, the materials, at his command. And certainly the first impression made by these two goodly volumes is a very favorable one; for, making due allowance for the music scattered through them with not too lavish a hand, by way of examples, we have still some six hundred solid pages of reading matter, — space enough in which to answer many a vexed question, clear up many a dark point, give us the results of widely extended researches, and place Beethoven the Man and the Composer before us in “*Leben und Schaffen*,” — in his life and his labors.

In the first cursory glance through the

work, we were struck by an apparent disproportion of space allotted to different topics, and have taken some pains to examine to how great an extent this disproportion really exists. We find, that in the first volume, four works, — the First, Second, and Third Symphonies and the opera “*Leonore*” or “*Fidelio*” occupy 136 of the 375 pages; in the second, that the other five Symphonies and the “*Missa Solemnis*” fill out 123 of the 330 pages. Bearing in mind that the works of Beethoven which have *Opus* numbers — not to speak of the others — amount to 137, and that, in some cases, three and even six compositions, so important as the Rasoumowsky Quartetts, for instance, are included in a single *Opus*, the disproportion really appears very great. We notice, moreover, that just those works which are most familiar to the public, which have for thirty years or more been subjects of never-ending discussion, and which one would naturally suppose might be dismissed in fewest words, — that these are the works which occupy so much space. What is there so new to be said of the “*Heroic Symphony*” that fifty pages should be allotted to it, while the ballet “*Prometheus*,” still strange to nearly every reader, should be dismissed in three?

We find it also somewhat remarkable that Marx thinks it necessary to give his own notions of musical form to the extent of nineteen pages, (Vol. I. pp. 79 *et seq.*) preparatory to his discussion of the greater works of the master, and yet is able to condense the history of Beethoven's first twenty-two years — the period, in our view, the most important in making him what he was — in sixteen! We have not space to follow this out farther, and only add, that, were this work a mere catch-penny affair by an unknown writer, we should suspect him of “drawing out the thread of his verbosity” on topics where materials are plenty and talk is easy, in preference to the labor of original research on points less known.

In reading the work carefully, two points strike us in relation to his printed authorities: first, that the list of those quoted by Lenz in his “*Catalogue*” and “*Leben des Meisters*” comprises nearly all those cited by Marx; the principal additions being the works of Lenz, Oulibichef, and A. B. Marx, — the latter of

which he exhibits great skill in finding and making opportunities to advertise;—and secondly, that, where the Russian writer, through haste, carelessness, or the want of means to verify facts and correct errors, falls into mistakes, the Berlin Professor generally agrees with him. As it is impossible to suppose that a gentleman who for nearly thirty years “writes himself, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,” Extraordinary Professor of a great German University, should simply adopt the labors of an obscure Russian writer without acknowledgment, we can only suppose these resemblances to be coincidences. These coincidences are, nevertheless, so numerous, that we may say in general, what Lenz knew of the history of the man Beethoven and his works is known to Marx, — what was unknown to the former is equally unknown to the latter. Marx, however, occasionally quotes passages from Schindler, Wegeler, and Ries at length, to which Lenz only gives references. We will note a few of the coincidences between the two writers.

Here is the first sentence of the biography:—

“Ludwig van Beethoven was born to his father, a singer in the chapel of the *Elector Max Franz*, Archbishop of Cologne, Dec. 17, 1770.” (Marx, Vol. I. p. 4.) Beethoven was fourteen years old when this Elector came to Bonn. Max Franz is confounded with Max Friedrich, — a singular mistake, since Wegeler writes the name in full. It may, however, be a typographical error, or a *lapsus pennæ* on the part of Marx. We give him all the benefit of the doubt; but, unluckily, we read on p. 12, that the Archbishop, “brother of Joseph II.,” called the Protestant Neeffe from the theatre to the organ-loft of the Electoral Chapel,—this appointment having in fact been made four years before the “brother of Joseph II.” had aught to do with appointments in that part of the world. Lenz confounds the two Electors in precisely the same manner.

Both Lenz and Marx (p. 9) relate the old exploded story of the child Beethoven and the spider. The former found it in the “*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*,” and probably had not authorities at hand to correct it. Had Marx sent to the Library for Disjoulval’s “*Arachnologie*,” the work which he gives as *his* au-

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thority, he would have found, that, not Beethoven, but the French violinist Berthoume, was the hero of the anecdote,—as, indeed, is also related in Schilling’s *Encyclopædia*, not many pages after Marx’s own article on Beethoven in that work.

That Lenz should misdate Beethoven’s visit to Berlin is not strange; that Marx, a Berliner, should, is. Nor is it remarkable that Lenz knows nothing of Beethoven’s years of service as member of the Electoral orchestra at Bonn; but how Marx should have overlooked it, in case he has made *any* researches into the composer’s early history, is beyond our comprehension.

Schindler has mistaken the date of certain letters written by Beethoven long before he had any personal intercourse with him,—the notes to Julia Guicciardi, — which he dates 1806. Both Lenz and Marx follow him in the date; both quote Beethoven’s words, that the lady in question married Count Gallenberg before the departure of the latter to Italy; both coincide in overlooking the circumstance related in the “*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*,” that, *before* June, 1806, a grand performance of music, composed and directed by Gallenberg, took place at Naples in honor of Joseph Bonaparte;—proof sufficient that Beethoven could not in July of that year have addressed the lady in these terms: “*Mein Engel, mein Alles, mein Ich!*”

Both Marx and Lenz relate the following anecdote. Haydn, meeting Beethoven, praised the Septett of the latter; upon which the young man exclaimed, deprecatingly, “Ah, it is far from being a ‘Creation!’” To which Haydn replied, “*That* you could not have written, for you are an atheist!”

That the absurdity of making Beethoven, then a man of thirty and supposed to be possessed of common sense, hint at any comparison of a piece of chamber-music with one of the grandest of oratorios, and that, too, to the author himself, should not have struck Marx, is strange; nor is it less so, that, in the course of his researches, he has not met with the correction of the story, by the late Alois Fuchs of Vienna.

In fact, the ballet “Prometheus,” in which the progress of man from a state of rude nature to the highest culture and refinement is depicted, and the “Creation,”

were both given for the first time within a few weeks of each other. The affinity of the subjects is clear, and the remark of the young man, "Ah, dear papa, it is far from being a 'Creation'!" is only natural. "No," said Haydn, "it is indeed not a 'Creation,' nor do I think its author will ever reach that!"

In the dates given by Marx to Beethoven's compositions he generally coincides with Lenz, in his "Catalogue," particularly when the latter is wrong, — and when he differs from him, he is as apt to be wrong as right. Any person who has both works at command may easily verify this remark.

But we cannot dwell longer on this point.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the Great American Advocate. By EDWARD G. PARKER. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860.

WE think it our duty to state our judgment of this book, because it professes to give personal reminiscences, by a familiar friend, of a remarkable and distinguished man of our own time and country, has been much read and discussed, and has gained a good deal of popularity of a certain sort; it therefore belongs *somewhere* in the literature of the day. Perhaps it would have been for the good of some of our readers, if we had done this sooner. But, indeed, to treat with entirely condign justice a book which deals very freely and flippantly with the literary and even the personal character of one who, though an eminent and to some extent a public man, was still only yesterday a private gentleman among us, a neighbor and a friend, is a matter of some delicacy. By the extraordinary alacrity with which this book was produced the author got a little the start of criticism, perhaps; but we should fail in our duty as reviewers, if he altogether escaped it. In all charity, we are bound, for that matter, to give him the full benefit of the speed he has exhibited, in so far as it may serve to explain, if it cannot extenuate, the wretched manner in which he has performed his self-appointed task.

For the purposes of the bookseller, nothing could have been happier than the publication, within a few months after the

death of Mr. Choate, of such a book as this promised to be. Throughout the country his name had been generally accounted the synonyme of all that was most original, mysterious, and fascinating, in the arts of the advocate and the scholar. Perhaps we have none of us ever known a man in regard to whom a greater degree of *curiosity* existed among his countrymen. Those who saw him every day never ventured to believe that they quite ever understood him, so various and so peculiar were the aspects he exhibited even here at home. Those who attempted to study him were as much perplexed as charmed. The avidity with which a cheap book, easily read, professing to give personal recollections of such a man, would be seized upon by the mass of reading people, was not overestimated.

It is not the purpose of this notice to discuss Mr. Choate, — his eloquence, his wit, his scholarship, or his personal characteristics. Our office is simply to examine the manner of Mr. Parker's performing what he set out to perform. Our business is with the book, not with the subject of it. And, in our judgment, the book is the very worst that could well be written on such a subject. It is done with bad taste, bad judgment, bad style. It is precisely the book to mortify and disgust Mr. Choate's admirers, and to fix more firmly than ever such unfavorable notions of him as may have existed in the minds of others.

Mr. Parker does not appear to have considered what he undertook, when he stepped so lightly into the position of the biographer of such a man. We will not dwell upon the fact, that a really just and discriminating account of him demanded, as it certainly did, much acuteness of perception and dexterity of delineation, together with a high degree of scholarship. What we are now specifying against the author is, that he took no care whatever to set any wise or modest bounds to his enterprise. He did not bear in mind how much had been *said*, as well as how little was *known* about Mr. Choate; what wonderfully loose and idle notions of him had got abroad; how the most essential and notable points of his character and genius had been so clumsily handled by flippant or careless critics, that the popular impression of him was, to a great degree, extravagant and ab-

surd. Remembering all this, and properly respecting the subject in which he appears to have interested himself so ardently, Mr. Parker should have applied to his task a somewhat gentle hand; gratifying, if that must be done, the curiosity of his readers as far as he safely could, but refraining altogether from those aspects of Mr. Choate's mind and character which he must have known could not be intelligently discussed in a book so swiftly and lightly executed. No such notion seems to have occurred to him. He has rattled off his "Reminiscences" with a confidence which may be justly called indecent and impertinent. The result is what might have been expected. We have so many pages of voluble, superficial, and exceedingly tedious talk about Mr. Choate,—and that is the whole of it. For our own part, we have been not at all profited by the reading, and the little amusement it has afforded us was probably not exactly designed by the author.

We would fain be excused from the duty of remarking upon the merely literary character of the book, but that may not be. As we said before, the book is somewhere in the literature of the day, and its place must be ascertained. The following gems of rhetoric it will be useful, for that end, to notice:—"With me, as with every young man of a taste that way, he talked," etc.; "he was always booked up on all the fresh topics," etc.; "the sparkle and flash produced by a battle of brains"; "newspaper topics of erudition and magnificence"; "convulsive humor"; "severity sweetening all the courts through which he revolved"; "the maiden-mother,"—alluding to an unfortunate female witness who was a mother, though never married; "two names, chiefs at the bar, *facile princeps*"; not to forget an extraordinary quotation from the title, which the author says he found at the head of one of Mr. Choate's manuscript plans for daily study, in these words, "*faciundo ad munus nuper impositum*." Now it must really in justice be said that to write a biography of Mr. Choate in such a lingo as this is an insult to the subject. We believe we are fair with Mr. Parker's style. Indeed, where it is not relieved by such barbarisms as we have quoted, it purls along with a certain weak smartness which is inexpressibly tiresome.

A much more tolerable book, however,

would be spoiled by such arrant egotism as our author displays on every page. We are never rid of Mr. Parker for a moment. Wherever Mr. Choate is visible, Mr. Parker is strutting by his side. He exhibits, indeed, all the intrusiveness of Boswell, without any of that honest, self-forgetting, simple-hearted admiration of his distinguished friend which makes Boswell positively respectable. A single illustration of this weakness is so apt that we quote it. "Mr. Choate said, 'Some one should write a History of the Ancient Orators. There is no book in all my library where I can find all there is extant about any ancient orator.' He earnestly advised the author to undertake it. In pursuance of the idea, an article on 'Hortensius' appeared in a Review as a beginning. He spoke with enthusiasm of the satisfaction it gave him; saying it was a new revelation to him, for he never *knew* Hortensius before."

Again, Mr. Parker is continually assuring us, in more or less direct terms, of the intimacy which existed between himself and Mr. Choate. In a matter of this sort, once telling is enough; and then it should be done with modesty, and so as simply to assure the reader of the genuineness of the reminiscences. All beyond that is vulgar. One more remark upon Mr. Parker's *behavior* as an author. He permits himself to speak of individuals of decided personal and public dignity with quite too much familiarity. This is, of course, nothing more than an offence against good taste. But it is so prevalent in his pages that we cannot omit it from anything like a summary of the faults which they display. And none of our young authors, actual or potential, can find anywhere else a more striking and salutary example of the harm which such a one can do to himself by indulging in this very unbecoming practice.

We have yet to notice Mr. Parker's book in respect to its success as an attempt at biography. We suppose he intended to draw the portrait of a man of wit, eloquence, and scholarship. He constantly assures us in terms that Mr. Choate *was* such a man; an assurance which certainly was not necessary to so extensive and brilliant a reputation. If he had stopped there, he would at least have done no harm. But the illustrations which he gives us are so very far from satisfactory, that, unless Mr. Choate's reputation in

these particulars be surrendered, for which we are not quite prepared, it must be upon the ground that his biographer has failed entirely to appreciate him. That Mr. Choate was, for instance, a man of singularly keen and delicate wit, everybody knows. But we believe that any brother advocate who ever sat at the same courtroom table with him for three days, or any cultivated person who ever passed an evening in his company, was likely to hear from his lips, in that space of time, more real wit than Mr. Parker repeats in his whole book. A few old jokes of his, current in Court Street any time in the last twenty years, and some odd and extravagant expressions which Mr. Choate may have permitted himself to use in the courtroom to divert a sullen juror,—such turns of speech as *he* certainly never thought were witty, though they raised the desired laugh at the time,—to which he resorted only as a necessary, but to himself unpalatable part of the business of carrying the verdict, and which he of all men would desire to have forgotten,—make up pretty much the sum of Mr. Parker's illustrations in the matter of wit. One faculty which Mr. Choate possessed in a remarkable degree, that of ready, elegant, and telling quotation, of which many interesting instances will occur to every one, and which in the hands of an appreciative biographer would have furnished a topic of rare entertainment, Mr. Parker scarcely mentions. As he regards, or at any rate describes, Mr. Choate's oratory, it would seem to have consisted altogether in "unearthly screams," "jumping up and down," tangled hair, sweating brow, glaring eyes, etc., etc. Upon these things, which his discriminating admirers were glad to overlook as mere matters of temperament and constitution, and in spite of which they were charmed with his graceful and truly vigorous speech, his biographer loves to dwell. He has much to say of the length and complexity of the sentences, but nothing of the often exquisite elegance of their structure; much of the number and size of the words of which they consisted,—nothing of the extreme delicacy and dexterity of their use, the wonderful completeness with which they were made to express every particle of the orator's meaning. As to Mr. Choate's scholarship, we certainly learn nothing satisfactory from

this unfortunate book. In the conversations which the author, clumsily, indeed, but, we are bound to believe, faithfully, details, we should expect to find something of the rich fruitage of a life-long cultivation in letters. But so poor a result does Mr. Parker show in this part of his work, that he drives us to the dilemma either of placing Mr. Choate in quite an unworthy rank as a scholar, or of concluding, that, in the case of these conversations, he bestowed upon his listener very little of any particular preciousness, or that what else was bestowed was not understood or remembered so as to be recorded.

We cannot dismiss this book without noticing the extremely unhappy treatment which the personal and professional character of Mr. Choate has received at the author's hands. That he should have introduced into it, as he has done, such stories, or jokes, or anecdotes, or whatever else they may be called, as the commonest good taste or good sense should have told him to exclude, we suppose ought in charity to be attributed to mere uncontrollable garrulity. But he has also completely missed some of the most obvious and familiar characteristics of Mr. Choate, and his description of others which he professes to have perceived he spoils by unseemly and unintelligent illustration. We have not the patience to follow him through this part of his performance. It is enough to say that none who knew Mr. Choate would ever recognize the portrait.

We regret extremely that Mr. Parker felt himself called upon to write and print his "Reminiscences." He has done himself no credit whatever; but that is comparatively a small matter. The book is in every way an injurious and indecorous one. And if he really respects the fame of the distinguished man whom he has attempted to describe, he must agree with us in the hope that his own work may be forgotten as soon as possible.

A History of the Whig Party. By R. McKINLEY ORMSBY. Boston: Crosby Nichols, & Co.

THE duties of an historian, always difficult, are peculiarly so when he attempts to treat of recent events. In such a case, the historian whose mind is not so warped by

sympathies and antipathies as to make him utterly incompetent to his task must possess a rare impartiality of judgment and extraordinary keenness of insight, all assisted by candid and painful research. To what extent these qualities are united in Mr. Ormsby, we propose to inquire.

We are at first favorably impressed. Mr. Ormsby's Preface is most striking,—uniting not only touching candor, but innocence absolutely refreshing. The duties of historian, which we just now called so weighty, rest lightly upon his conscious strength. The historian remarks, that “he is aware that his outlines are very imperfect, and in many things may be erroneous. He has had no access to libraries or public documents; and his statistics are sometimes given from general recollection, and are but approximations to accuracy. But, feeling that some history of the parties of this country is needed, he has the temerity to offer this, till its place shall be supplied by one more reliable and satisfactory.”

Any man's apology for deficiencies in his book may be accepted, provided he be able to make good the suppressed premise upon which, after all, the whole depends, namely,—that there was need of his writing at all. Mr. Ormsby seems to think there was, but gives no reasons in support of his opinion. Supposing it proved, however, it might be gravely debated whether the fortunate owner of this book would have any advantage over the man so unlucky as not to possess it.

We have all heard of the man who planned a house on so magnificent a scale, that, when the porch was finished, the funds were found to be nearly exhausted, and the main body of the house had to be built much smaller than the porch. Mr. Ormsby has avoided this error. His porch is *not* half of the whole structure. His book contains 377 pages; of these, only 188 (actually less than half!) are devoted to porch, or introductory matter. This part is richly studded with blunders of every description, and written in language which for copiousness and clearness rivals the fertilizing inundations of the Nile.

The decorous appearance of impartiality, necessary to an historian, is well preserved by such choice language as “crusade against the institutions and people of the South,”—“fratricidal hand in sectional

warfare,”—“first to arouse jealousy and hatred,”—“the South at the mercy of the North,”—“shriek for freedom,”—“political mountebank,”—“and it is to the stunted, obtuse, bigoted, fanatical, ignorant, jaundiced, self-righteous, and self-conceited millions of such in the North, that Mr. Seward, and others of his kidney, address,” etc., etc.,—“British gold,” (a favorite phrase,)—“cant of British philanthropy,”—etc., etc.

Mr. Ormsby devotes some little space to what may be called the legitimate object of his work,—that is, the vindication of the distinctive tariff policy of the Whigs,—and here advocates a good cause in a singularly illogical, bungling way. Most of his book, however, is given up to foolish invective against British machinations in the United States,—an idea which may have been plausible in Jefferson's time, but has long been abandoned to minds of our author's calibre,—and to arguments against the Republican party which show only that he is entirely ignorant of the doctrines of that party, and entirely incompetent to understand them, if he were not ignorant.

We can present only a few specimens, taken almost at random from the pages of this book. The author's ignorance (omitting the frequent instances of error in the names) may be shown by his ranking R. M. Johnson of Kentucky and Davy Crockett among the eminent statesmen of their time! He says of Mr. Clay, “When, in 1825, as a Senator from Kentucky, he sustained Mr. Adams (in the House) for the Presidency, he acted,” etc. Now Henry Clay was not in the Senate at any time between March 3, 1811, and March 4, 1831. Moreover, if he had been, he could not have voted for Adams, as Mr. Ormsby would have known, had he known anything of the Constitution to which he professes such entire devotion. Of the Missouri Compromise he says, “It was an arrangement by which the South made concessions, and gained nothing”! If we are to adopt the principle, that slavery is to be fostered, not discouraged, the South did make concessions. The essential principle of the Republican party is, that slavery is a great evil and brings in its train many other evils, and that the legislation of the United States is not to be warped by vain attempts to save the

slave-holding interest from inevitable disaster by systematic injustice to the other interests of the country. If we adopt this view, which is admitted even by so ardent a pro-slavery leader as Senator Mason of Virginia to have been the view of the framers of the Constitution, then the South gave up what she never owned, and was paid for so doing. And taking either view, we must admit that she has since, by the Kansas-Nebraska act, revoked the grant, without refunding the pay.

Mr. Ormsby mentions "the significant and highly encouraging fact," that many leading Democrats, including Mr. Hallett, (whose name, of course, he spells incorrectly,) declared for Protection in the campaign of 1856. His taking courage from so insignificant a fact as any of these gentlemen declaring for any serviceable doctrine in a campaign shows Mr. Ormsby to be by no means intimately acquainted with Massachusetts Democracy.

It is commonly thought that General Taylor's nomination kept the Whigs from sinking in 1848, and that the Whig party died in 1852 "of trying to swallow the Fugitive Slave Law." But Mr. Ormsby thinks Taylor hurt them, and that the Baltimore Platform was too anti-slavery. He frequently alludes to Garrison and Phillips as Republicans, although nearly every other adult in the country knows that they are bitter opponents of that party,—says that Mr. Seward can rely only upon the Abolitionists in the North,—misunderstands, of course, the "irrepressible conflict,"—says that no Northern editor ventures to speak or write against Personal Liberty bills, although probably not a day passes without their being assailed by a dozen in New England alone,—that slaves never can be carried into New Mexico, although they have been carried thither, and slavery has even been declared perpetual by enactment of the Territorial Legislature,—and, speaking of Kansas, that President Buchanan's "best endeavors to secure the people of that Territory equal rights were thwarted by factionists"!—in other words, "factionists" declined to admit Kansas under the pro-slavery Lecompton constitution, forced by gross frauds upon a loathing and reluctant people. He adds, that "no one denies Mr. Buchanan eminent patriotism and statesmanship." Now, whether the President possesses these qualities or not,

there can be no doubt that a great many deny them to him. And so Mr. Ormsby continues, heaping blunder upon blunder, to a greater length than we can follow him.

On p. 79, he makes the following unorthodox statement: "We have a right to hate and detest slavery, and should believe our natures, were we not to do so." Elsewhere, however, he dwells rapturously upon the happy lot of the slave. The apparent inconsistency is explained on p. 318: "We will not insult our understandings by doubting the great enormity of so foul a thing as human bondage." "In regard to detestation of slavery, there is no difference between the people of the North and South." "But these two people (!!) differ widely in their feelings in regard to negro servitude." Oh, that is it, then? Vast is the difference between "human bondage" and "negro servitude!"

Mr. Ormsby's argument is aimed against the Republicans. Accordingly, he assails the Abolitionists! Now we do not find fault with him because his arguments are pitifully silly,—because an intelligent Abolitionist would refute them instantly,—but because, even if they were sound, they have no bearing upon his point. They are not only nonsensical, but irrelevant.

"For the ignorance of the Southerners," says our author, "we should pity them, and send them our schoolmasters, who, in happy years past, have ever found a cordial reception." Exactly so,—*"in happy years past."* He then innocently asks, Is it strange that the South should think it necessary that she should have the ascendancy in at least one branch of the national government? Oh, no,—not at all,—but as Republicans *don't* consider it necessary, is it strange that they should vote as they think?

Here is a sample of most eminently logical reasoning: "The powerful efforts made by the British government to suppress the slave-trade have been far from successful. The exportation of negroes from Africa has not been discontinued, but the sufferings of the middle passage have been increased twofold; *showing that an attempt to thwart by legislation the decrees of Providence is of but little avail.*" If murder were frequent in New York, and an insufficient force called out to suppress it, the consequence being only more blood-

shed, Mr. Ormsby, to be consistent, would have to say it was not well to try to suppress murder, the event showing it to be only a futile legislative attempt to thwart the decrees of Providence !

"Not that any Whig was more in favor of the extension of slavery into the Territories, by the general government, than Mr. Fremont, or the best Republican at his back ; but the idea of the formation of a party based on the slavery question could not be entertained for a moment by any one imbued with genuine Whig sentiments." pp. 357-8.

There is precisely the old argument of timid conservatism, although its champions are seldom unskilful enough to advance it in a form so easily dealt with. You may be bitterly opposed, forsooth, to the extension of slavery ; but you must not organize or even vote against it ! Where, then, is the good of being opposed to it ?

The object of all this bad logic, bad history, and bad language is to attack the Republicans, and advocate the claims of modern Democracy,—not the Democracy of Jefferson and Silas Wright, but of Cushing and Buchanan. And what is the conclusion ? What is the mission of the surviving Whigs ?

"The existence of a conservative, enlightened, and patriotic opposition party is the necessary condition of the existence of the Democracy as a national party." p. 355.

"The slightest reflection, after even a superficial observation of the condition of our country, will satisfy any candid person, of ordinary ability, that the reconstruction of the Whig party is indispensable to the perpetuity of the Union. The Democratic party, though now national, if left to the sole opposition of the Republican, which is a sectional party, must inevitably, sooner or later, itself degenerate into sectionalism. This must be the necessary result of such antagonism. But a party based upon intelligence and moral worth must, *most of the time, be in the minority of the country, and much of the time exceedingly small. This the Whigs see, and readily accept the conditions of their existence.*" pp. 363-4.

This, then, is the banquet to which we are invited ! The mission of the resuscitated Whig party is to be — not gaining any

victory, but — being beaten by the Democrats ! It is important to the nationality of the Democratic party that they have a sound and national opposition for them to defeat regularly, year after year,—and this want the Whigs are to be so obliging as to supply !

After all, is there anything very strange in silly men writing silly books ?

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Bar-chester Towers," "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," etc. London. 1859. 8vo. pp. 395.

THIS entertaining volume has already reached a second edition in England. It is made up, in great part, of a series of lively sketches of the West Indies, British Guiana, and some parts of Central America, taken on a hasty tour during the winter and spring of last year. Its style is by no means so good as that of which Mr. Trollope has shown himself the master in his popular novels ; it is disfigured by Carlylisms, and other inelegancies, and bears many marks of negligence and haste. With a little pains, Mr. Trollope might have made his book much better, and of much more permanent value. In spite of a sense of real humor, he sometimes falls into heavy attempts at smartness and fun ; and although he has a quick eye for the essential traits of character, he not infrequently runs into trivial details. In travelling with him, one is not quite certain whether his companion is a gentleman. Breakfasts, lunches, and dinners hold a great place in his thoughts. He gives far too much attention to rum-and-water, brandy-and-water, and the varieties of drinking and eating in general. He has neither the ease nor the self-restraint which mark the thoroughly well-bred man of the world ; but he is, nevertheless, good-natured, amusing, and likable. The chief merit of his book arises from the fact that he has seen much and many parts of the world, has been a student of life and manners, and thus has acquired skill in observation and facility of comparison. The conclusions which he draws from what he sees may be right or wrong ; but he knows well how to state what has come to his notice, and his readers may

get from his pictures many valuable indications in regard to men and to social conditions, whether they accept his conclusions or not.

The state of the British West Indies is one of peculiar interest at the present day, both in a social and an economical point of view. The great questions opened by the emancipation of the slaves in these islands, in 1834, are not yet settled; and upon the solution of the problems now being worked out there depends not only their own future, but also, in great measure, the future of all the countries in which slavery still exists. If the results of emancipation prove, on the whole, advantageous both to masters and slaves, the question of the universal and comparatively speedy abolition of slavery would be virtually decided. If, however, it should be shown that the results, in the long run, are disastrous both to whites and blacks, or to either of these classes, then, although no one can doubt that slavery must sooner or later be done away with, wherever it now exists, the time of its abolition may be indefinitely postponed, and other means of accomplishing it must be devised and adopted, than those which the example of the West Indies will have proved injurious.

As in regard to all matters which have been vehemently discussed, the accounts in regard to the effects of emancipation in the West Indies differ widely; but the weight of authority tends to show, that, putting aside for the moment all moral considerations, the scale inclines towards the side of good. Mr. Trollope, who writes without prejudice, may be taken as a fair witness, so far as his opportunities for observation extended; and as his views will not satisfy the warm partisans of either side, it may perhaps be assumed that they are in the main correct. In his chapter on the Black Men in Jamaica, he says: "I shall be asked, having said so much, whether I think that emancipation was wrong. By no means. I think that emancipation was clearly right; but I think that we expected far too great and far too quick a result from emancipation. These people [the negroes] are a servile race, fitted by nature for the hardest physical work, and apparently at present fitted for little else. Some thirty years since, they were in a state where such work was

their lot; but their tasks were exacted from them in a condition of bondage abhorrent to the feelings of the age, and opposed to the religion which we practised. For us, thinking as we did, slavery was a sin. From that sin we have cleansed ourselves. But the mere fact of doing so has not freed us from our difficulties. Nor was it to be expected that it should. The discontinuance of a sin is always the commencement of a struggle."

This is well said. The negroes, freed from the bondage of labor, suddenly becoming masters of themselves, with simple and easily satisfied wants, with abundant means of subsistence, to be procured at the expense of the least possible effort, exposed to no competition from the pressure of population, and endowed by nature with indolent temperaments, naturally took to leading idle and easy lives, and refused to work except at their own pleasure. They had, as a class, no desire of regular and continued occupation, and little sense of the worth of work in itself. There was nothing surprising in this, and the blacks were little to be blamed for it. But the world will not advance, unless men work; and any country where there is not a sufficient stimulus for labor is in the course of decline. The inevitable results followed in the West Indies from the difficulty of obtaining labor. In Jamaica, the largest and most important of these British islands, other and widely different causes — mistakes in legislation, previous financial embarrassment, and especially the unwillingness or inability of the planters to recognize the necessities of their altered position — contributed to bring about a condition of wretched adversity. Estates went out of cultivation, expensive establishments failed, roads were disused, and the island was full of the signs of decay. The negroes, indeed, were happy; a few days' work in the course of the year secured them subsistence; and irregular labor for wages, on the plantations of their old masters, gave them the means of gratifying their liking for dress and finery.

A full generation has not yet passed since the act of emancipation, but there are already indications that this transitional condition is drawing to an end. A portion, at least, of the negroes are beginning to recognize the responsibilities as well as

the privileges of liberty, to seek employment for the sake of raising themselves and their children in the social scale, and to accumulate property. They are not merely free, but are becoming independent. Still the number of those who live from hand to mouth, in the indolent and useless possession of freedom, is very great. In Mr. Trollope's opinion, little is to be expected from the blacks. "To lie in the sun and eat bread-fruit and yams is the negro's idea of being free. Such freedom as that has not been intended for man in this world; and I say that Jamaica, as it now exists, is still under a devil's ordinance." Education is a slow process with the blacks.

But in Jamaica, as elsewhere, where slavery exists, there is a race neither black nor white, but of mixed blood, important in numbers, and important also from possessing a mingling of the qualities of its progenitors, which seems to fit it peculiarly for the prosperous occupation of the tropics. Supposing this colored race to have the power of continuing itself through successive generations, a problem which is as yet unsolved, it would seem as if the future of these islands were mainly in its hands. Of pure whites, there are not more than fifteen thousand in Jamaica; of the mixed race, there are said to be seventy thousand. Before the abolition of slavery, their position was one of degradation; since the abolition, it has greatly improved. They are still looked upon with ill-concealed disdain by their white brothers and sisters; but they are forcing themselves into social recognition and equality. "These people marry now," said a lady to Mr. Trollope; "but their mothers and grandmothers never thought of looking to that at all." There is matter for reflection, as well as for satisfaction, in that sentence.

But as yet the condition of Jamaica is such as may well excite doubt as to the possibility of its recovery from the misfortunes under which it has suffered,—misfortunes due quite as much to the evils of preëxisting slavery, as to the blow given to its prosperity by the act of emancipation. "Are Englishmen in general aware," asks Mr. Trollope, "that half the sugar-estates in Jamaica, and I believe more than half the coffee-plantations, have gone back into a state of bush?—that all

this land, rich with the richest produce only some thirty years since, has now fallen back into wilderness?"

Still, if the experiment of emancipation be considered doubtful or disastrous, so far as Jamaica is concerned, it cannot be esteemed so in regard to the chief remaining islands. In Barbadoes, for instance, there was no squatting-ground for the blacks. The negro was obliged to work or starve. Labor was consequently abundant,—and "there is not a rood of waste land" in the island. Even here, "numerous as are the negroes, they certainly live an easier life than that of an English laborer, earn their money with more facility, and are more independent of their masters." In the report made by the governor of the island, in 1853, he states,— "So far, the success of cultivation by free labor in Barbadoes is unquestionable."*

Trinidad, of which but a comparatively small part has been cultivated, and where the negroes have displayed the same indisposition to labor as in Jamaica, is, however, flourishing. Its prosperity seems to be due to the fact, that, during the last few years, some ten or twelve thousand Coolies have been brought from the East Indies, and have supplied the demand for labor.

In British Guiana, or Demerara, on the main land, the same fact has brought about a similar result. The emancipated negro could not be depended upon for regular work. He established himself on his small freehold, and lived, like Theodore Hook's club-man, "in idleness and ease." But for some years past laborers have been brought in freely from India and China, and the fertile colony is now in a state of abundant prosperity. Mr. Trollope seems to us to refute effectually the notion, so far at least as regards the British West Indies, that this Cooly immigration is only slavery under another name. "On their arrival in Demerara," he says, "the Coolies are distributed among the planters by the Governor,—to each planter according to his application, his means of providing for them, and his willingness and ability to pay the cost of the immigration by yearly instalments.

* We quote from an extract in an able article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1859, entitled, *The West Indies as they were and are*.

They are sent to no estate, till a government officer shall have reported that there are houses for them to occupy. There must be a hospital for them on the estate, and a regular doctor, with a sufficient salary. The rate of their wages is stipulated, and their hours of work. Though the contract is for five years, they can leave the estate at the end of the first three, transferring their services to any other master, and at the end of the five years they are entitled to a free passage home." "The women are coming now, as well as the men; and they have learned to husband their means, and put money together."

We pass over the other British West Indies, though Mr. Trollope's animated sketches tempt us to linger. The main conclusion to which this part of his book leads is, that this question of labor is the one upon which the results of emancipation hinge. Unless moved by necessity, the negro is disinclined to work. Slavery has rendered labor offensive to him, and his own nature inclines him to idleness. The pressure of population, as in Barbadoes, may compel him, for his own good, to labor; or he may, as in Demerara, be superseded by other workmen. If left to himself, his tendency seems to be to sink into sensuality, rather than to rise in civilization by his own efforts. The condition of the mass of the negroes is undoubtedly a happier one than in the days of slavery; but it may be fairly doubted whether emancipation has led to any moral improvement in the race.

How far a forced system of labor for wages might answer for the blacks, — how far a regular and organized plan of education might elevate them, — how far the danger of their relapse into barbarism might be obviated by preliminary precautions, — are questions which that country which next undertakes emancipation must solve for itself, and which the example of the British West Indies will give some of the means for solving in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Trollope's book is well worth reading by those who would prepare themselves by knowledge and by reflection for a proper appreciation of the advantages and the evils of giving unlimited freedom to a race that has been long enslaved.

There is less interest in his account of

Central America than in the other parts of his volume. The ground is more familiar to American readers, and some of our own travellers have given descriptions of the country far more thorough and not less entertaining.

Of Cuba, which he trusts may, for the benefit of humanity, be some day transferred to American keeping, he says but little; and after Mr. Dana's late excellent, though hasty, sketches of the island, that author must have more than common ability who can, with hope of success, venture over the same ground.

The Public Life of Captain John Brown. By JAMES REDPATH. With an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. Boston. 1860. 12mo. pp. 408.

It would have been well, had this book never been written. Mr. Redpath has understood neither the opportunities opened to him, nor the responsibilities laid upon him, in being permitted to write the "authorized" life of John Brown. His book, in whatever light it is viewed, — whether as the biography of a remarkable man, as an historic narrative of a series of extraordinary and important events, or simply as a mere piece of literary jobwork, — is equally unsatisfactory. He has shown himself incompetent to appreciate the character of the man whom he admires, and he has, consequently, done great wrong to his memory.

There never was more need for a good life of any man than there was for one of John Brown. The whole country was curious to learn about him, and to be told his story. Those who thought the best of him, and those who thought the worst, were alike desirous to know more of him than the newspapers had furnished, and to become acquainted with the course of his life, and the training which had prepared him for Kansas and brought him to Harper's Ferry. Whatever view be taken of his character, he was a man so remarkable as to be well worthy of study. In the bitter and excited state of public feeling in regard to him, there was but one way in which his life could be properly told, — and that way was, to allow him, as far as possible, to tell it in his own words. For that part of his life which there were

no letters of his to illustrate, his biographer should have been content to state facts in the simplest and most careful manner, entering into no controversy, and keeping himself entirely out of sight. Thus only could John Brown's character produce its due effect. His letters from prison had shown that he was a master of the homeliest and strongest English. His words said what they meant, and they were understood by everybody; he had found them in the Bible, and had been familiar with them all his life. Whatever he was, he could have told us better than any other man; and he was the only man who would have been listened to with much confidence concerning himself. Mr. Redpath has, very unfortunately, thought differently. He has not taken pains to collect even all the letters of John Brown which had been previously published; he has written in the worst temper and spirit of partisanship, so that with every cautious reader doubts attend many statements which rest only on his authority; he has thrust himself continually forward; and he has exercised no proper care in arranging his materials.

The truth is, that a life of Brown was not now needed for those who already admired the stalwart nature of the man, even though they might deplore his course,—for those who had had their hearts touched and stirred by his manliness, his truth, his courage, and his unwavering fidelity to conscience and faith in God; but it was greatly needed for that much larger class,—the mass of the Northern community,—whose timidity had been startled at his rash attempt, whose sympathy had been more or less awakened by his bearing and his death, but who were and are in a painful state of perplexity, in the endeavor to reconcile their abhorrence, or at least their disapproval, of his attack on Virginia, with their sense of the admirable nature of the qualities he displayed. It was needed also for the very large class who received from the newspapers but a confused and imperfect account of the events which took place in Virginia from October to December, and who, according to their political predilections, condemn or applaud the course of Captain Brown. And, above all, it was needed for the men who have disgraced themselves by denying to Brown the possession of any virtues, and

who have outstripped his Southern enemies in applying to him the most opprobrious and the falsest epithets. Now, none of these classes will Mr. Redpath's book reach with effect. Its tone is such, it is so violent, so extravagant, that it will offend all right-thinking men. Even those who have known how to hold a steady and clear opinion, in the midst of the confusion of the popular mind,—who have not applauded Brown's acts of violence, and have condemned his judgment, but who have, nevertheless, honored what was noble in him, and sympathized with him in his strong love of liberty,—who, while acknowledging him guilty under the law, mourned that the law should not be tempered with mercy,—and who have recognized in him at once the excellences and the errors of an enthusiast,—those who have most faithfully endeavored to find the truth concerning him, though they will obtain some interesting information from Mr. Redpath's book, will be the most dissatisfied with it.

It has always been among the offences of the out-and-out Abolitionists, to abuse the force of words, and to make exclusive pretensions to virtue and the love of liberty. This book is written in the spirit and style of an Abolition tract. In representing John Brown as little more than a mere hero of the Abolitionists, the author has done essential disservice to the cause of freedom, and to the memory of a man who was as free from party-ties as he was from personal ambitions.

Although John Brown's character was a simple one, a long time must pass before it will be generally understood, and justice be done to it. The passion and the prejudice which the later acts of his life have excited cannot die away for years. Mr. Redpath has done his best to perpetuate them. In seasons of excitement, and amid the struggles of political contention, the men who use the most extravagant and the most violent words have, for a time, the advantage; but, in the long run, they damage whatever cause they may adopt; and the truth, which their declamations have obscured or their falsehoods have violated, finally asserts itself. In our country, the worth and the strength of temperance and moderation of speech seem to be peculiarly forgotten. Words, which should stand for things, are too

commonly used with no respect to their essential meaning. Political debates are embittered, personal feeling wounded, the tone of manners lowered, and national character degraded, by this disregard of words as the symbol and expression of truth. Moderation is brought into disrepute, and justice, fairness, and honesty of opinion rendered as rare as they are difficult of attainment. The manner in which John Brown has been spoken of affords the plainest illustration of these facts. Extravagance in condemnation has been answered by extravagance in praise of his life and deeds.

The most interesting and the most novel part of Mr. Redpath's book is the letter written by John Brown in 1857, giving some account of his early life. It is, in all respects, a remarkable composition. It exhibits the main influences by which his character was formed; it affords a key to the history of his life; it illustrates the nature of the social institutions under which such a man could grow up; and it shows his natural traits, before they had become hardened and trained under the discipline of later experience and circumstance. Nothing has been more marked in the various exhibitions of his character, as they have come successively to view, than their complete consistency. This letter, this account of his youth, squares perfectly with what we know of his manhood. The whole of it should be read by all who would understand the man, with his native faculty of command, with his mingled sternness and tenderness, with his large heart, his steadfast will. The base of his soul was truth; and the motive power of his life, faith in the justice of God.

He was a man of a rare type,—so rare in our times as to seem like a man of another age. He belonged to the same class with the Scottish Covenanters and the English Regicides. He belonged to the great company of those who have followed the footsteps of Gideon, and forgot that the armory of the Lord contained other weapons than the sword. He belonged to those who from time to time have adopted some cause,—the good old cause,—and have shrunk from no sacrifice which it required at their hands. "I have now been confined over a month," wrote John Brown to his children, in one of that most affect-

ing series of letters from his prison, "with a good opportunity to look the whole thing as fair in the face as I am capable of doing, and I now feel most grateful that I am counted in the least possible degree worthy to suffer for the truth." "Suffering is a gift not given to every one," wrote one of the Covenanters, who was hanged in the Grassmarket in Edinburgh, in 1684,—“and I desire to bless God's name with my whole heart and soul, that He has counted such a poor thing as I am worthy of the gift of suffering.”

That John Brown was wrong in his attempt to break up slavery by violence, few will deny. But it was a wrong committed by a good man,—by one who dreaded the vengeance of the Almighty and forgot His long-suffering. His errors were the result of want of patience and want of imagination, and he paid the penalty for them. He had faith in the Divine ordering of the affairs of this world; but he forgot that the processes by which evils like that of slavery are done away are thousand-year-long,—that, to be effectual, they must be slow,—that wrong is no remedy for wrong. He was an anachronism, and met the fate of all anachronisms that strive to stem and divert the present current by modes which the world has outgrown. But now that he and those dearest to him have so bitterly expiated his faults, both charity and justice demand that his virtues should be honored, and he himself mourned. It will be a gloomy indication of the poor, low spirit of our days, if fear and falsehood, if passion or indifference, should cause the lesson of John Brown's life to be neglected, or should check a natural sympathy with the noble heart of the old man. That lesson is not for any one part of the country more than another; that sympathy may be given by the South as well as by the North. It is not sympathy for his acts, but for the spirit of his life and the heroism of his death. The lesson of manliness, uprightness, and courage, which his life teaches, is to be learned by us, not merely as lovers of liberty, not as opponents of slavery, but as men who need more manliness, more uprightness, more courage and simplicity in our common lives.

All that is possible of apology for John Brown is to be found in his letters and in his speech to the court before his sentence. It is, perhaps, too soon to hope that these

letters and this speech will be read with candor and a feeling of human brotherhood by those who now look with abhorrence or with indifference on his memory. But the time will come when they will be held at their true worth by all, as the expressions of a large, tender soul,—when they will be read with sympathetic pity, even by those who still find it difficult to forgive their author for his offence against society. These letters appeal to the better nature of every man and woman in America; and it will be a sad thing, if their appeal be disregarded.

We trust, that, before long, a fairer and fuller biography than that by Mr. Redpath will remove the obstacle which this book now presents to the general appreciation of the character and life of John Brown.

Poems. By SYDNEY DOBELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

MANY of Mr. Dobell's poems have passages which are musical, vigorous, and peculiar, and hardly in any part can he be justly charged with prolonging an echo. He is not one of the many mocking-birds that infest the groves at the foot of Parnassus. Though portions of his songs be wild, fitful, and incoherent, they gush with the force and feeling of a heart loyal to its intuitions, and thus many strains captivate and keep the tuneful ear. Yet such charming lines make conspicuous the want of that high appreciation of form and proportion without which any felicity of touch in the treatment of details will only cause the consummate master to grieve over glorious forms that have no effective grouping, and turn away from colors, however exquisite, that are strewn, as it were, on a palette, rather than wrought into picture and harmonized to the tone of life. The truth is, that the grandly designing hand is nowhere completely visible in the poetry of Young England. Many of her more youthful poets show a mass of rich materials, but they appear to have been upheaved by convulsions, half-blinding us with their splendor, while, like lava pouring from a volcano's crater, they take no prescribed channel, they flow into no immortal mould. It is this fiery gleam on the surface of matter hot from chaos, which the multitude honor as the highest manifestation of genius.

But this is to desecrate a word which implies constructive power of the first order. Form is its highest expression. Without the shaping faculty, which artistically rounds to perfection, no glitter of decoration, nor even force and fire of expression, can keep the work from falling into ruins. If the beautiful, as Goethe said, includes in it the good, then perfect beauty alone is everlasting. This is a rigorous rule for anything which man has made, but it does not try "Othello" so severely as "Balder"; and "Balder" is not utterly crushed by it. There are scenes in this drama, and also in "The Roman," which will not soon lose their significance, or easily melt out of the memory.

A Good Fight, and other Tales. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

ABOUT the middle of the fifteenth century, a youth named Gerard, a native of Tergou, in Holland, loved Margaret, the daughter of Peter, a learned man of the neighboring village of Zevenbergen. Expecting immediate marriage, their intimacy was restrained by no limits. The interference of Gerard's relations, however, separated them for a time, during which the young man visited Rome, and gained some distinction as a transcriber of ancient manuscripts. Learning, after a while, that he was about to return, his kindred caused a false report of Margaret's death to be conveyed to him, and, by thus crushing all the hopes of his young life, had the final satisfaction of seeing him take priestly orders, which threw his patrimony into their hands. Having broken two hearts, and brought a world of shame upon an innocent girl to get it, it is only fair to suppose they enjoyed it with tranquillity.

Margaret, left alone, gave birth to a child, the greatness of whose manhood might have softened the remembrance of her earlier sorrows, had she lived to witness it. But she died when he was thirteen years old. Gerard, her true husband, who had never rejoined her while living, also died within a brief space. The son they left was the famous Erasmus.

Mr. Reade has taken this little record, which would never have become historical but for the accidental consequence of

the loves of Gerard and Margaret, and wrought it into a story of exquisite grace and delicacy. A dead and half-forgotten fact, he has warmed it into fresh life, and given it all the beauties with which his brilliant imagination could endow it. Though shorter and simpler than most, it is certainly inferior to none of his other works. Perhaps its simplicity is its first merit. The extravagant peculiarities of style which overlaid his two longest books have almost entirely disappeared in this. Here the narration is for the most part as unostentatious as the events are natural. But its power is remarkable. Although the regularity with which the incidents follow one another is such that they may all be anticipated, yet the interest in them never fades. There is nothing startlingly new in the entire story. On the contrary, it follows pretty closely the old formula of troubled true-love until the closing chapter, when triumphant virtue sets in. But this takes nothing from the effect. All is so clear and vivid in description, so glittering with gleams of wit, relieved by soft shadows of purest pathos, so full of the spirit of tender humanity, that the reader finds no reason to complain, except that the end is so speedily reached.

The author has sacrificed history, in his conclusion, to satisfy a natural feeling. No one will object because the "Good Fight" terminates victoriously in the right direction. The parents of Erasmus suffered; but it would be a pity, if readers, after the lapse of four hundred years, must mourn their woes to the extent that would inevitably be necessary, if Mr. Reade had not arranged it otherwise. And his object, which was to prove — if proof were needed — that all human lives, however obscure, have their own share of romance, is not disturbed by this variation from the severity of the chronicle.

The Undergraduate. Conducted by an Association of Collegiate and Professional Students in the United States and Europe. *Ἐκάστην σύμμαχον πάντες.* January, 1860. Printed for the Association. New Haven, Conn.

WE are not unused to the sight of College Periodicals. They have commonly greeted us in the form of monthly num-

bers, each containing two or three essays which sounded as if they might have done duty as themes, a critical article or two, some copies of verses, and winding up with a few pages in fine print, purporting to be editorial, jaunty and jocular for the most part, and opulent in local allusions. It would be unnatural, if these juvenile productions did not often reflect the opinions of favorite instructors and the style of popular authors. A Freshman's first essay is like the short gallop of a colt on trial; its promise is what we care for, more than its performance. If it had not something of crudeness and imitation, we should suspect the youth, and be disposed to examine him as the British turfmen have been examining the American colt Umpire, first favorite for the next Derby. But three or four years' study and practice teach the young man his paces, so that many Bachelors of Arts have formed the style already by which they will hereafter be known in the world of letters. We are always pleased, therefore, to look over a College Periodical, even of the humblest pretensions. The possibilities of its young writers give an interest and dignity to the least among them which make its slender presence welcome.

But here we have offered us a more formidable candidate for public favor than our old friends, the attenuated Monthlies. "The Undergraduate" has almost the dimensions of the "North American Review," and, like that, promises to visit us quarterly. It is the first fruit of a spirited and apparently well-matured plan set on foot by students in Yale College, and heartily entered into by those of several other institutions. Its objects are clearly stated in the well-written Prospectus and Introduction. They are briefly these:—"To record the history, promote the intellectual improvement, elevate the moral aims, liberalize the views, and unite the sympathies of Academical, Collegiate, and Professional Students, and their Institutions."

The name, "Undergraduate," shows by whom it is to be managed; but its contributors are, and will doubtless continue to be, in part, of a more advanced standing. There are articles in the present number which we have read with great interest, and without ever being reminded that they were contributed to a students' journal.

The first paper, for instance, "German Student-Life and Travel," is not only well written, but full of excellent suggestions, which show that the writer has reached the age of good sense, whether he count his years by tens or scores. "A Student's Voyage to Labrador" is a well-told story of scenes and experiences new to most readers. Not less pleased were we to have an authentic account of the two ancient societies of Yale College, "Brothers in Unity" and "Linonia," rivals for almost a century, and still maintaining their protracted struggle for numerical superiority. Articles like this will interest all students, and many outside of the student-world. "The Undergraduate" would not treat us fairly, if it did not temper them somewhat, as it has done, with specimens of more distinctly youthful character. Perhaps it might be safe to lay it down as a law, that, the tenderer the age, the wider the subject, and, contrariwise, the older the head, the more limited and definite the probable range of discussion. It is safe to say that a young man's essay is most likely to be interesting when he writes about something he has seen or experienced, so as to know more about it than

his readers. Disquisitions on "Virtue," "Honesty," "Shakspeare," "Human Nature," and such large subjects, are valuable chiefly as showing how the colts gallop.

On the whole, "The Undergraduate" is most creditable to the enterprise that gave it birth, and to the young men who have contributed to it. If we should give any additional hints to that just whispered, it would be, that more care should be taken in looking over the proofs. Calvinism should not be spelt *Calvanism*, Thackeray *Thackaray*, nor Courvoisier *Corvosier*,—neither should traveller be spelt *traveler*, nor theatre *theater*. These last provincialisms, particularly, should not find a place in a journal meant for students all over the English-speaking world; and if, as we hope, contributions shall hereafter appear in the new Quarterly from any persons connected with our neighboring University, it should be a condition that the English standard of spelling should be adopted in preference to any local perversions.

With these suggestions, we give a most cordial welcome to a periodical which we trust will begin a new period in the literary history of our educational institutions.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1860. Boston. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. viii., 399. \$1.00.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. VIII. Fugger—Haynan. New York. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 788, vii. \$3.00.

Life Without and Life Within: or, Reviews, Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Author of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "At Home and Abroad," etc. Edited by her Brother, Arthur B. Fuller. Boston. Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 12mo. pp. 424. \$1.00.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. With Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 528. \$1.25.

Title-Hunting. By E. L. Llewellyn. Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 357. \$1.00.

The Rivals. A Tale of the Times of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. By Hon. Jere. Clemens, Author of "Bernard Lile" and "Mustang Gray." Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 286. 75 cts.

Poems. By Sydney Dobell. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 544. 75 cts.

An Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco, in the Summer of 1859. By Horace Greeley. New York. Saxton, Barker, & Co. 12mo. pp. 386. \$1.00.

Morphy's Games: a Selection of the Best Games played by the Distinguished Champion in Europe and America. With Analytical and Critical Notes by J Löwenthal. New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. xviii., 473. \$1.25.

Compensation: or, Always a Future. By Anne M. H. Brewster. Philadelphia. Lipincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 297. 75 cts.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White, Author of a "History of France." With a Copious Index. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 538. \$1.25.

An Appeal to the People in Behalf of their Rights as Authorized Interpreters of the Bible. By Catherine E. Beecher, Author of "Common Sense Applied to Religion," "Domestic Economy," etc. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. x., 380. \$1.00.

On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection: or, The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M. A., Fellow of the Royal, Geological, Linnæan, etc., Societies; Author of "Journal of Researches during H. M. S. Beagle's Voyage round the World." New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 432. \$1.25.

Life in Spain, Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury, Author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," "Art and Nature," etc. With Illustrations. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 383. \$1.00.

Poems. By the Author of "A Life for a Life," "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 270. 75 cts.

The Female Skeptic: or, Faith Triumphant. New York. R. M. DeWitt. 12mo. pp. 449. \$1.00.

Report on Weights and Measures, read before the Pharmaceutical Association, at their Eighth Annual Session, held in Boston, September 15, 1859. By Alfred B. Taylor, of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Committee of Weights and Measures. Boston. Press of Rand & Avery. 8vo. pamphlet. pp. 104. 50 cts.

The Adopted Heir. By Miss Pardoe, Author of "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," "Life of Maria de Medicis," etc. Complete and unabridged. Philadelphia. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 360. \$1.25.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain McClintock, R. N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. xxiv., 375. \$1.50.

The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. By Peter H. Burnett. New York. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. xiv., 741. \$2.50.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., the Incumbent. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. xii., 425. \$1.00.

Trinitarianism not the Doctrine of the New Testament. Two Lectures, delivered, partly in Review of Rev. Dr. Huntington's Discourse on the Trinity, in the Hollis Street Church, January 7 and 14, 1860. By T. S. King. Printed by Request. Boston. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 8vo. pamphlet. pp. 48. 25 cts.

Lyrics and other Poems. By S. J. Donaldson, Jr. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston. 16mo. pp. 208. 75 cts.

Twenty Years Ago, and Now. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia. G. G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 307. \$1.00.

The Water Witch: or, The Skinner of the Seas. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Designs by F. O. C. Darley. New York. Townsend & Co. 12mo. pp. 462. \$1.50.